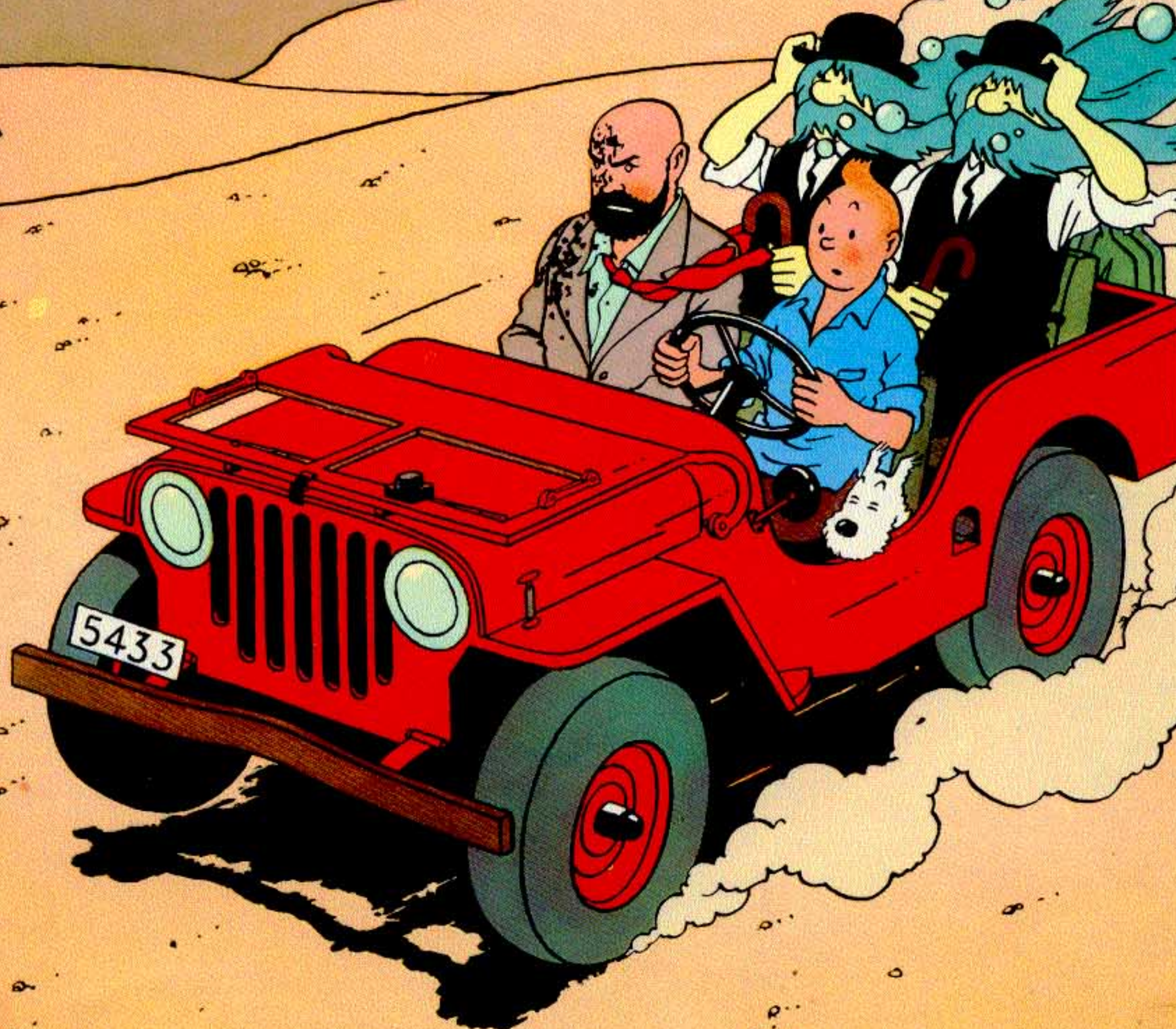


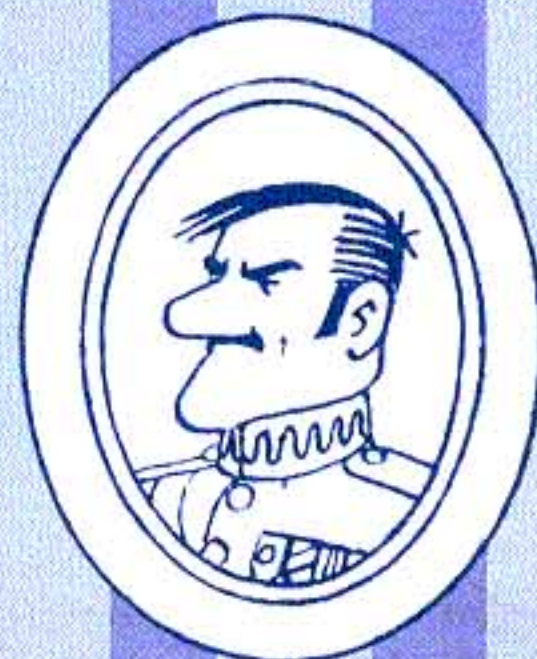
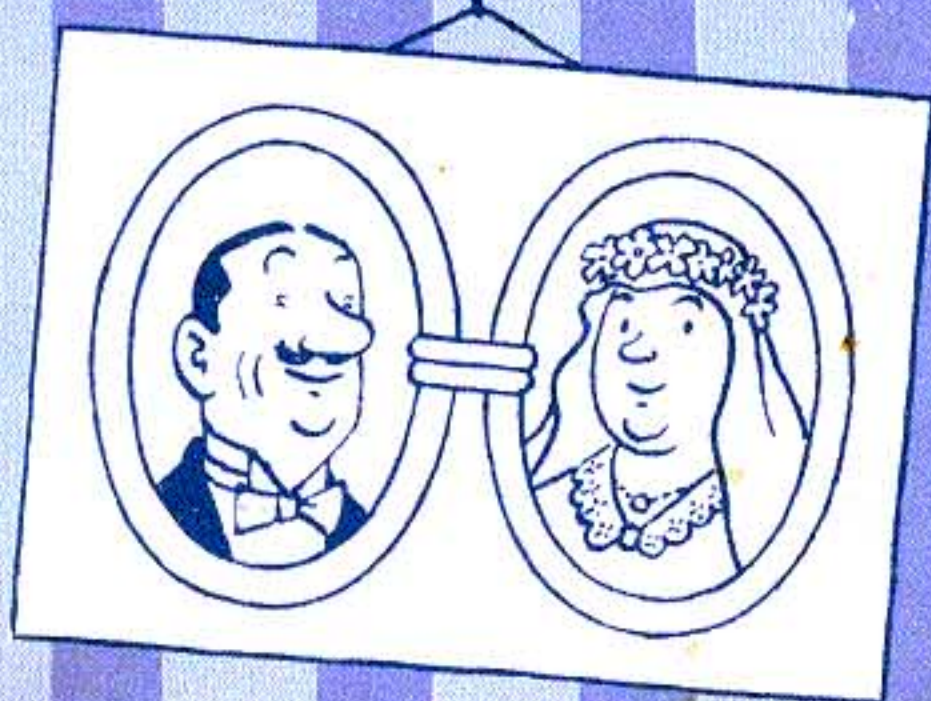
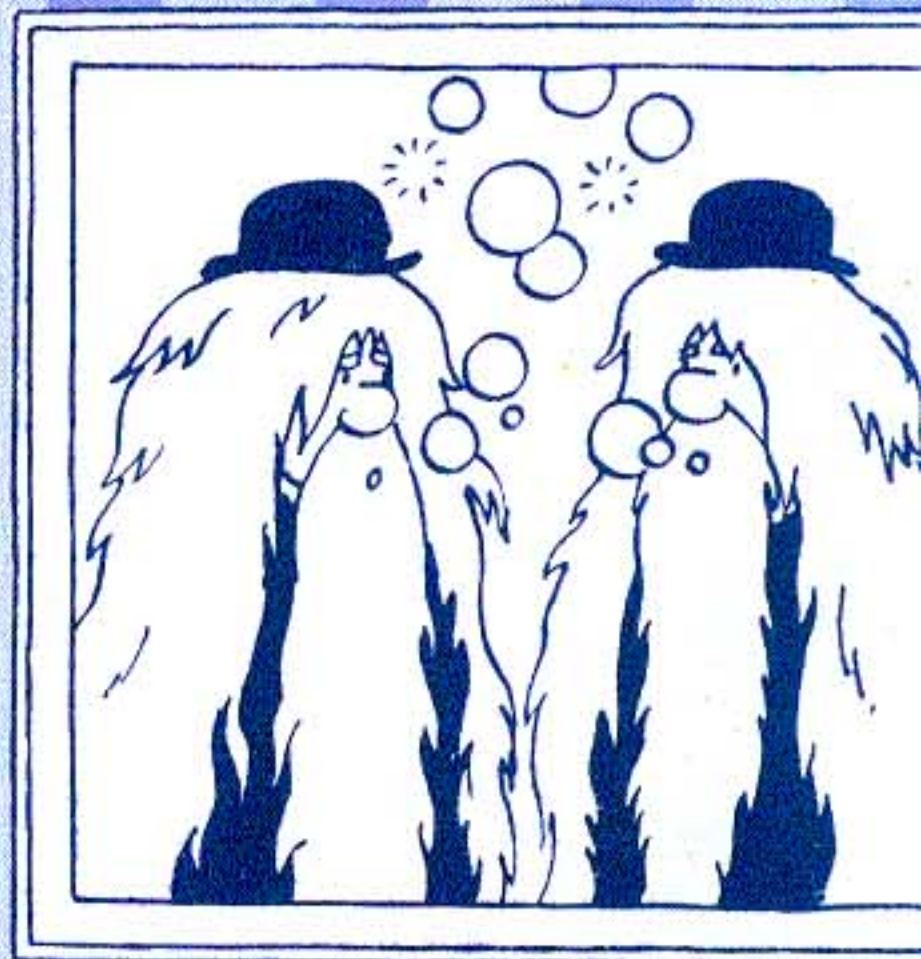
THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN

LAND
OF
BLACK GOLD

الذهب الأسود





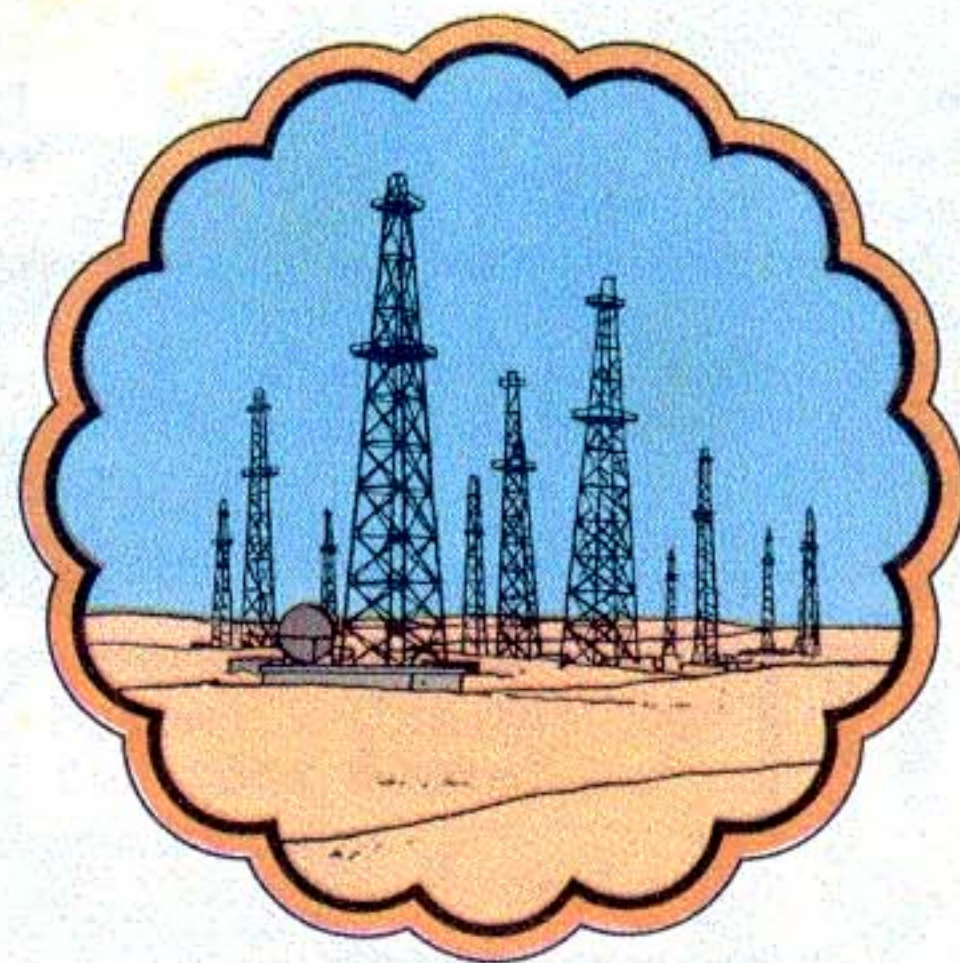


HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

LAND OF BLACK GOLD

الذَّهَبُ السَّوَدُّ

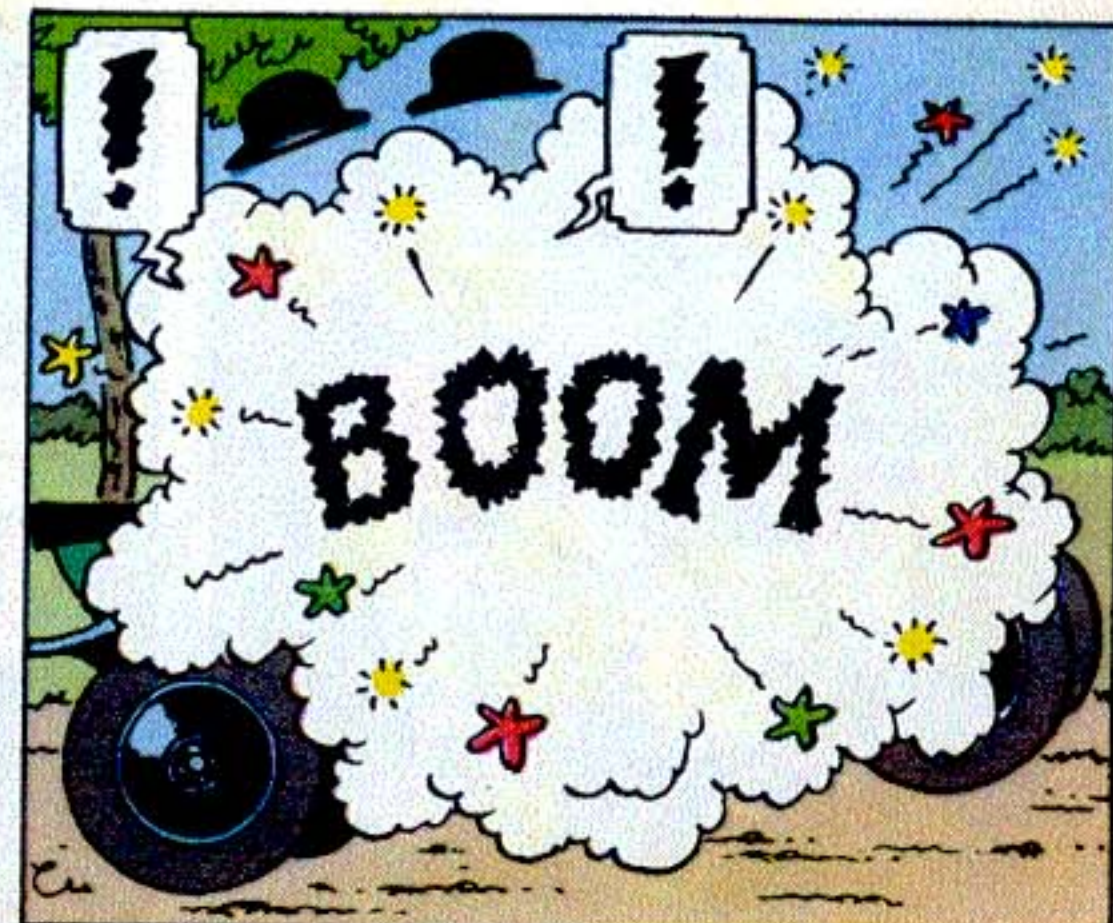
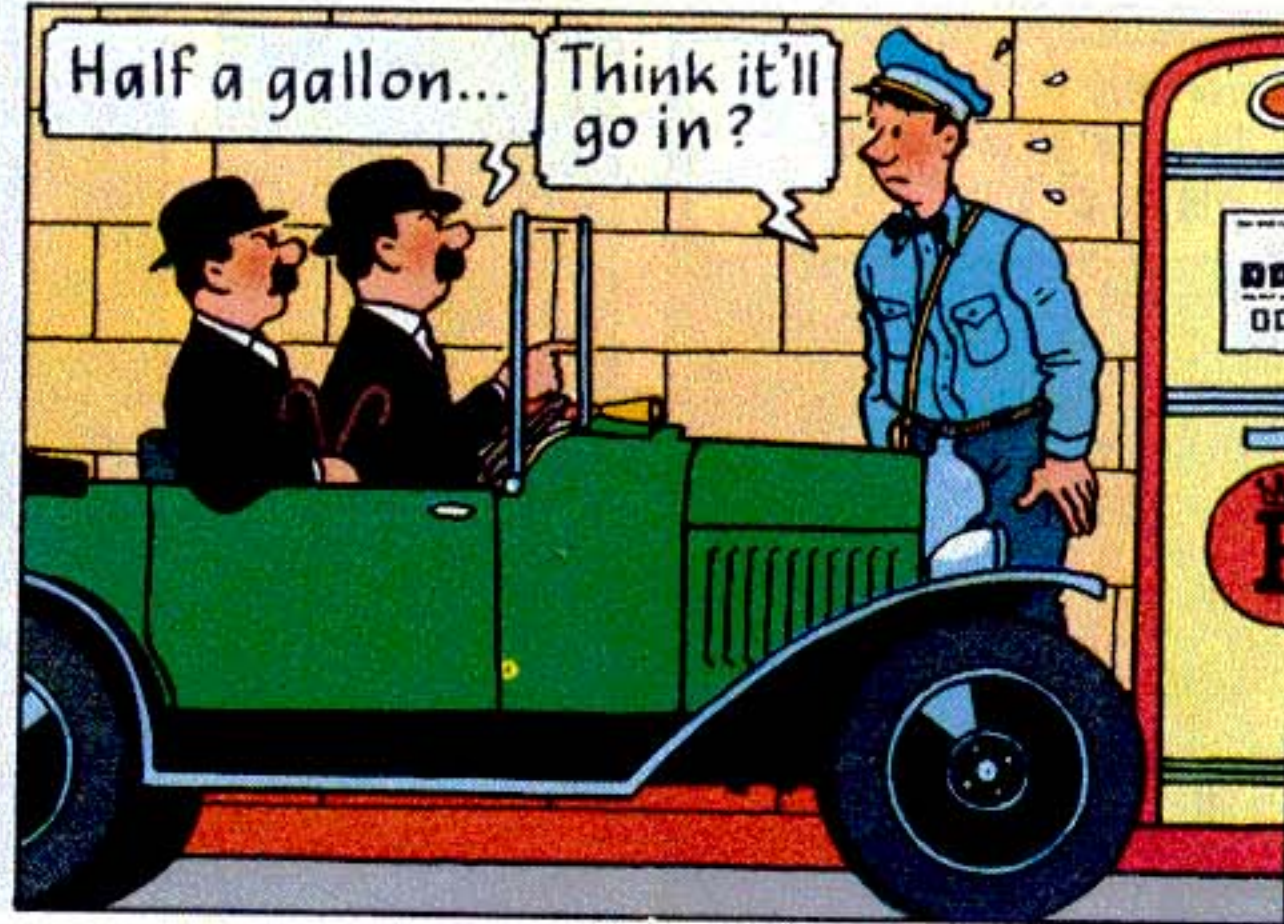
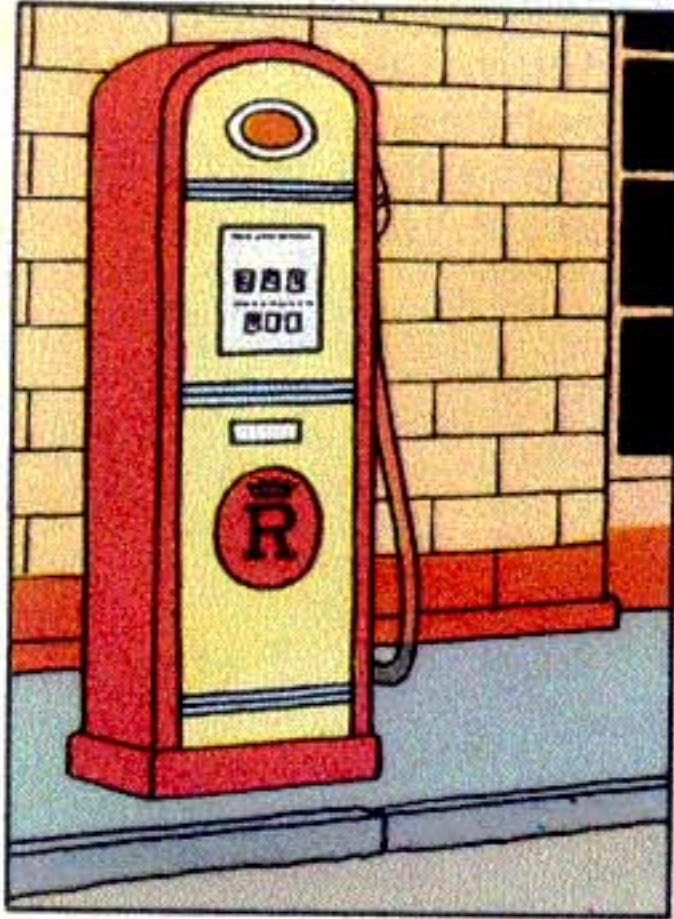


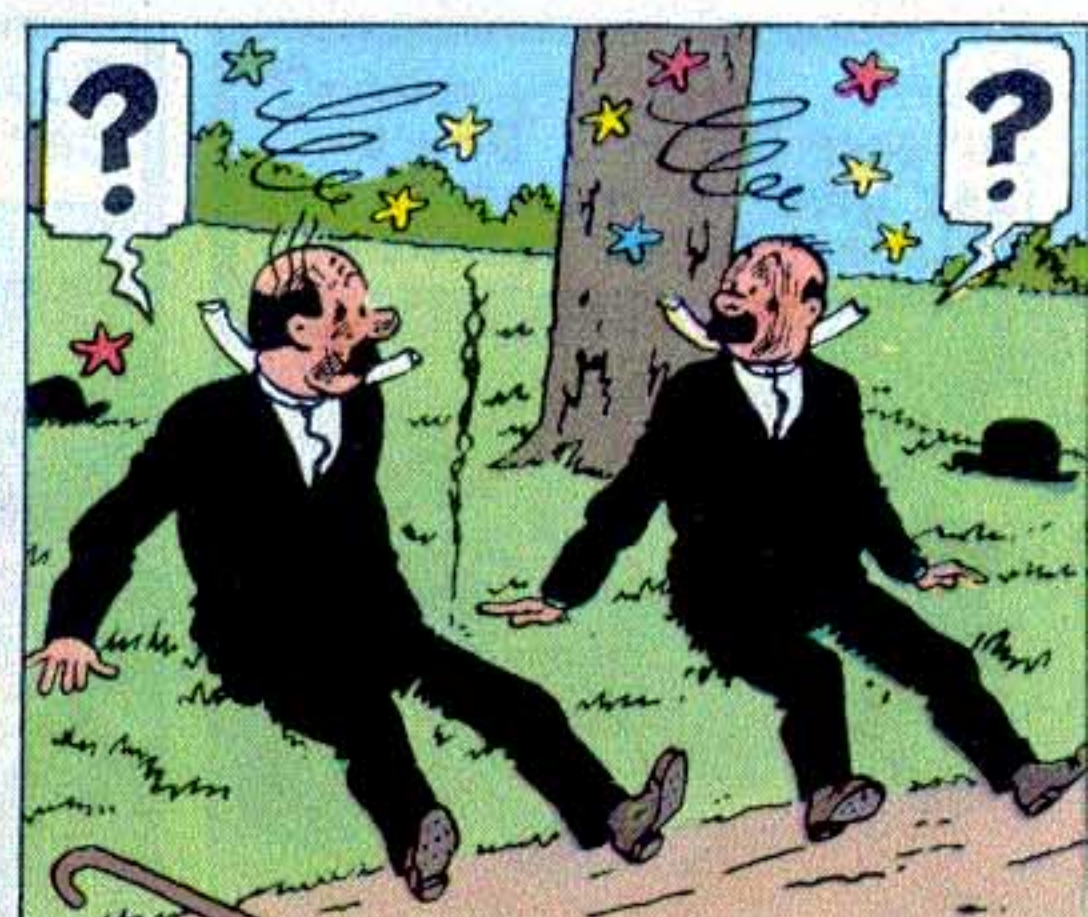
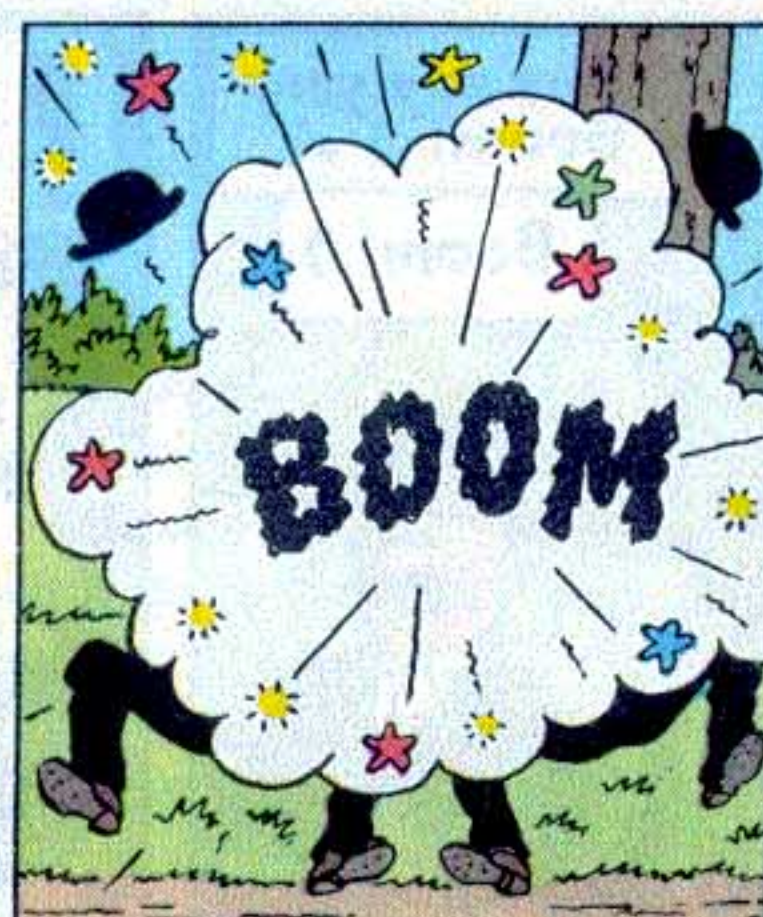
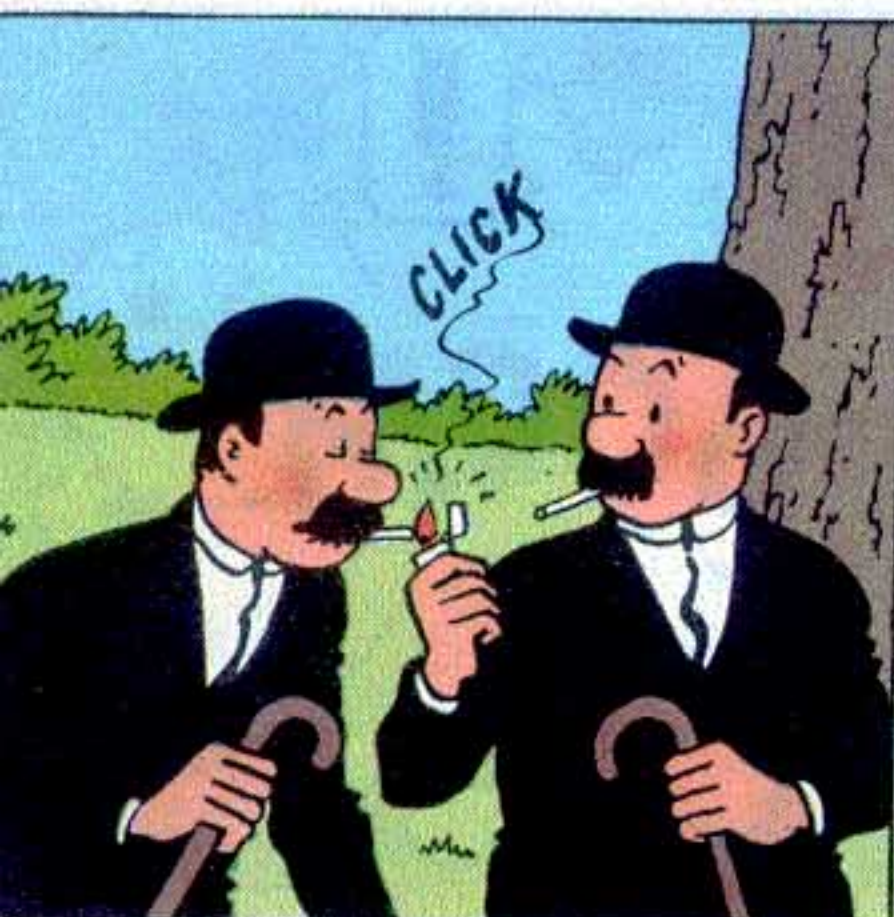
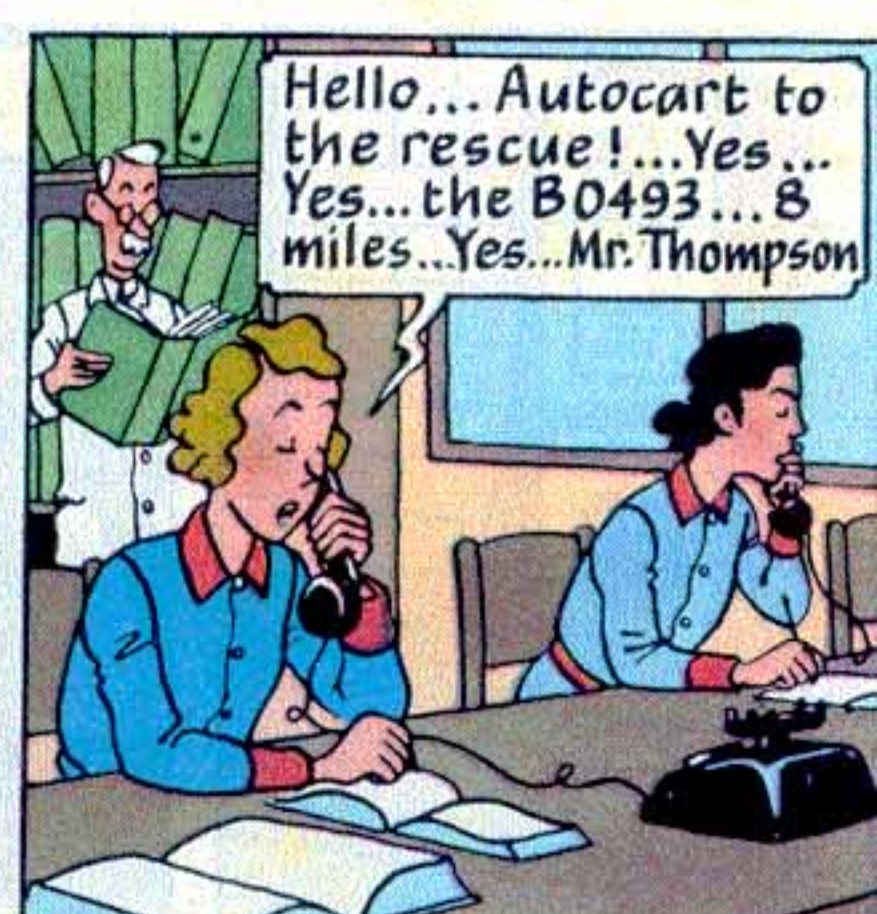
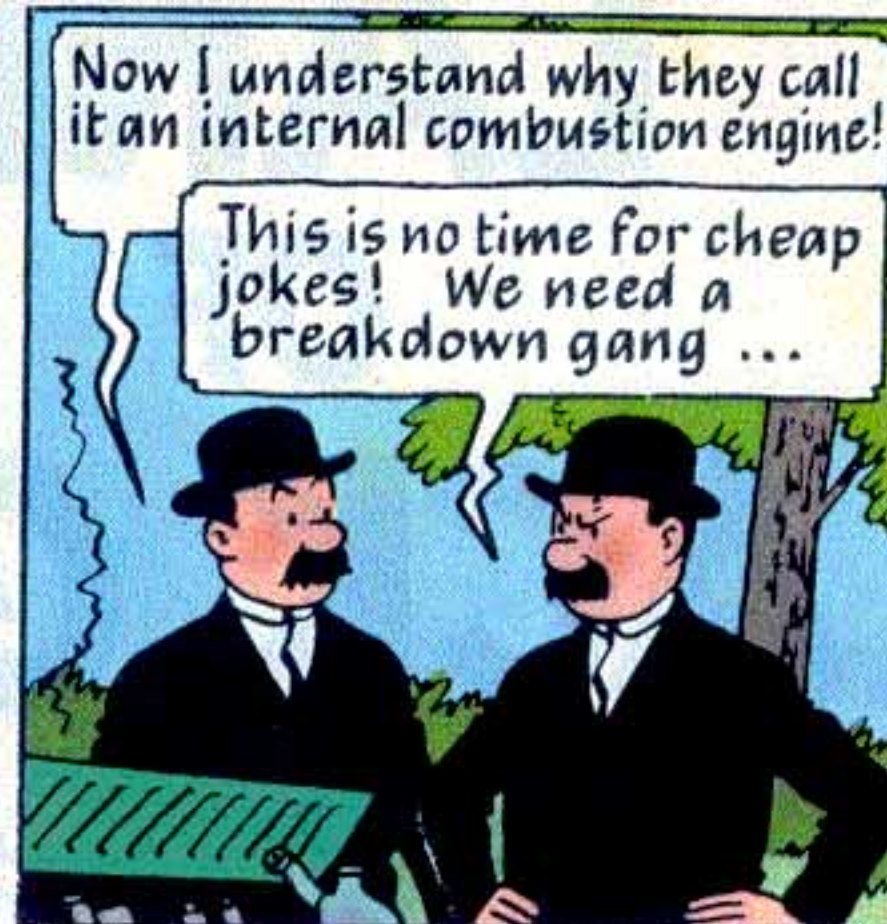
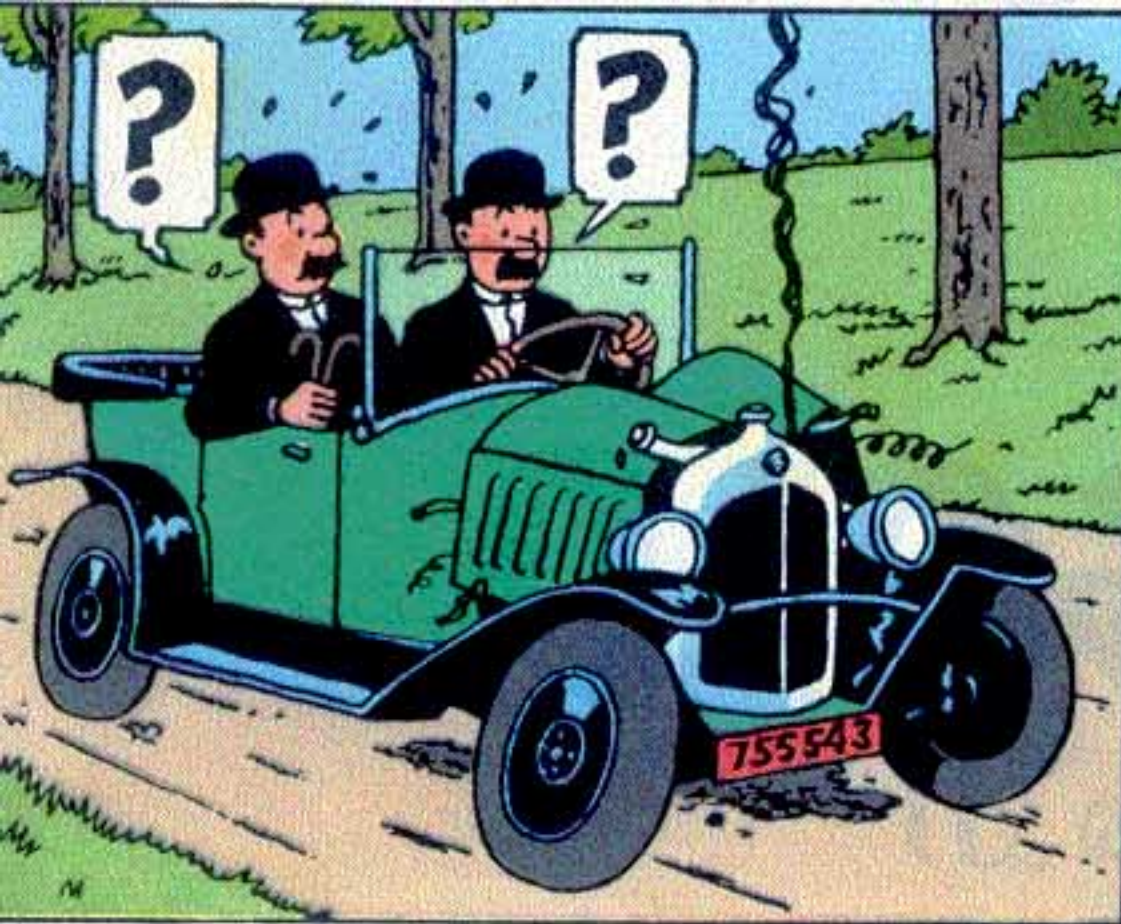
METHUEN CHILDREN'S BOOKS

LONDON

LAND OF BLACK GOLD

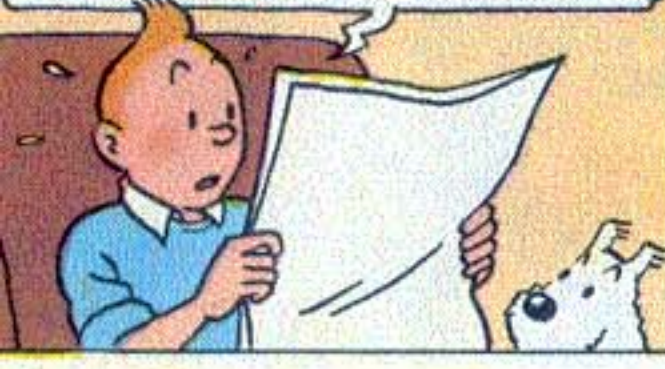
الذهب الأسود





Next morning...

"Crisis deepens - official"
"On the brink of war?"
"Are we prepared?" ...
"Call-up for army re-
serve" ... "forces on
standby". Things
look bright, I must say.

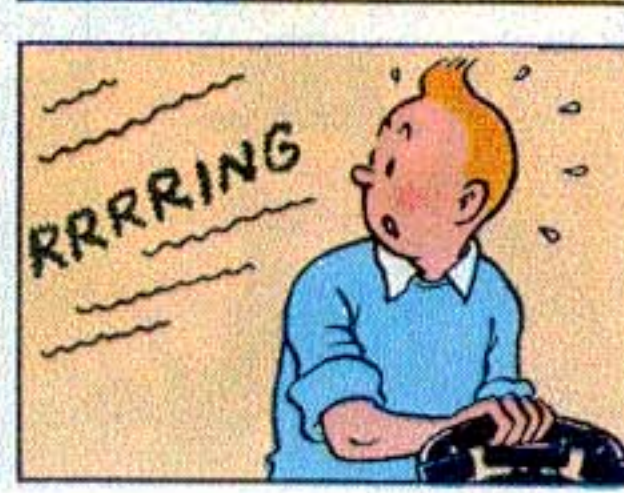


Yes...Tintin
here... Oh, hello
Captain... How
are you? ... Any
news?

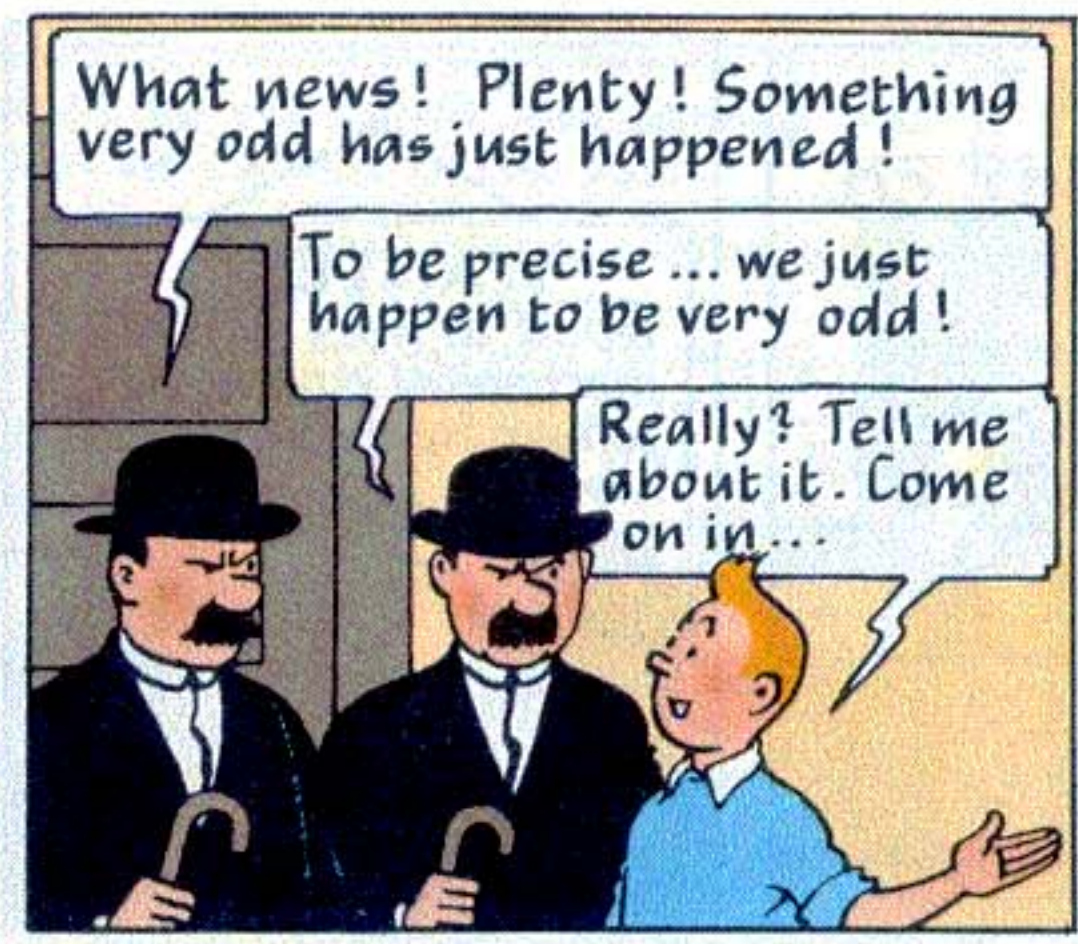


I've just had Admiralty orders:
"Captain Haddock. Immediate.
Proceed to assume command
of merchant vessel blank
blank" (the name's secret,
of course) "at blank, where
you will receive further
orders." So that's that... I've
been mobilised! ... No,
there won't be time
to see you. I'm off
right away... I'll keep
in touch ...
'Bye, Tintin.

Goodbye, Captain,
and good luck.
Let's hope it's
only a false
alarm ...



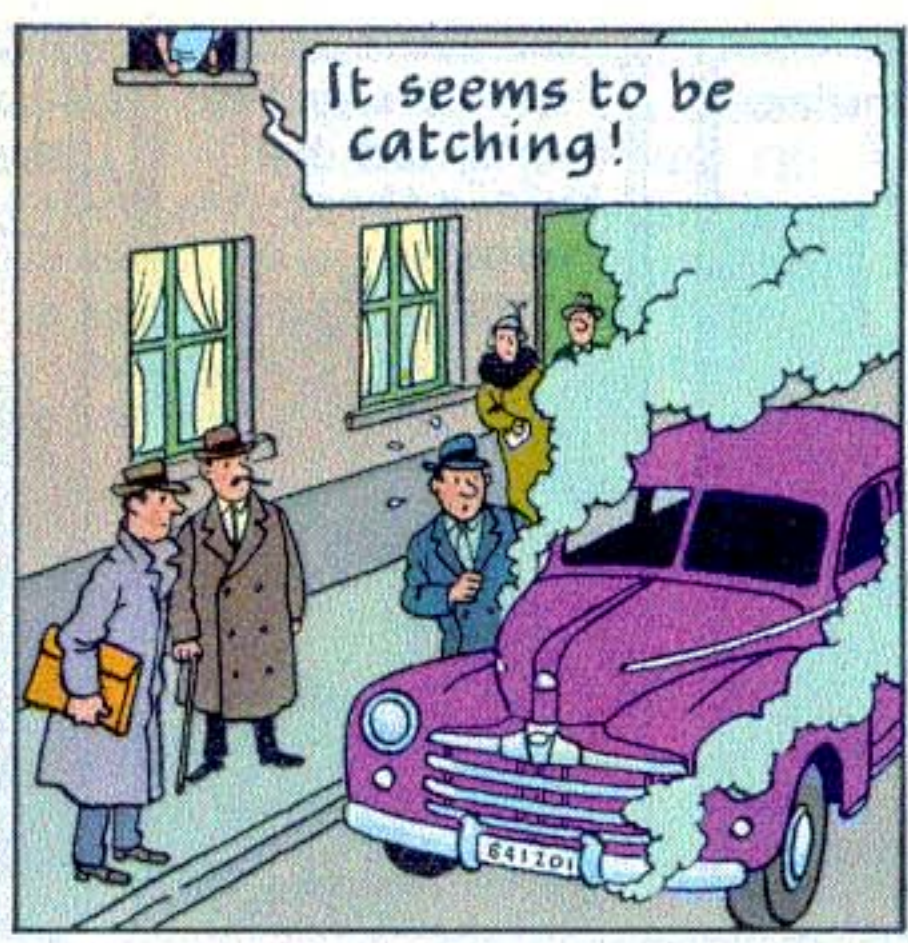
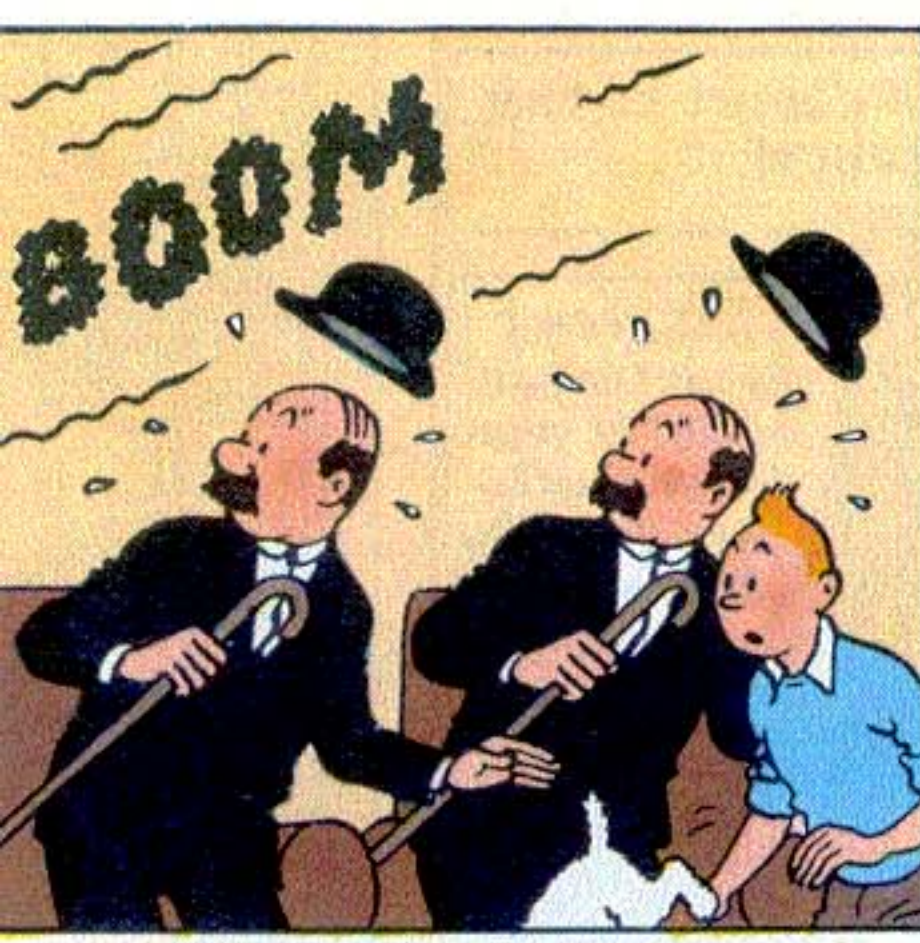
Hello!
Good morning.
What news?



What news! Plenty! Something
very odd has just happened!
To be precise ... we just
happen to be very odd!
Really? Tell me
about it. Come
on in...



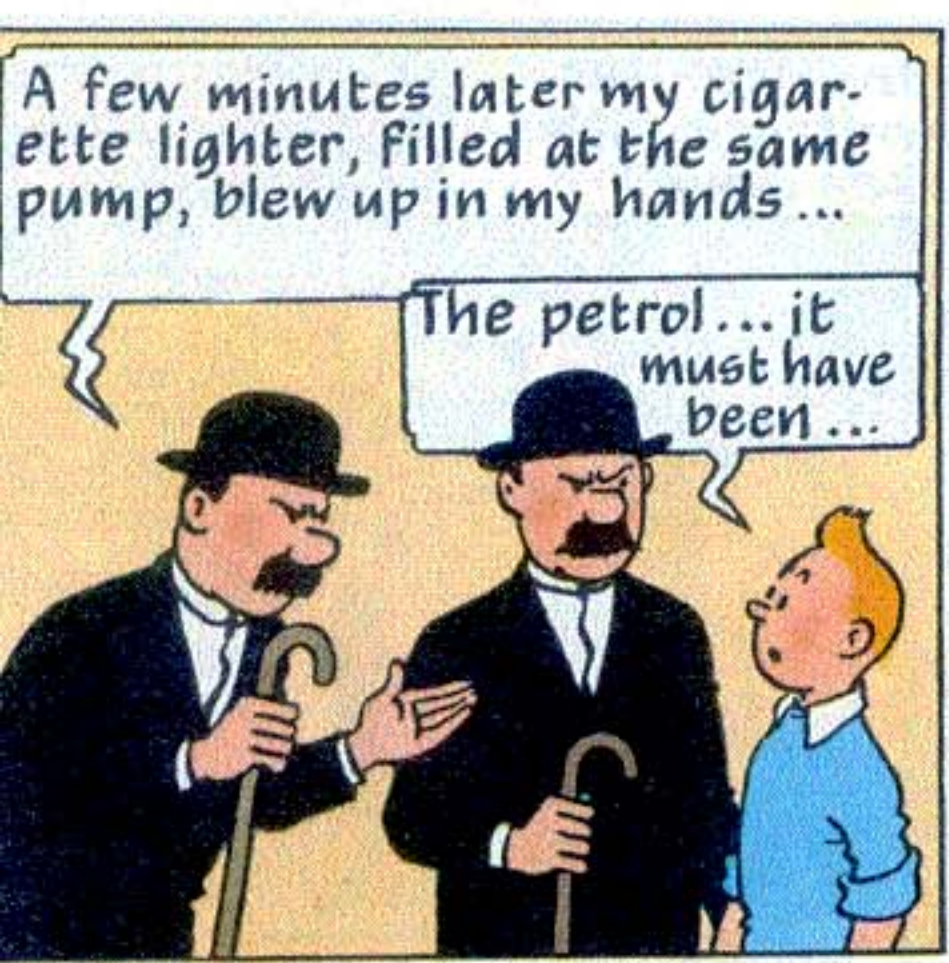
Well, we'd just filled up with
petrol and were driving
peacefully along, when all of
a sudden, without a word of
warning ... our car went ...



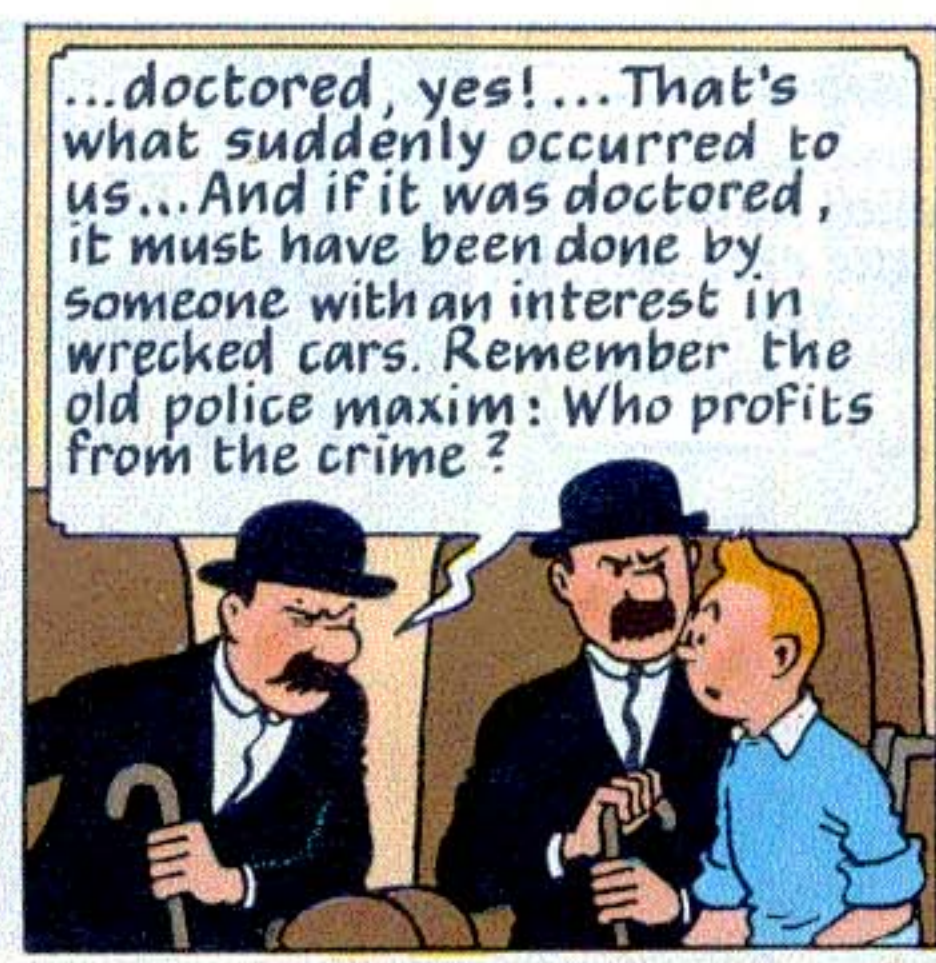
It seems to be
catching!



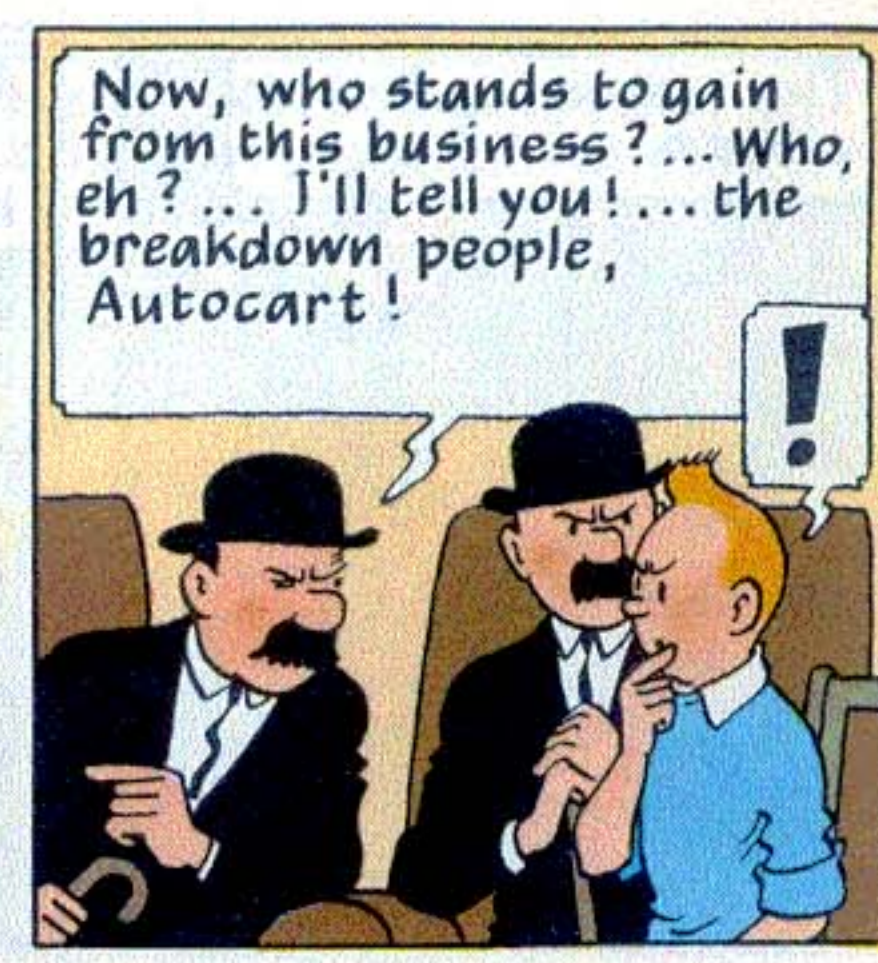
It certainly is... That's exactly
what happened to us!
Yes. And that's
not all...



A few minutes later my cigar-
ette lighter, filled at the same
pump, blew up in my hands ...
The petrol... it
must have
been ...



...doctored, yes! ... That's
what suddenly occurred to
us... And if it was doctored,
it must have been done by
someone with an interest in
wrecked cars. Remember the
old police maxim: Who profits
from the crime?



Now, who stands to gain
from this business? ... Who,
eh? ... I'll tell you! ... the
breakdown people,
Autocart!

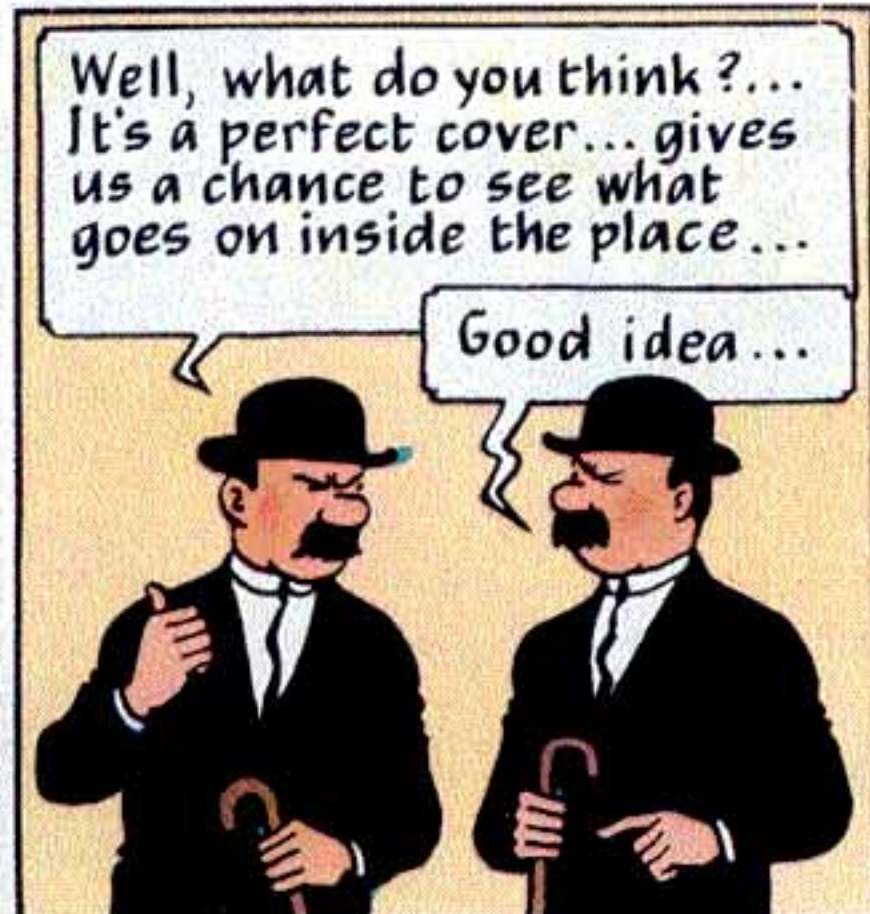
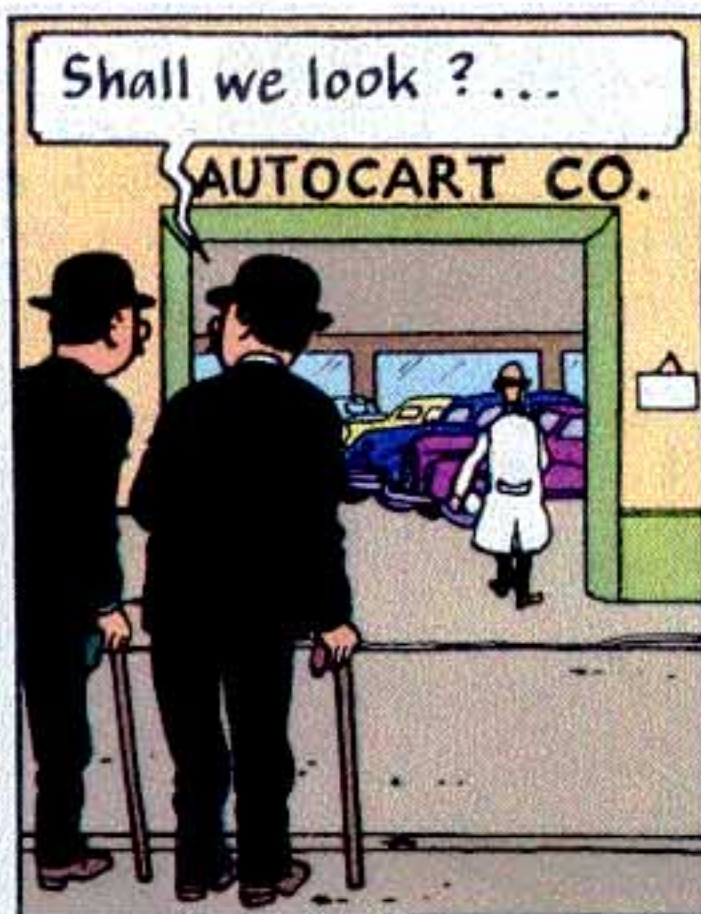
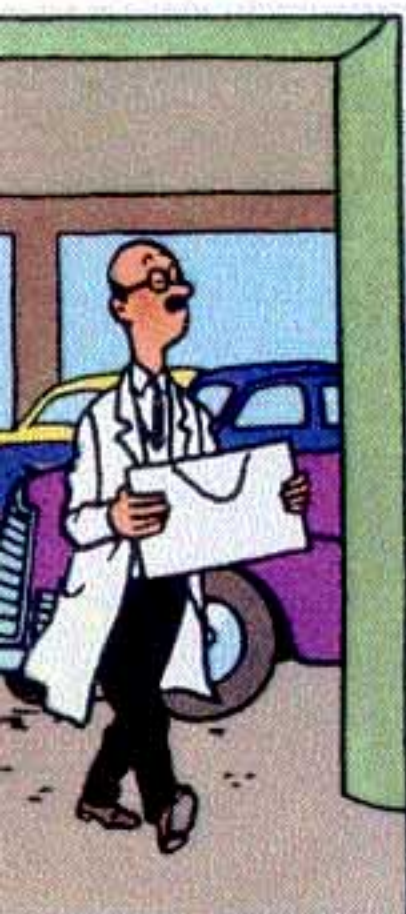
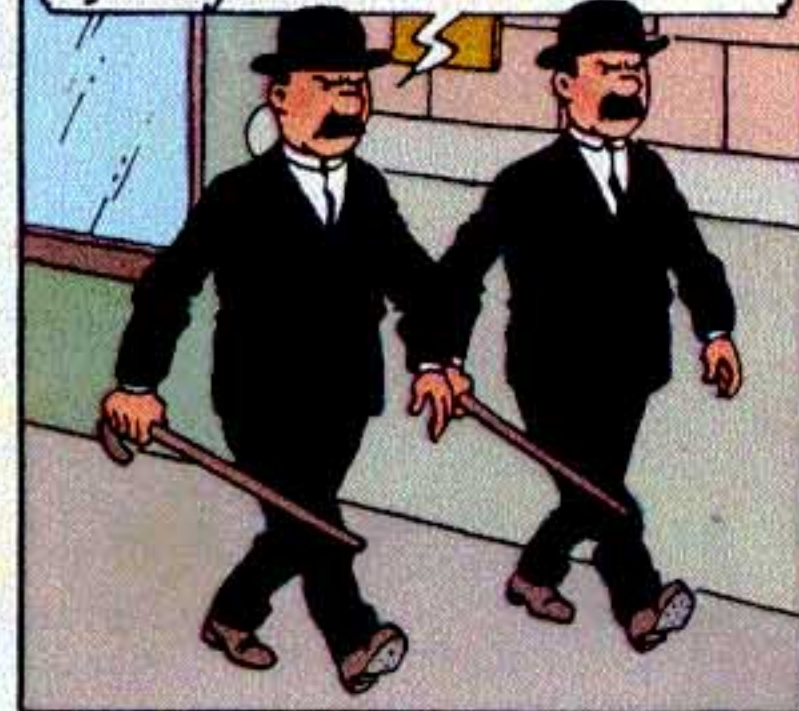
No doubt about it: Autocart doctors the petrol. When the engine blows up, you send for a breakdown truck. And who do you call? The people who do the most advertising: Autocart!



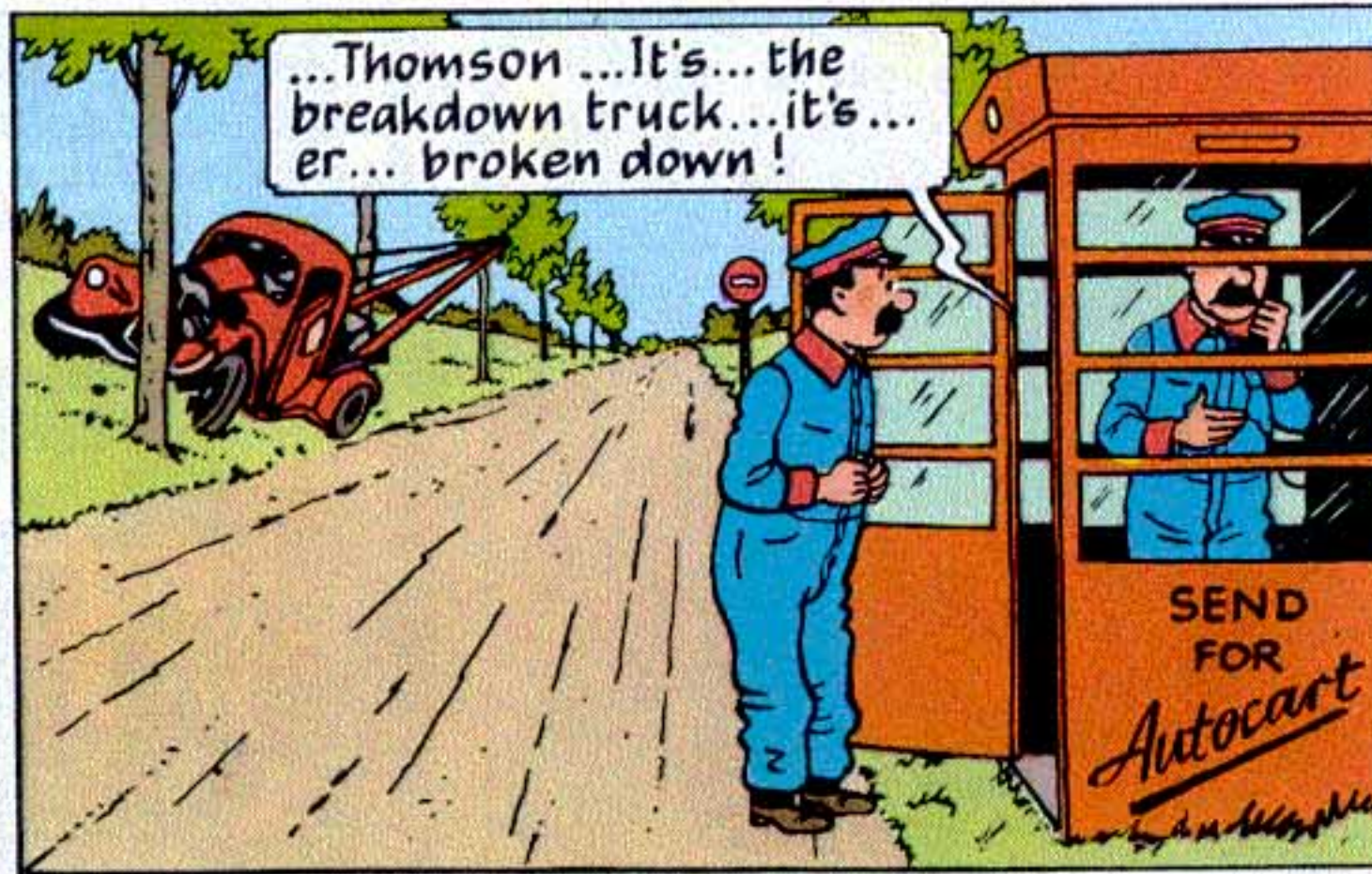
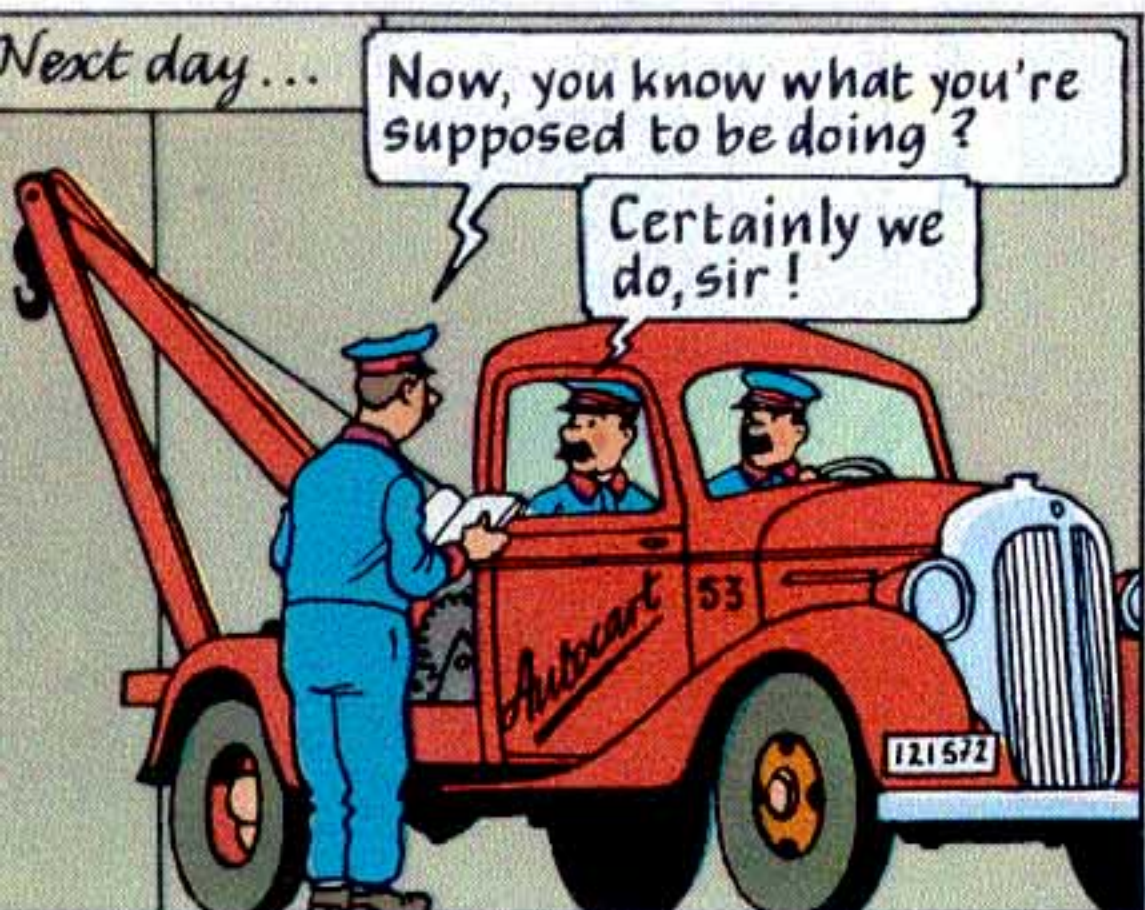
No buts! It's a certainty!... We're taking up the case, and by this time next week we'll have enough evidence to arrest the entire board of directors.



For a start, we'll take a snoop around the Autocart garage...



Next day...



Would you like to comment, sir, on the situation created by the deterioration in petrol quality ...

Catastrophic!
The situation is catastrophic ...

Look! In two months, consumption has dropped by 65% ... And it's falling every day ... This very morning ...

SALES CHART

... the airline companies decided to suspend all services because of the dangers of fuel explosions in the air ... Oil shares have slumped to half their value ... the bottom's dropping out of the market ... It's a disaster! ... A catastrophe! ...

Even worse! What about the international situation? ... Supposing war comes ... breaks out tomorrow? ... Imagine what'll happen ... Ships ... planes ... tanks ... The armed forces, completely immobilised! ... The mind boggles! ... Disaster!

What do you think has caused this sudden change in the petrol?

That's the question we'd all like to answer! Nothing has changed at the oilfields, or in the refineries, so it has to be sabotage ...

We took samples at the wells, from storage depots, aboard the tankers, in the refineries, and we had them analysed ... Nothing! Absolutely nothing! Then we decided to treat the petrol itself, to prevent it exploding. Our top scientists are working night and day on the problem ... to find some way of ...

BOOM

?

?

Another car blowing up! ... Where was I? Oh yes ... My senior research officer says they are on the verge of success in our labs ... I'm expecting a call from him any moment now to say they've found the solution ...

That'll be him ... Do you mind? ...

No, of course ...

RRRING
RRRING

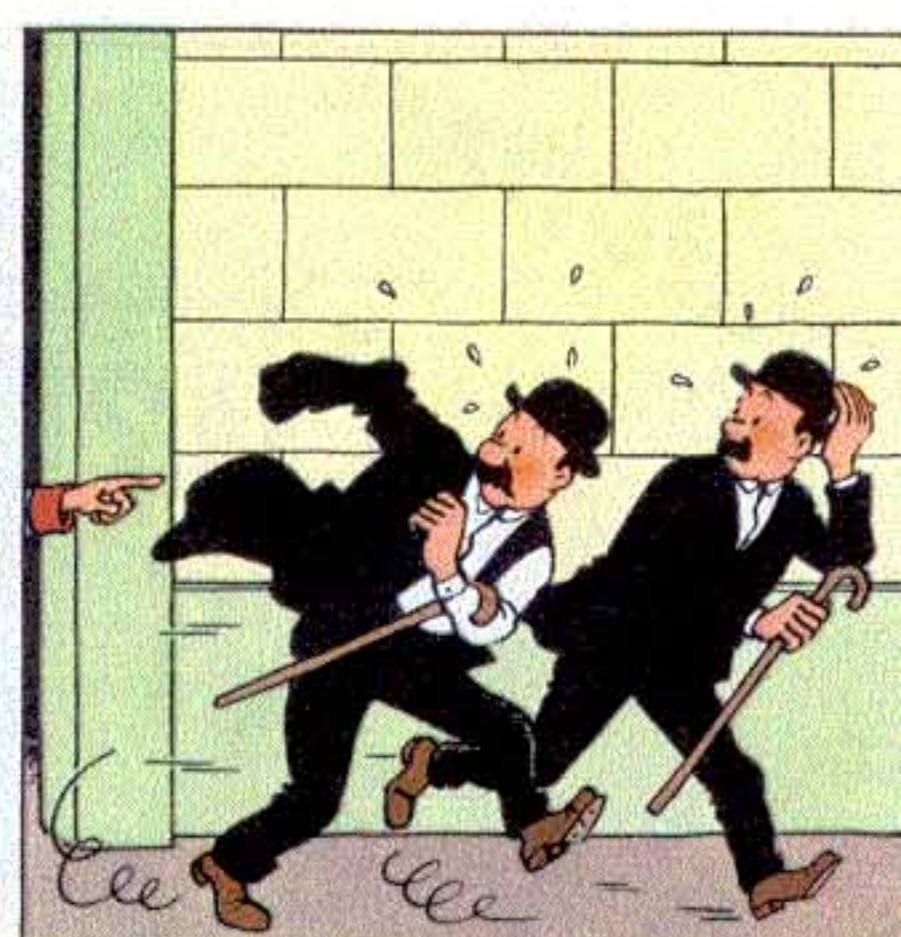
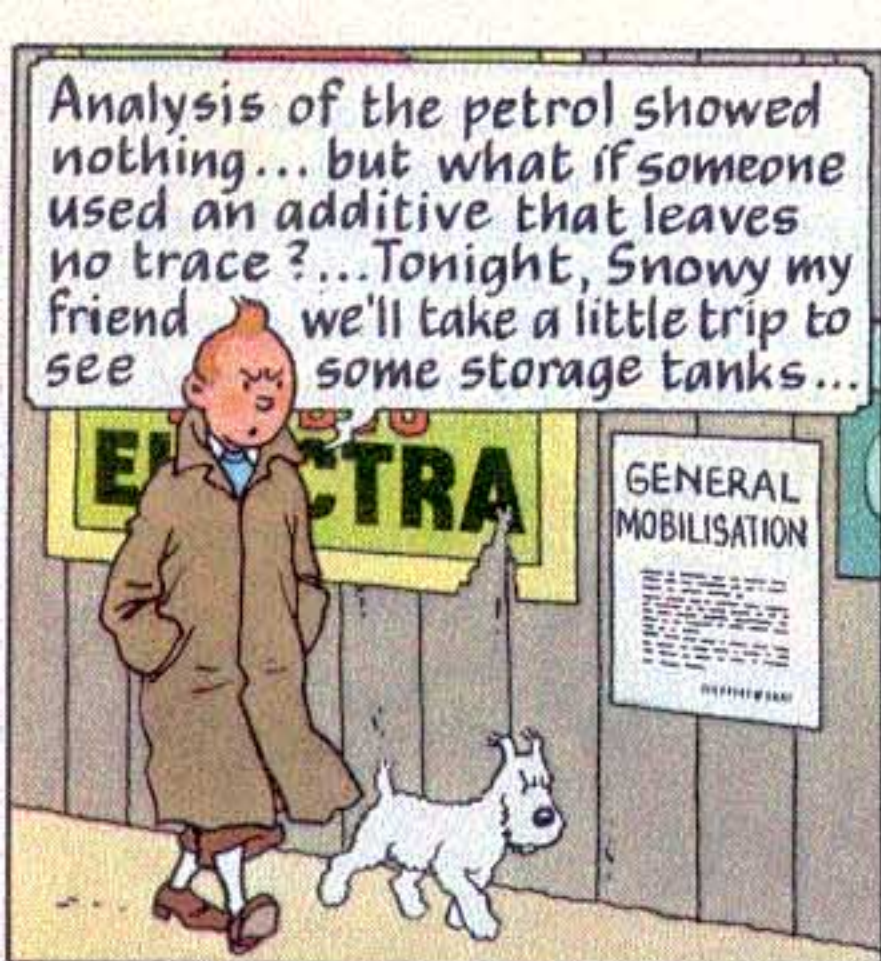
Yes? ... Well, you've got it? ... An answer? ... What? ... Nothing at all? ... Nothing? ... I see ... Well, it's a pity ... You'll just have to keep at it ...

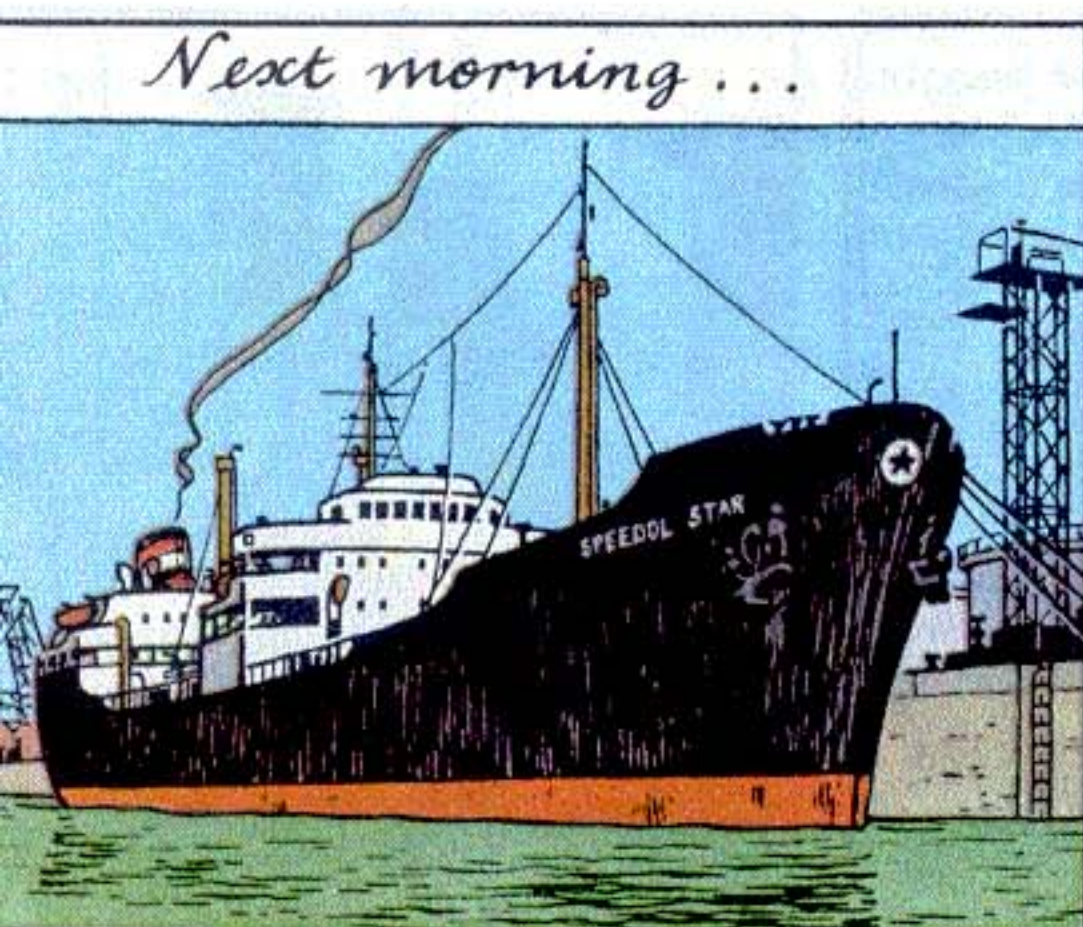
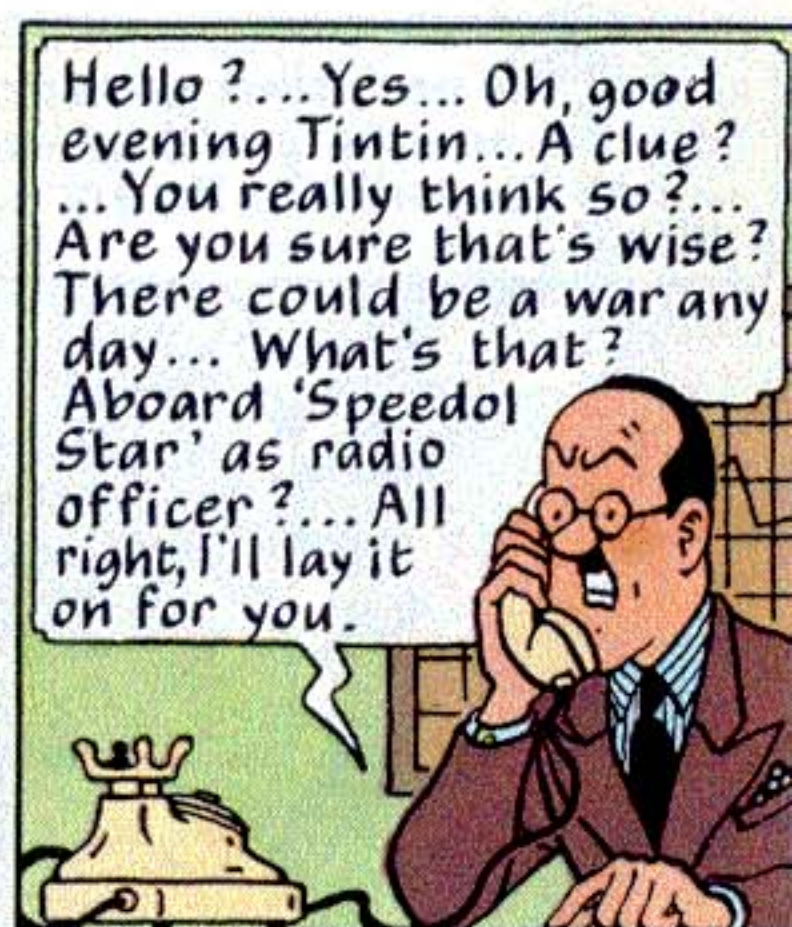
SALES CH

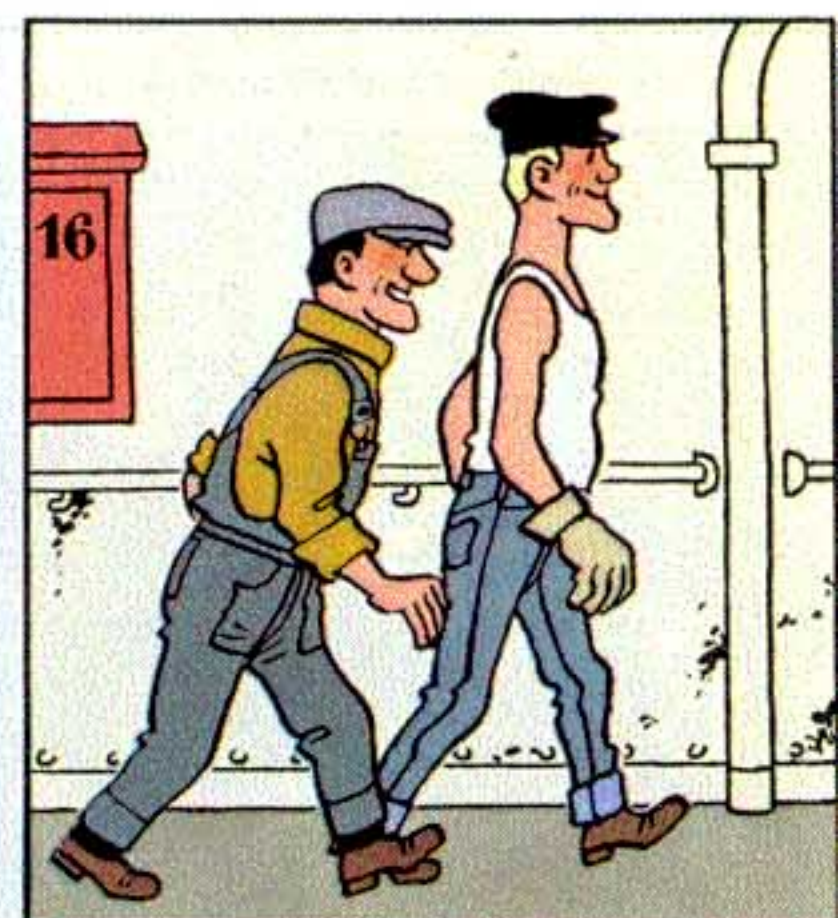
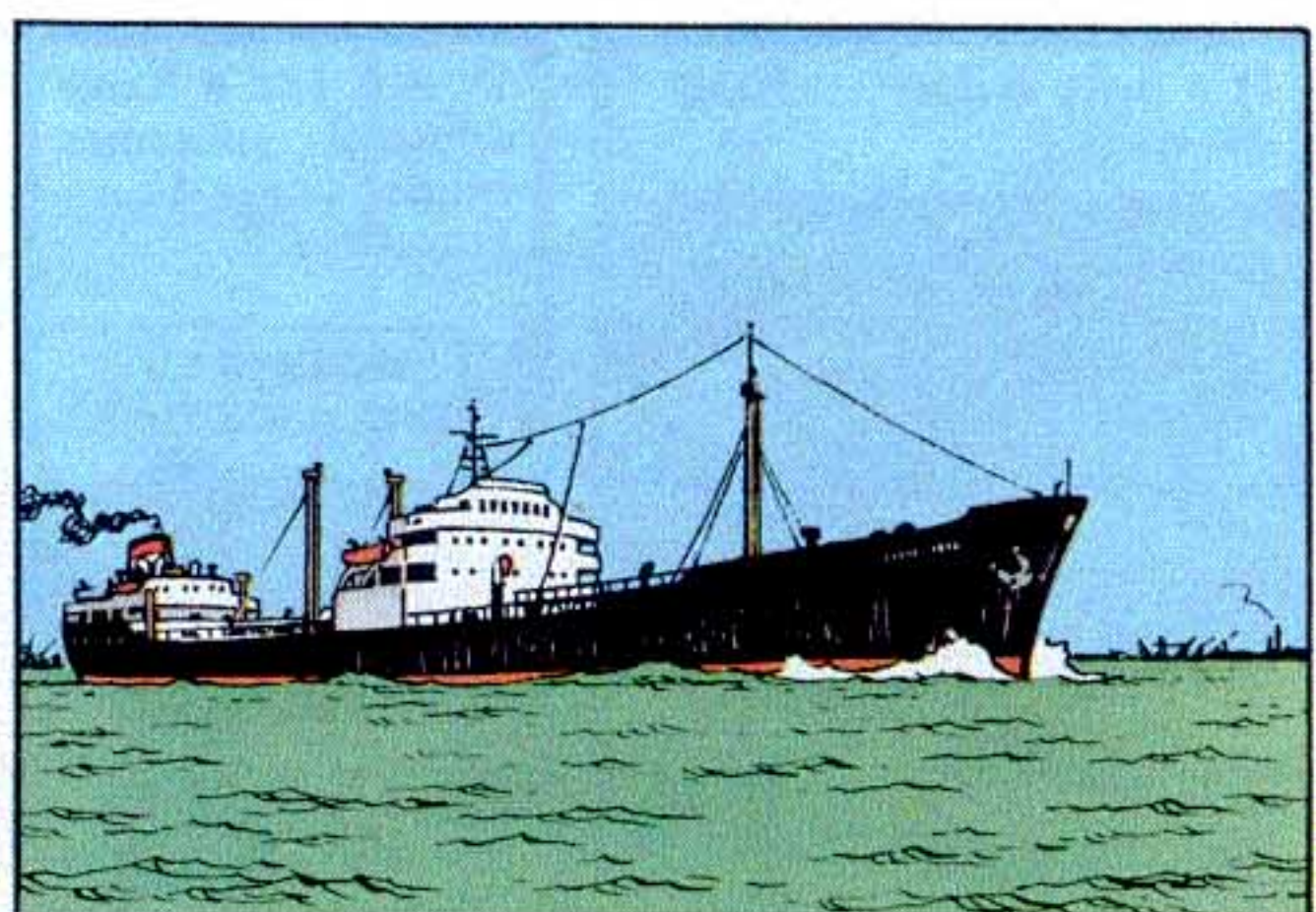
What? ... Should you go on with the research? Of course ... surely that's obvious ... Why bother to ask? ...

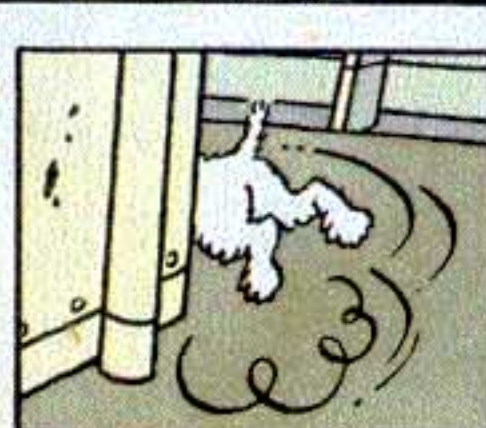
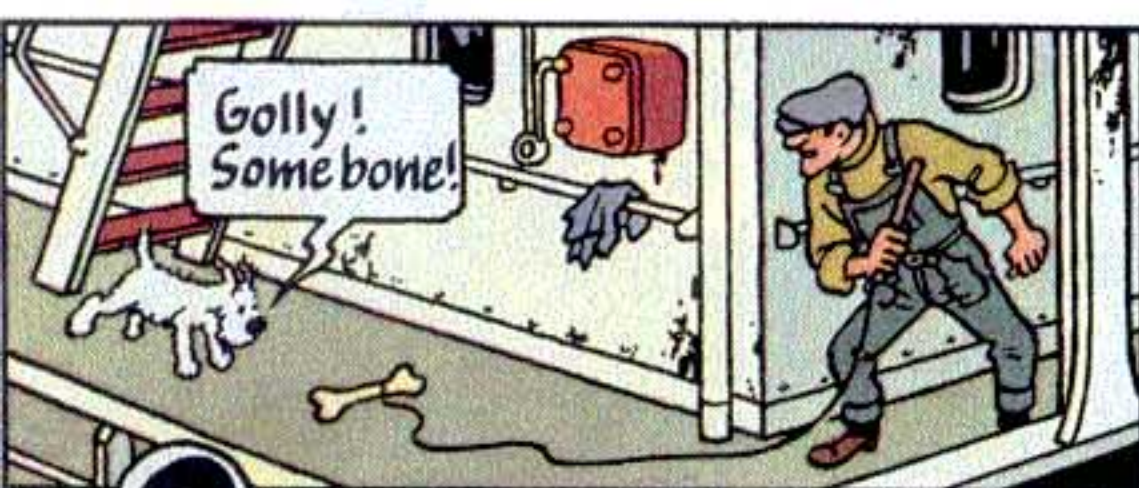
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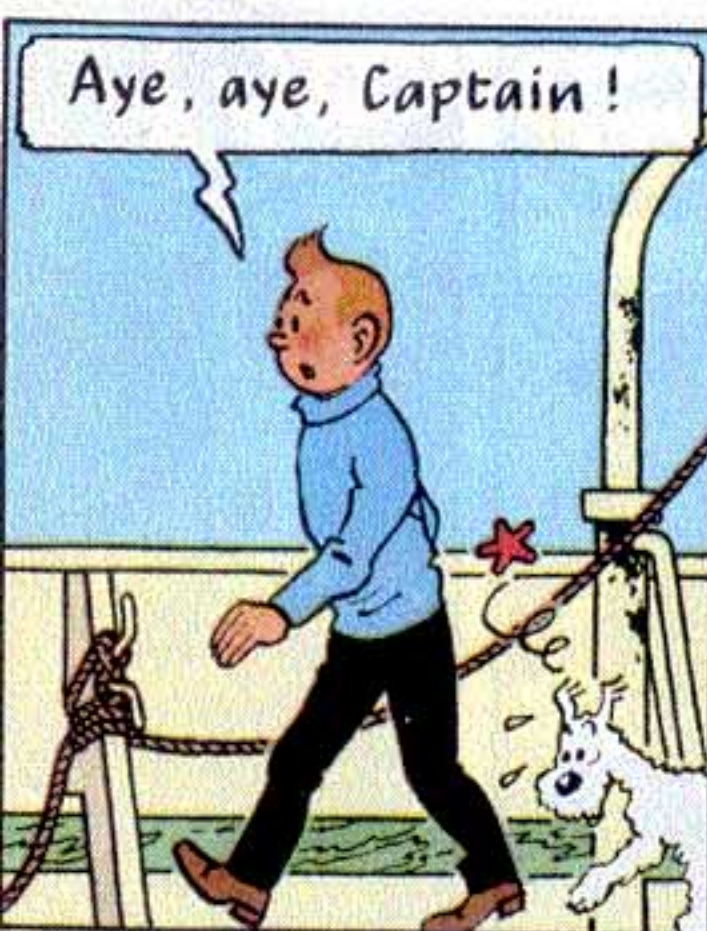
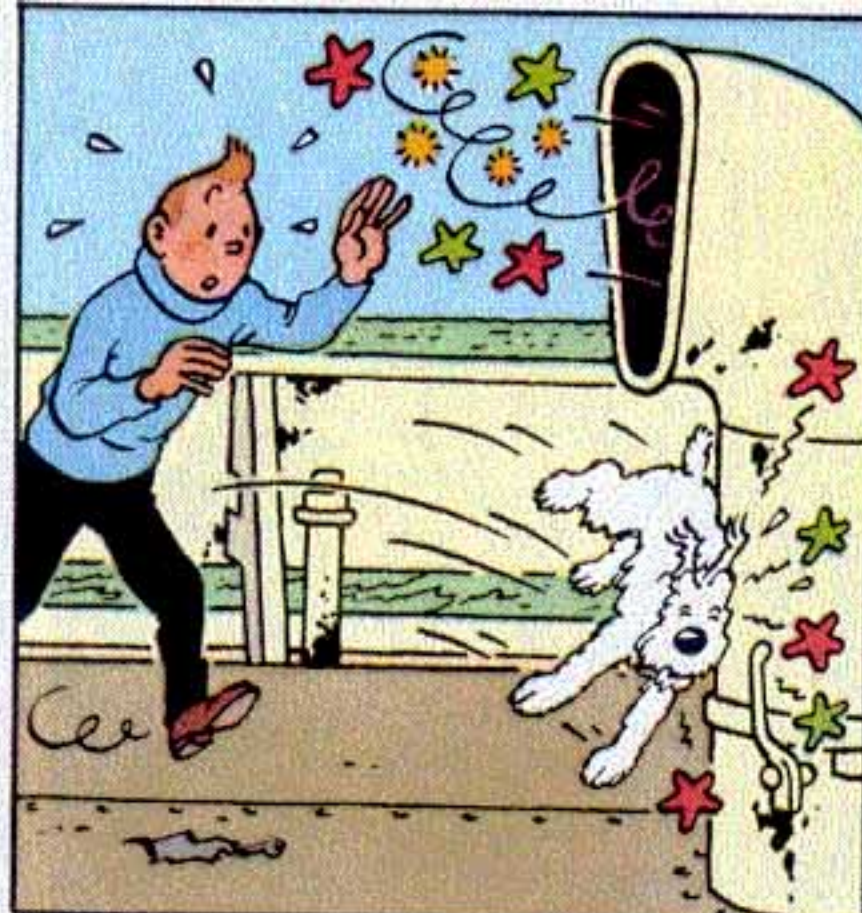
Because if we're to go on, sir, you'll have to consider building a new laboratory!

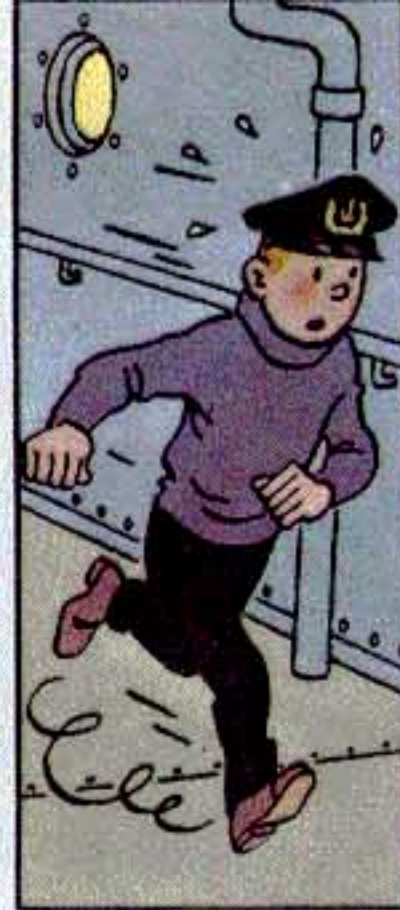


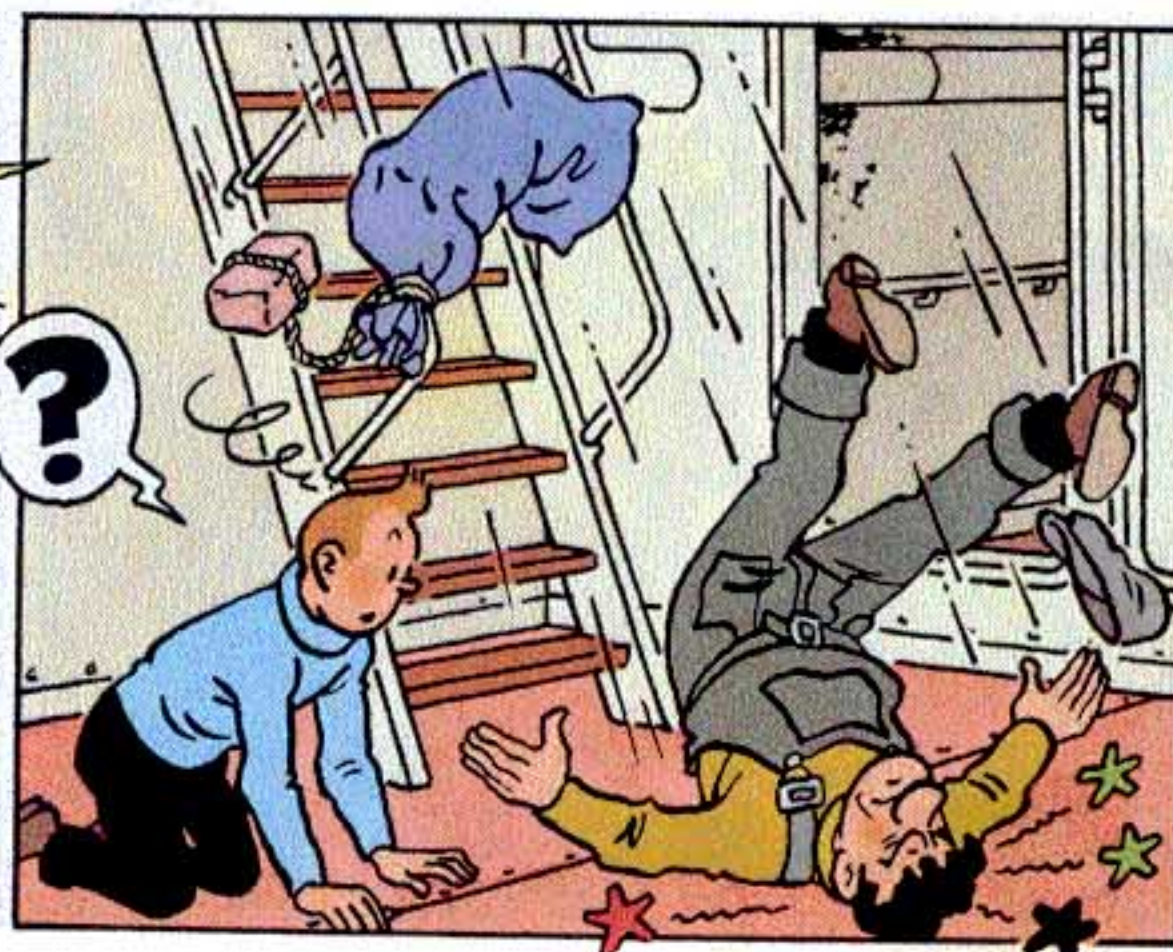
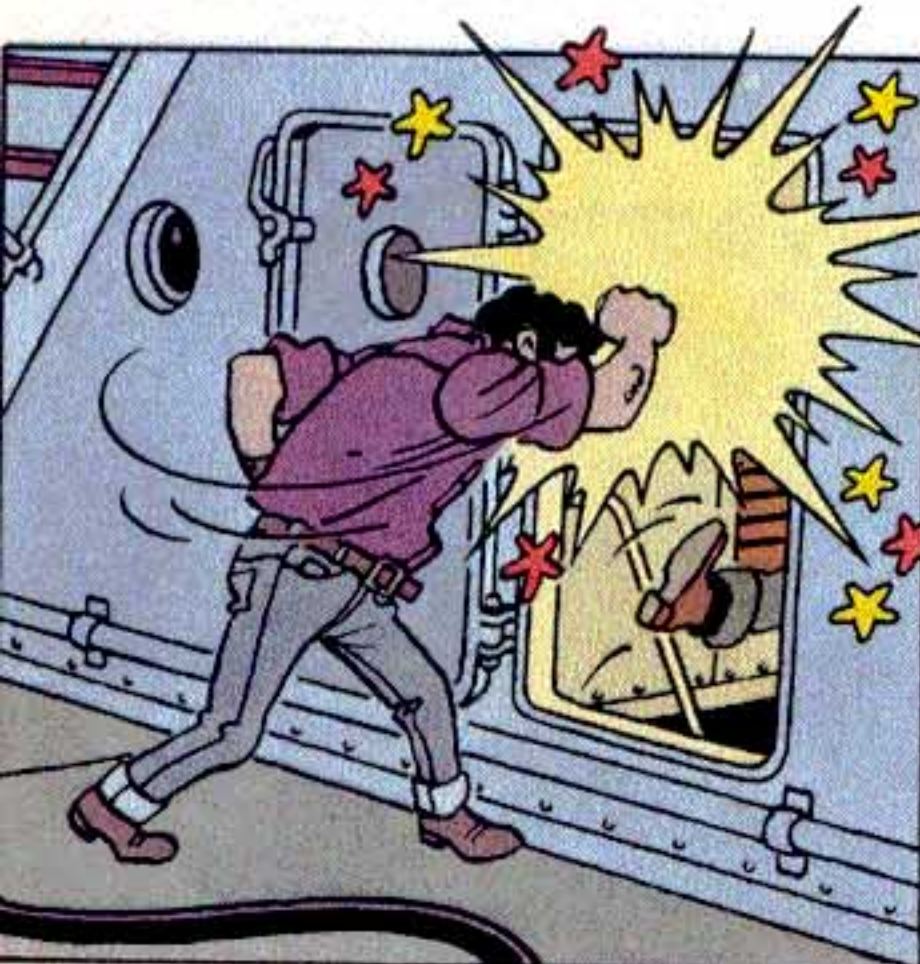
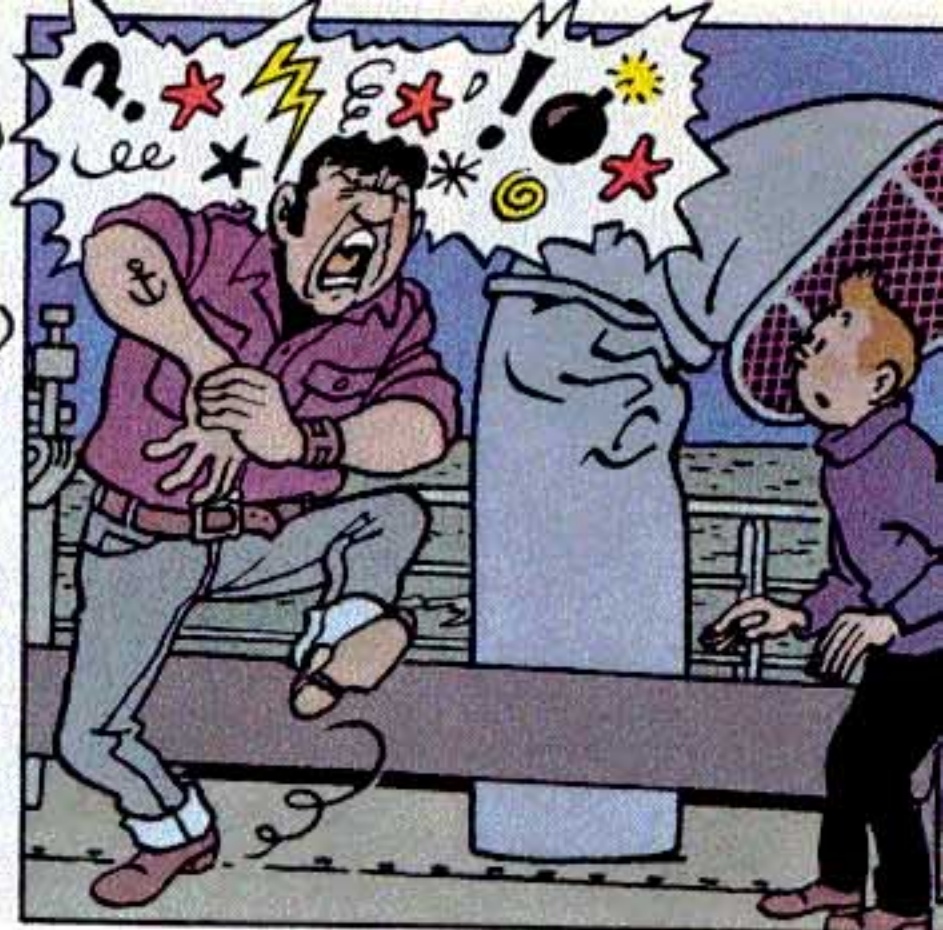
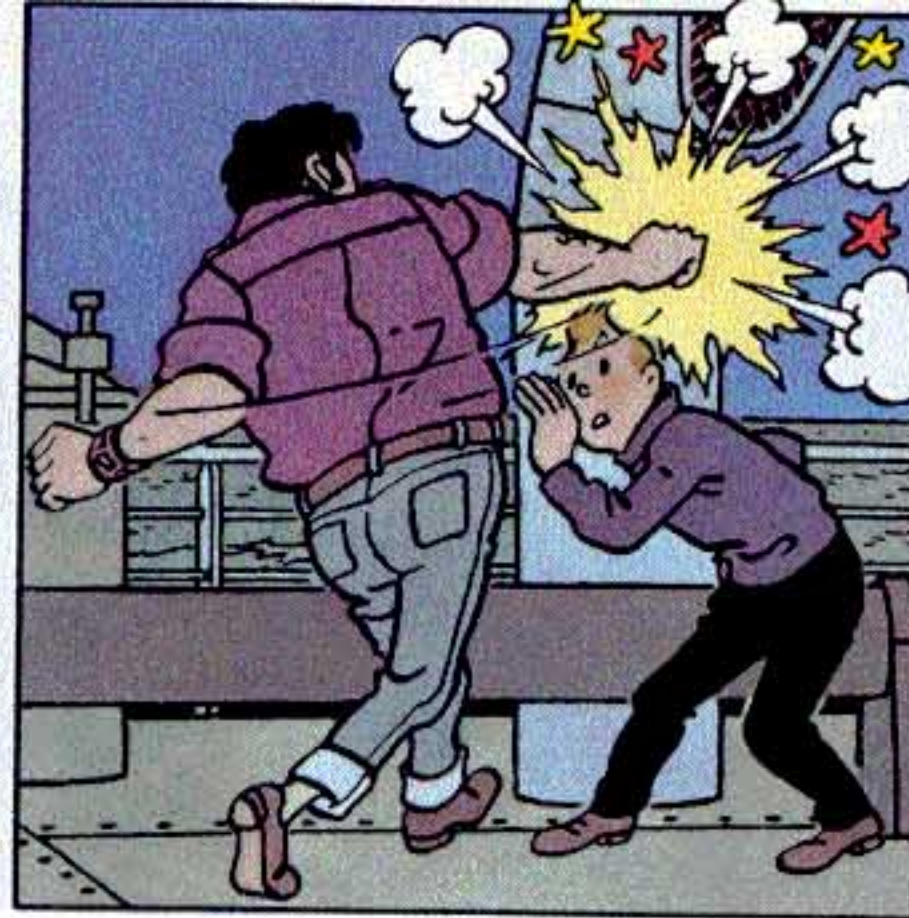


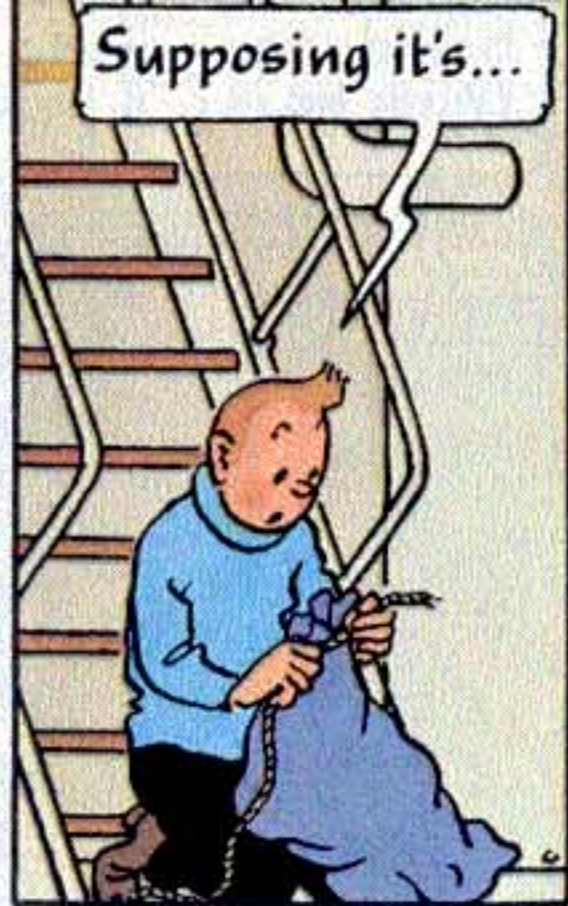
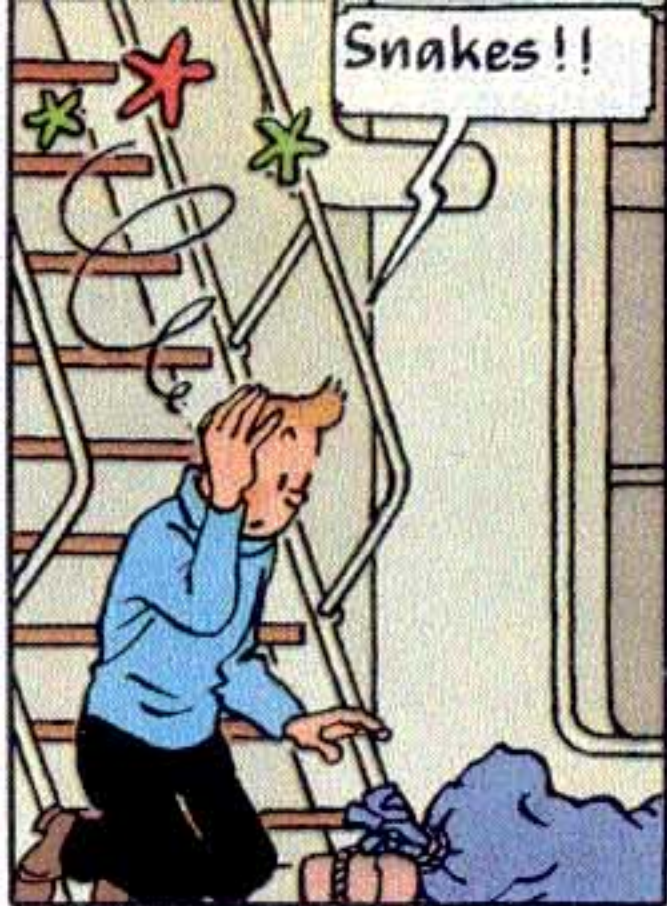


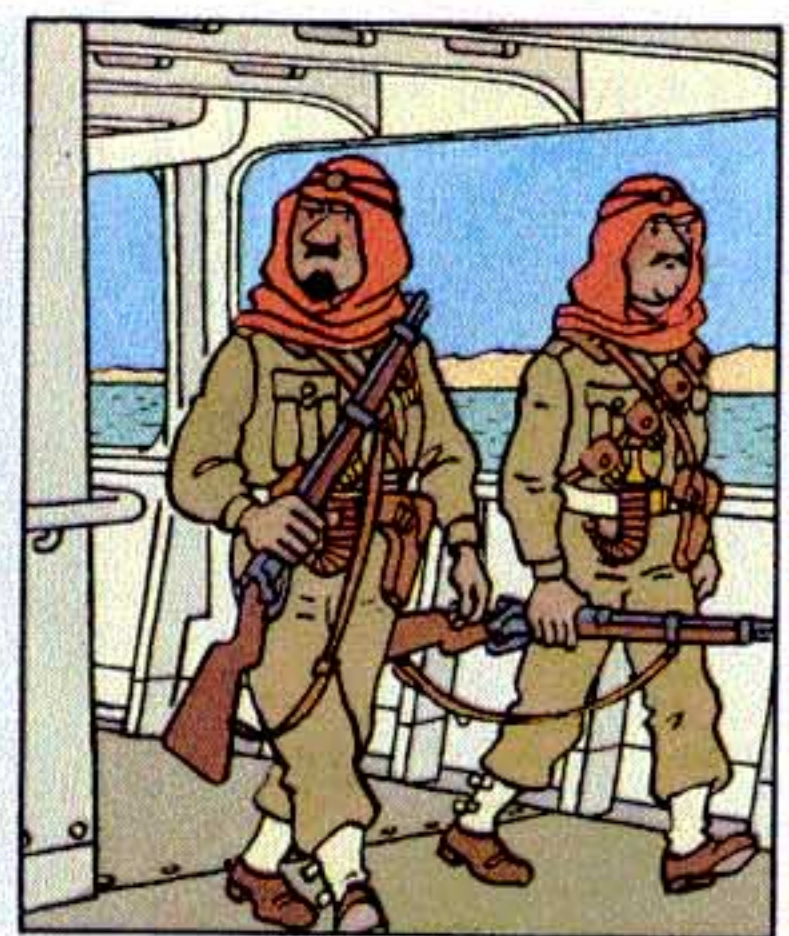
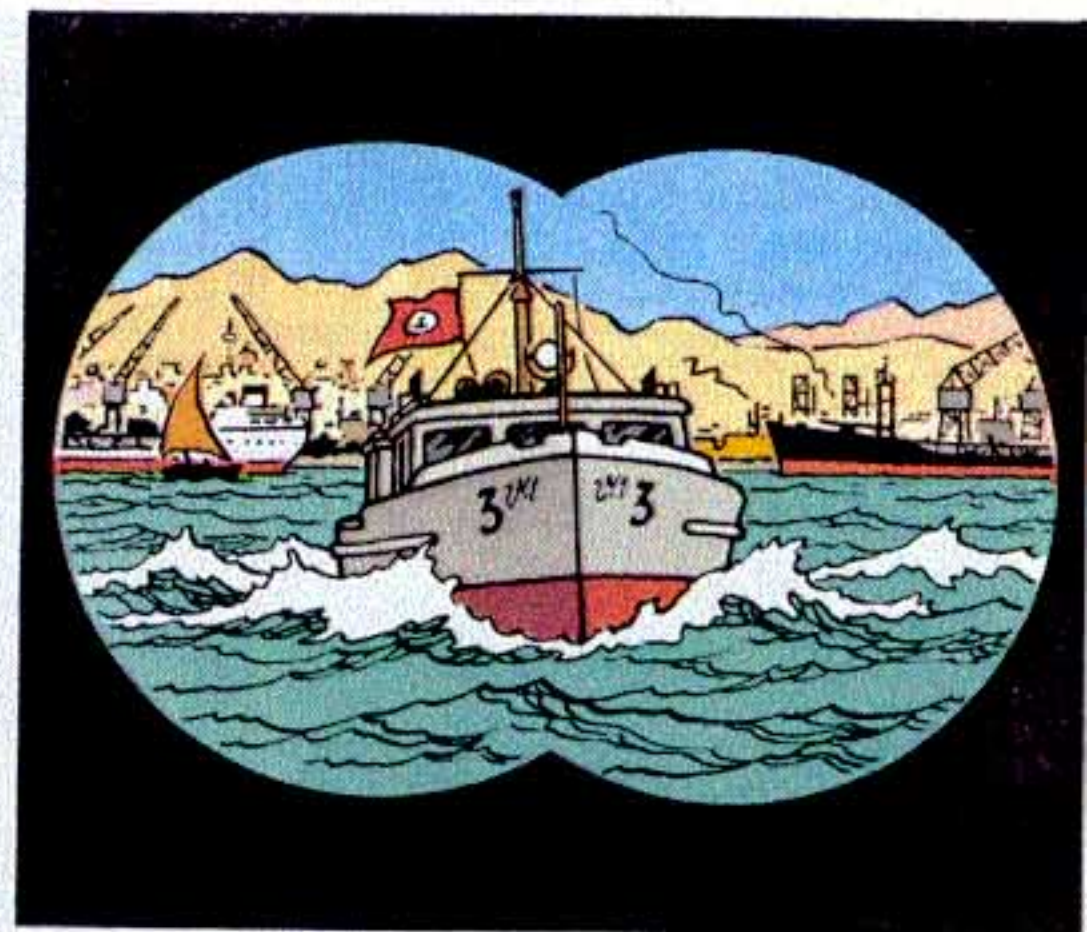
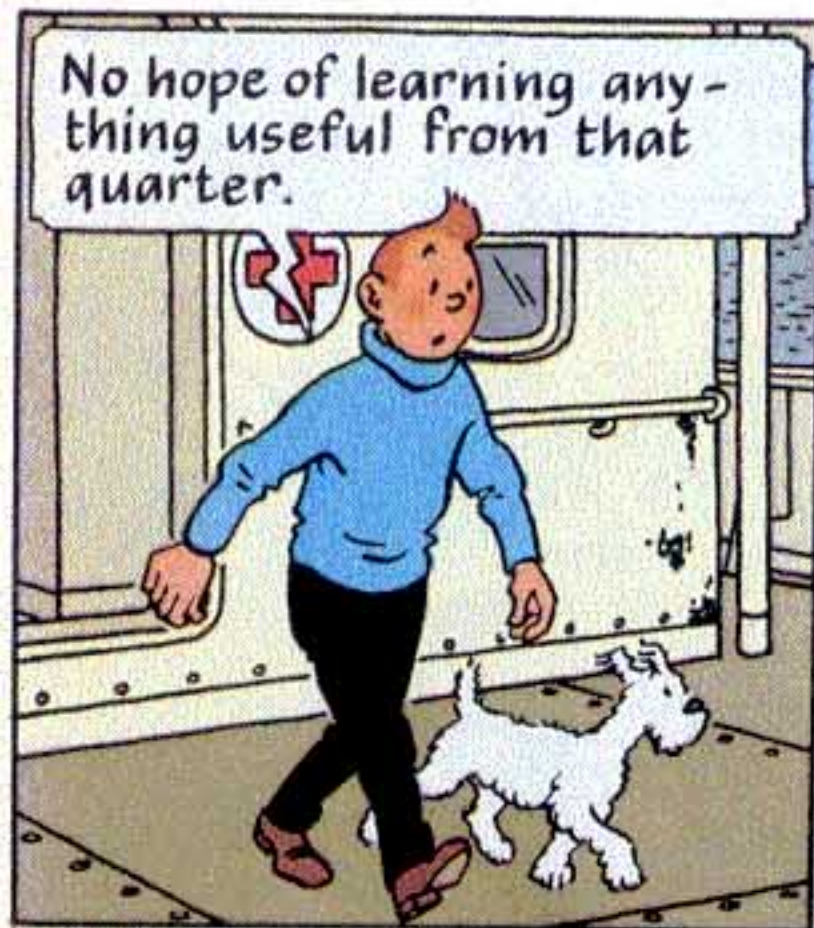
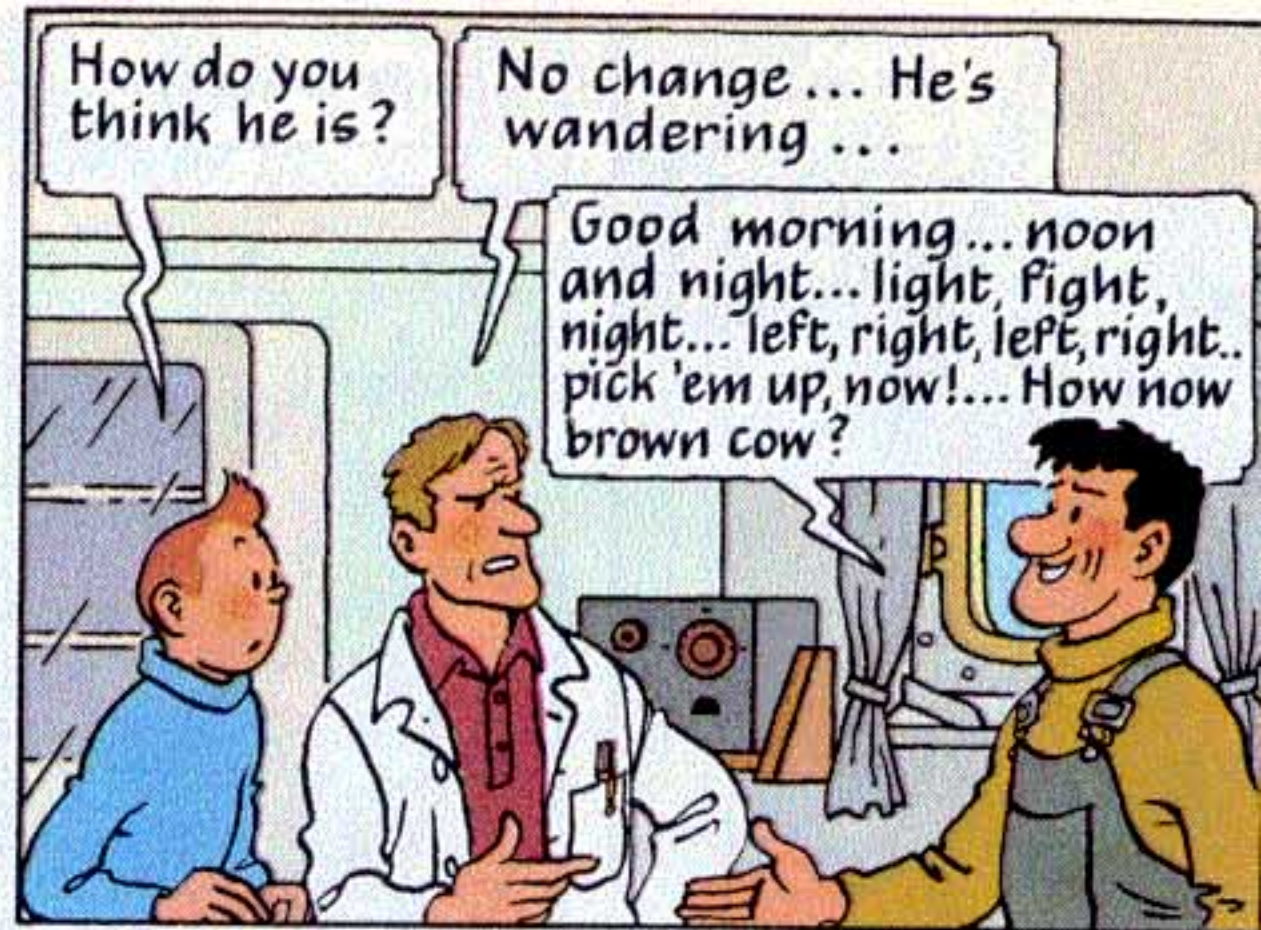
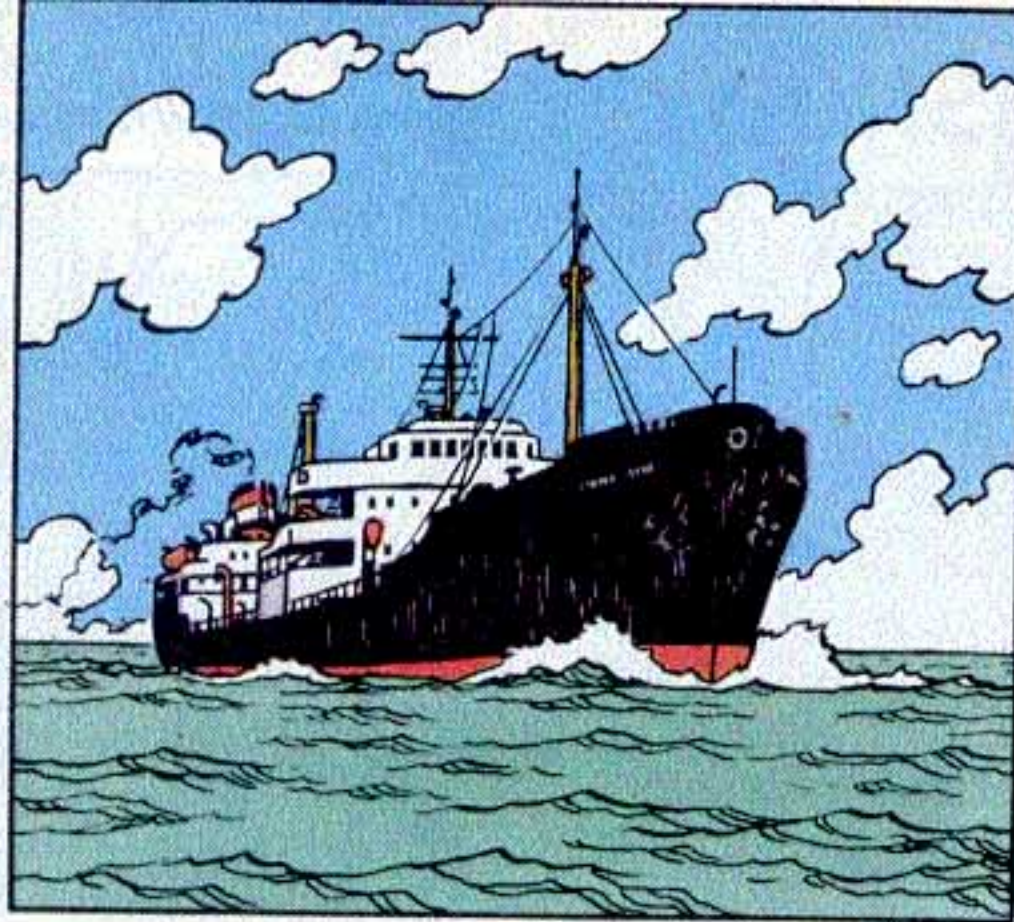












These papers were hidden in the radio officer's cabin, sergeant.

Let me see!

Aha! All very interesting... A shipment of arms to Sheik Bab El Ehr!

I assure you, sergeant, I ...

Keep your hands off! ... We're police officers! We'll see you pay for this!

To be precise: you'll see we pay for this!

Heroin in their baggage, sir... And they're pretending to be police officers!

Indeed?

We were tricked, sergeant... An agent from Naval Intelligence gave us the package. He said it contained secret documents.

And where is this 'agent', eh?

He's here on board, sergeant ... But he suddenly seems to have lost his wits...

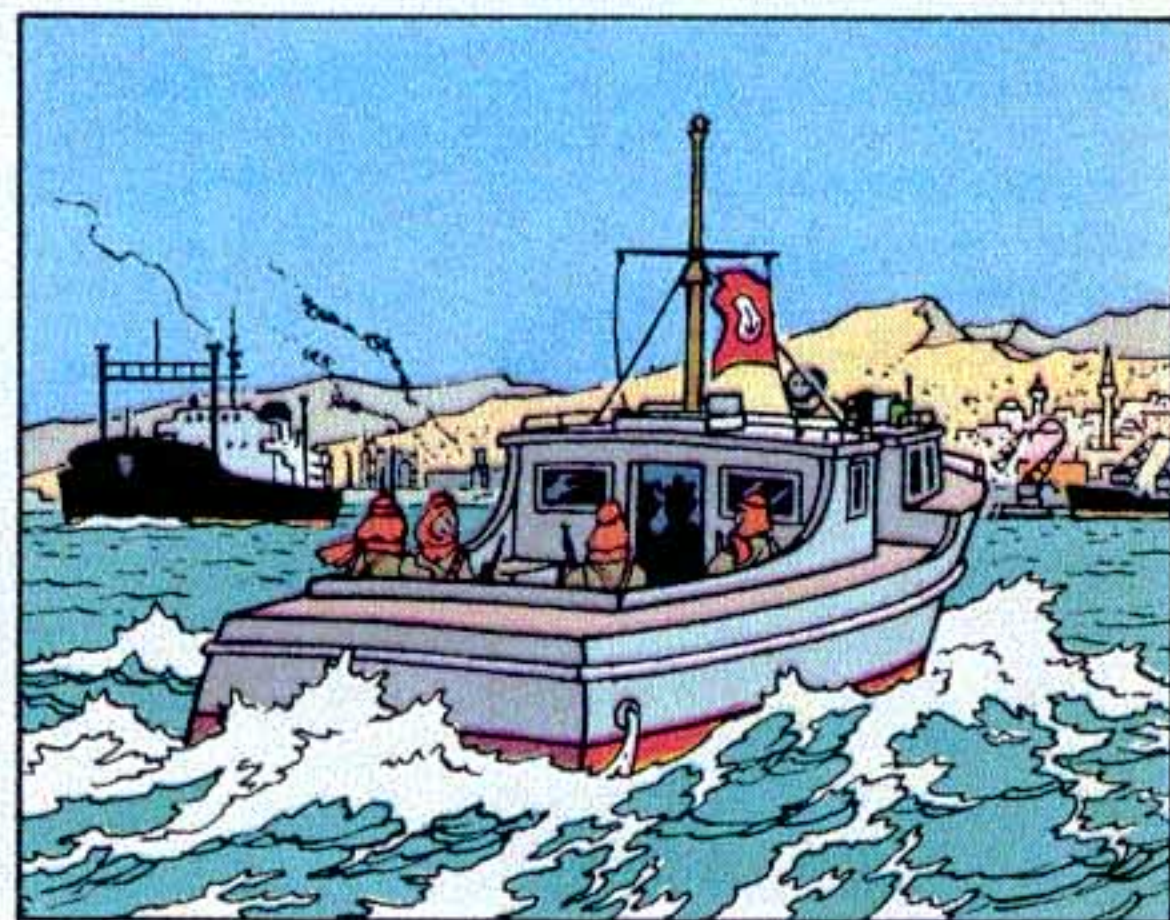
Meaning that we can't question him, I suppose!... A neat little story... But it just happens that I am very far from losing MY wits!

What a fool I've been! ... Another false trail!

All right, get these three bright boys into the launch. They'll be interrogated ashore.

But...

I...

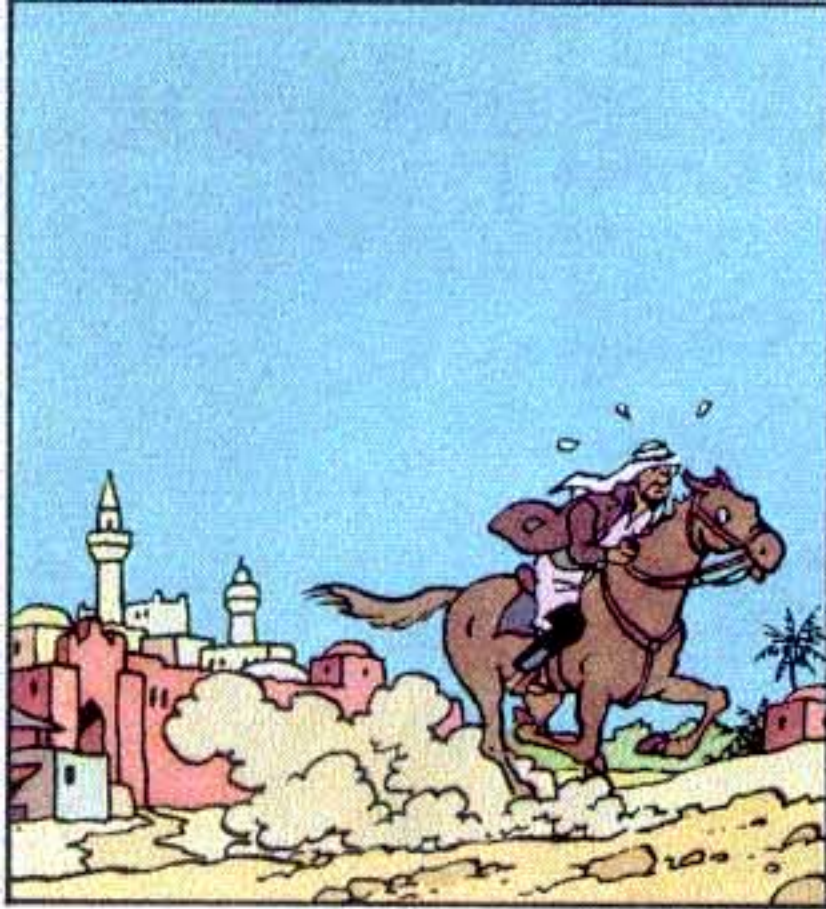


Who've you got there?

The two are just a couple of drug-smugglers, I think... But the young one has important documents to do with Bab El Ehr.

Excellent work! Our noble sheik will reward you when he comes to power! ... Go now!

Bab El Ehr must be informed!



That evening...

I have come from Khemikhal, noble master. There I received news: the emir's soldiers have arrested a young foreigner. Well?



One of the guards works for us. He said he'd found papers on the prisoner... papers referring to an important shipment of arms for you.

The young man shall escape and be brought here to me!

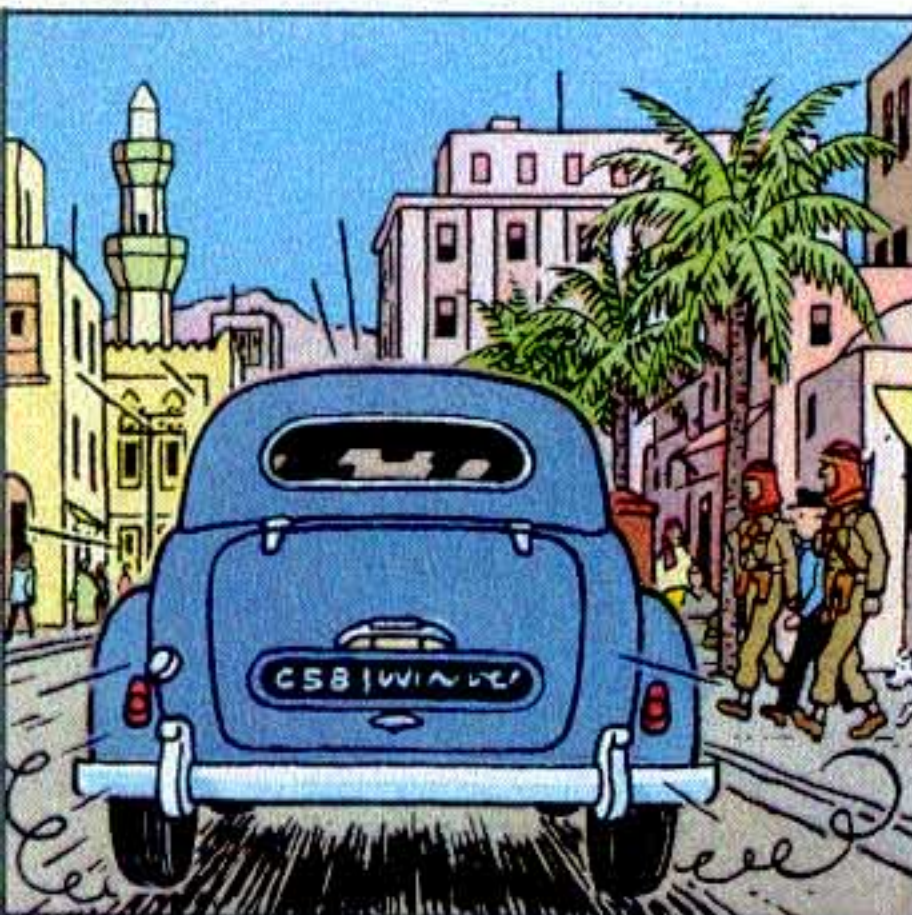


Next morning...

Come with me. You're going to the special security gaol. The secret police want you for questioning.



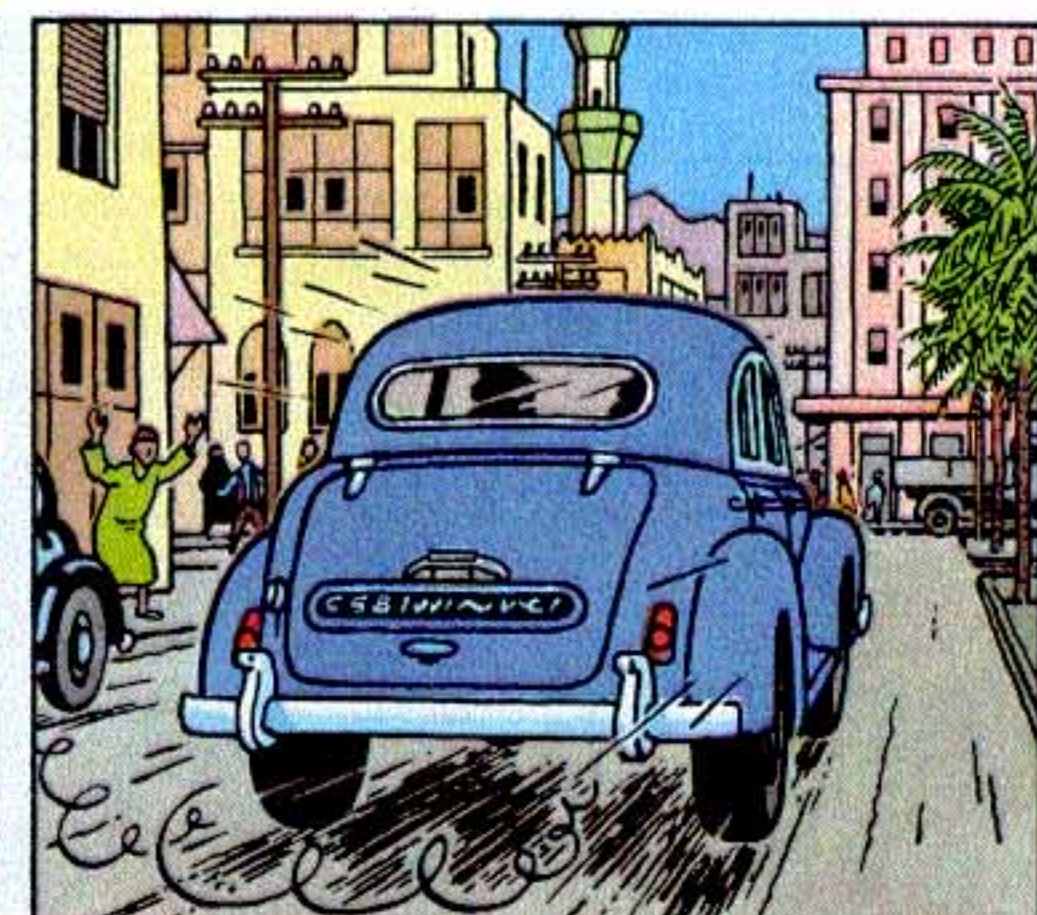
There they are, Mohammed! Put your foot down!



Over here!



Hurry!



Meanwhile ...

We've checked your papers. They're in order. You can go.

Thank you. What about Tintin?

Your friend?...
He was seized
on his way here
by Bab El Ehr's
men.

Now we've got to find them ... And
that's a thankless job. They made
the snatch, and vanished without
trace. Still, there's a £5000 reward
for anyone who leads us to the
sheik's hideout.

Five thousand pounds! You needn't
say that again!... By this time
next week we'll bring you Bab El Ehr
trussed like a turkey!

Very good! May
Allah go with you!

Next morning...

Five thousand
pounds reward!

Here is the young foreigner
brought by your partisans,
noble sheik.

Enter!

Greetings, and welcome, young
stranger... Heaven will bless
you for embracing our great
cause... Now, when do the guns arrive?

What guns?

What guns? Our guns, our shipment
of arms... You've brought news of
their delivery: isn't that so?

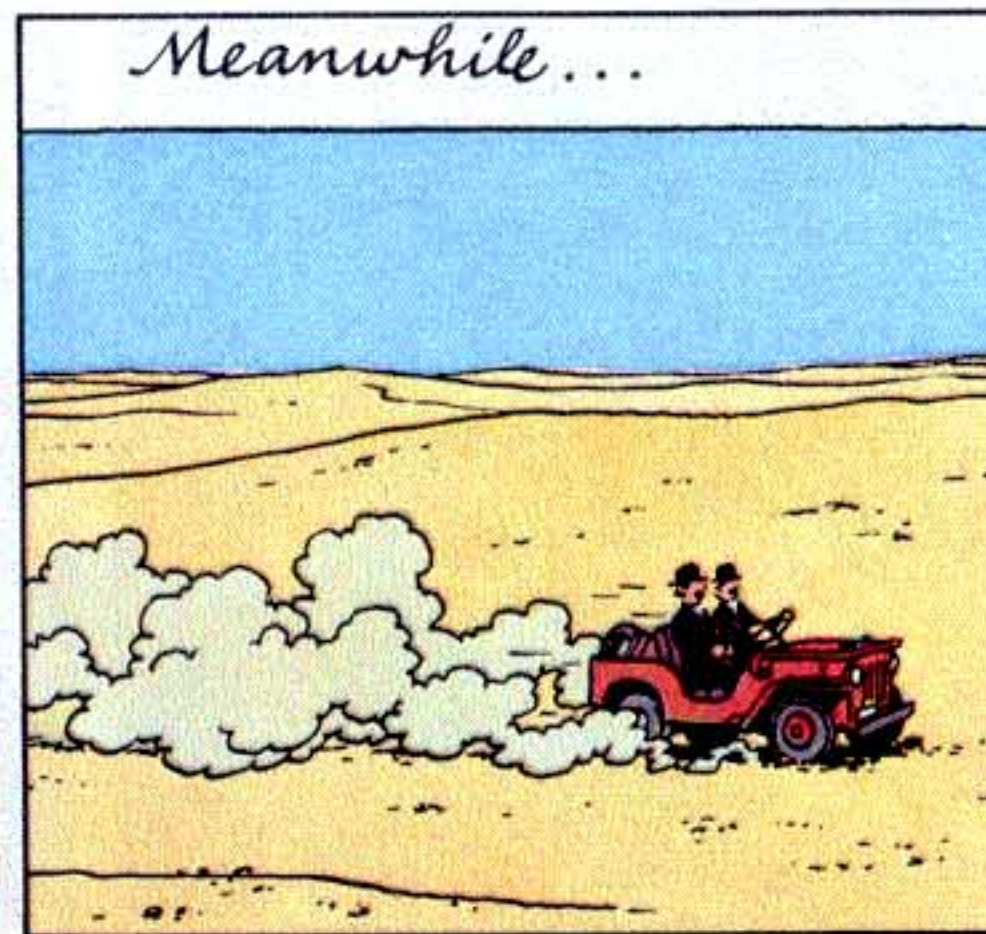
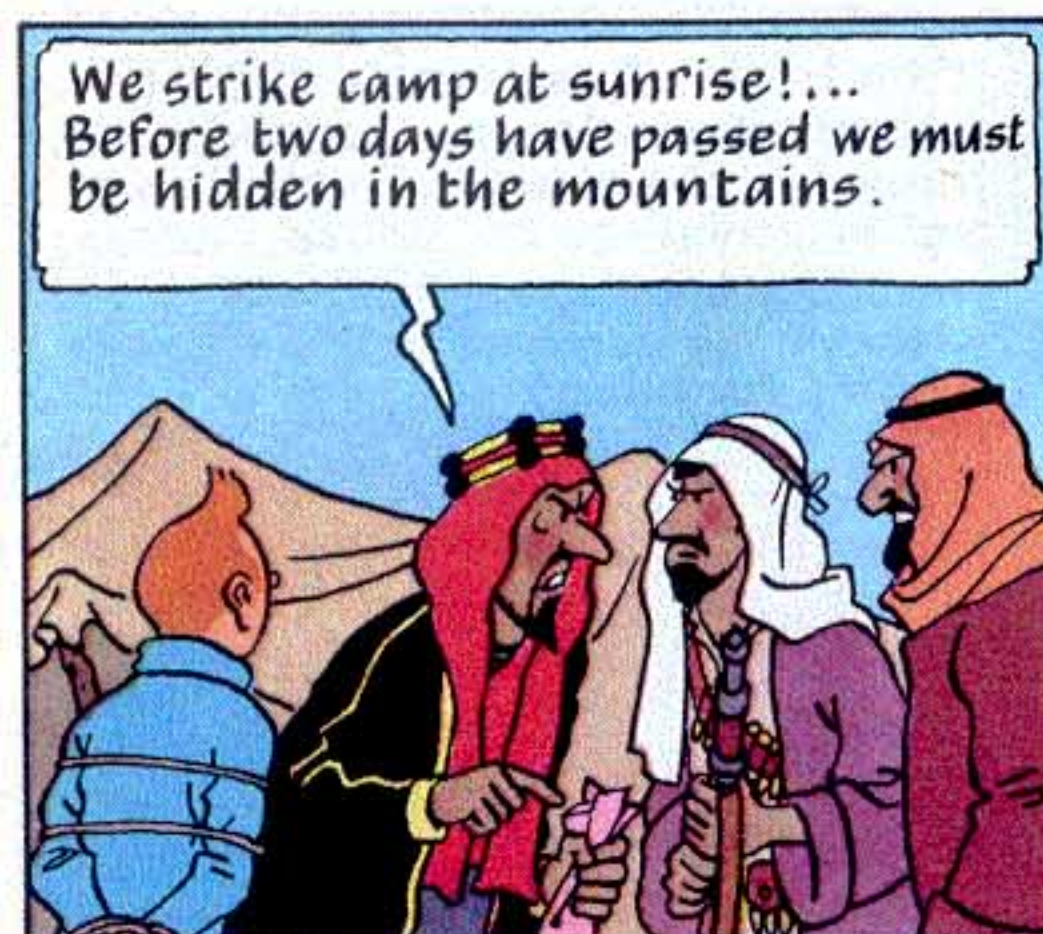
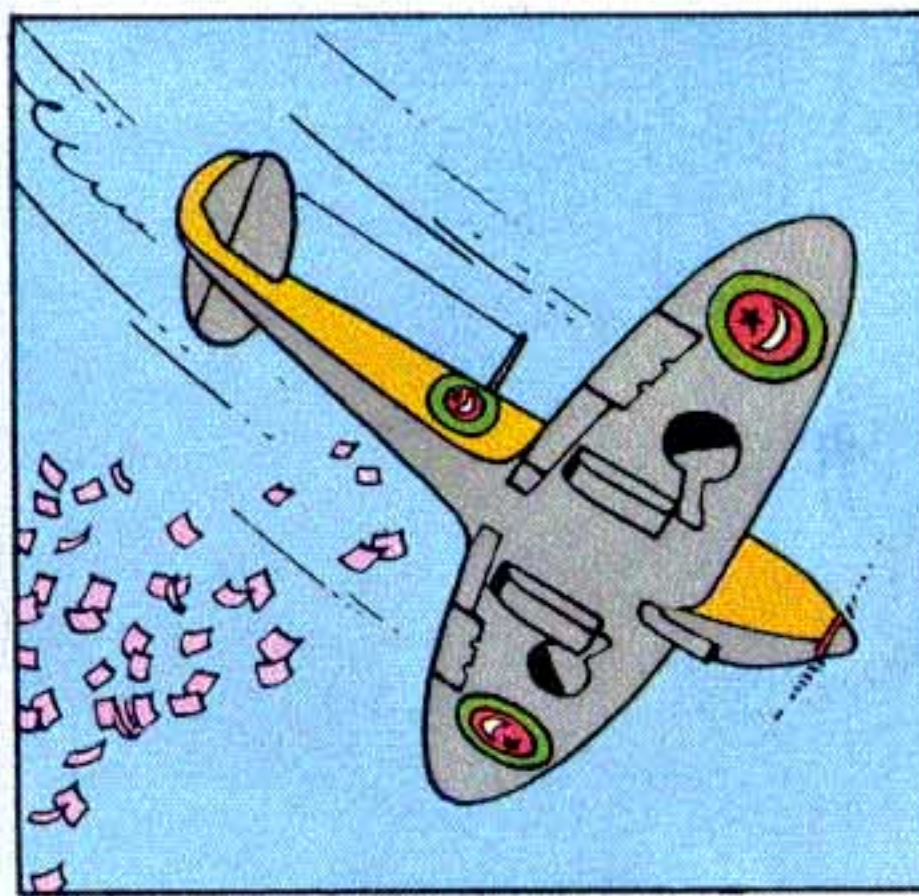
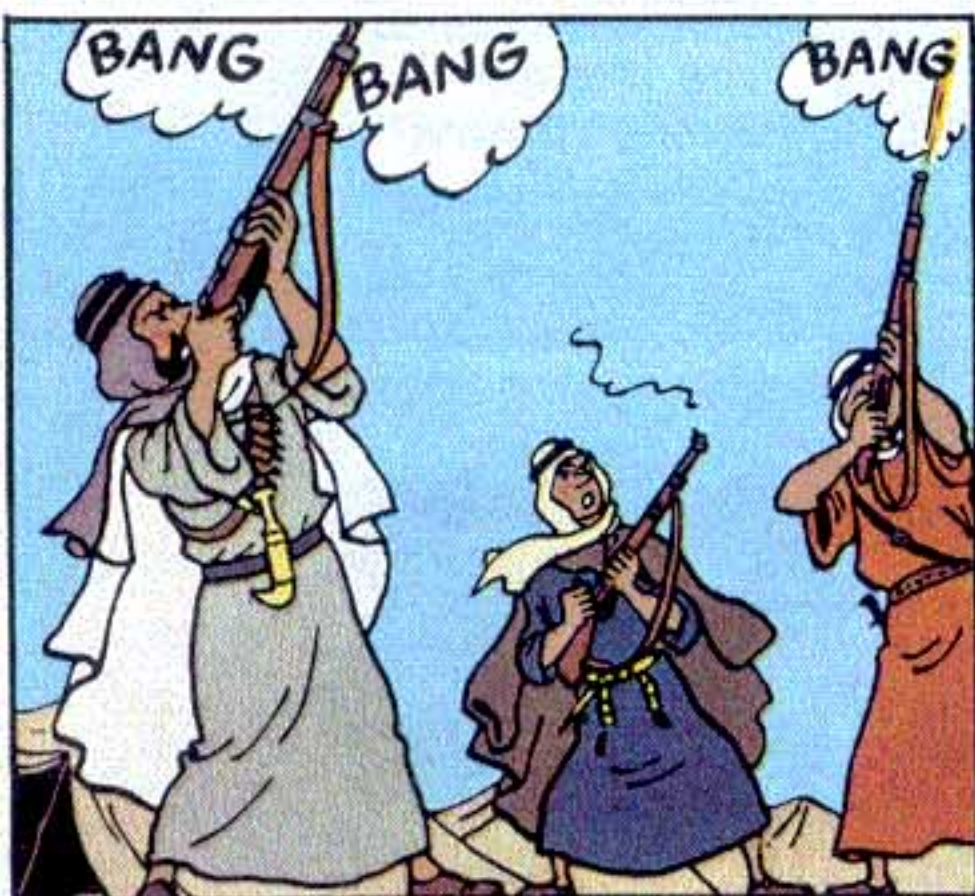
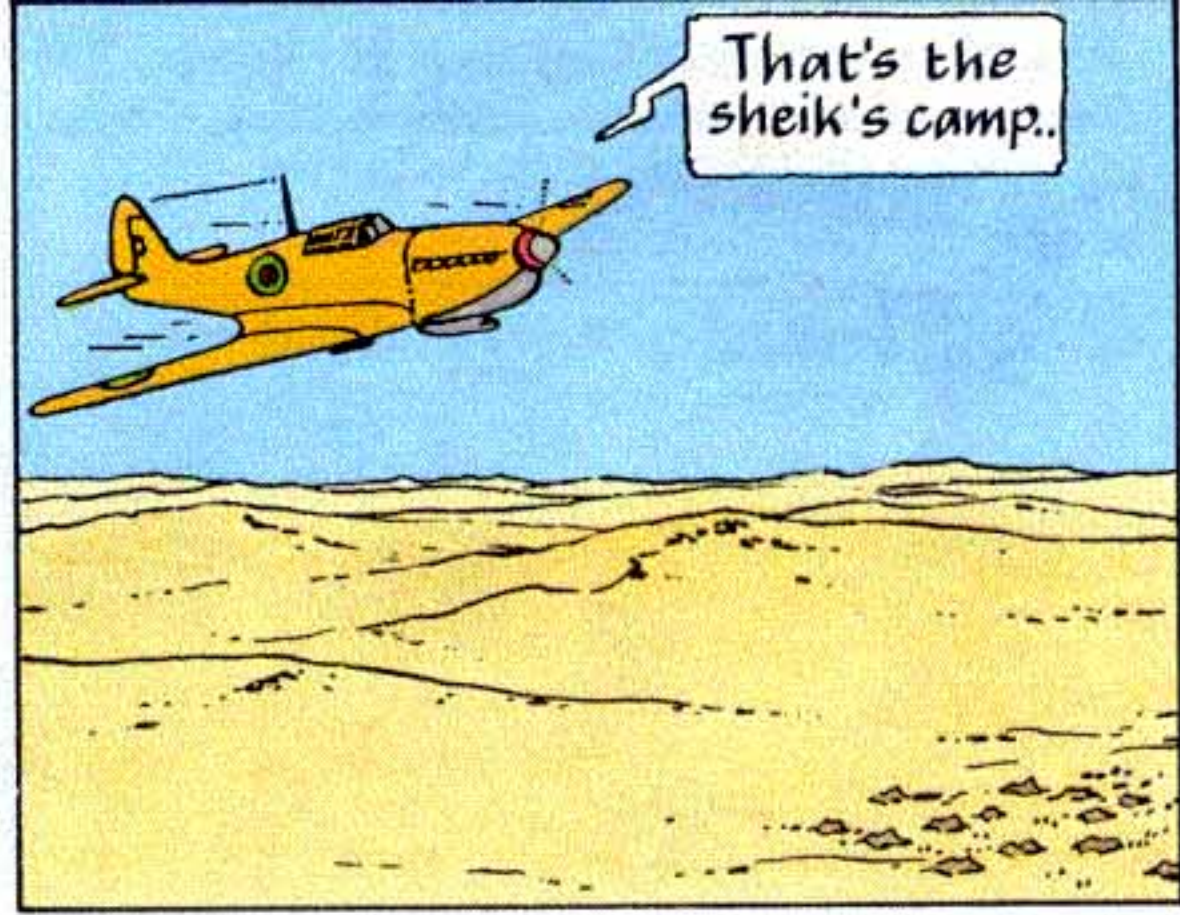
Me?... Not me, most
noble sheik! ...

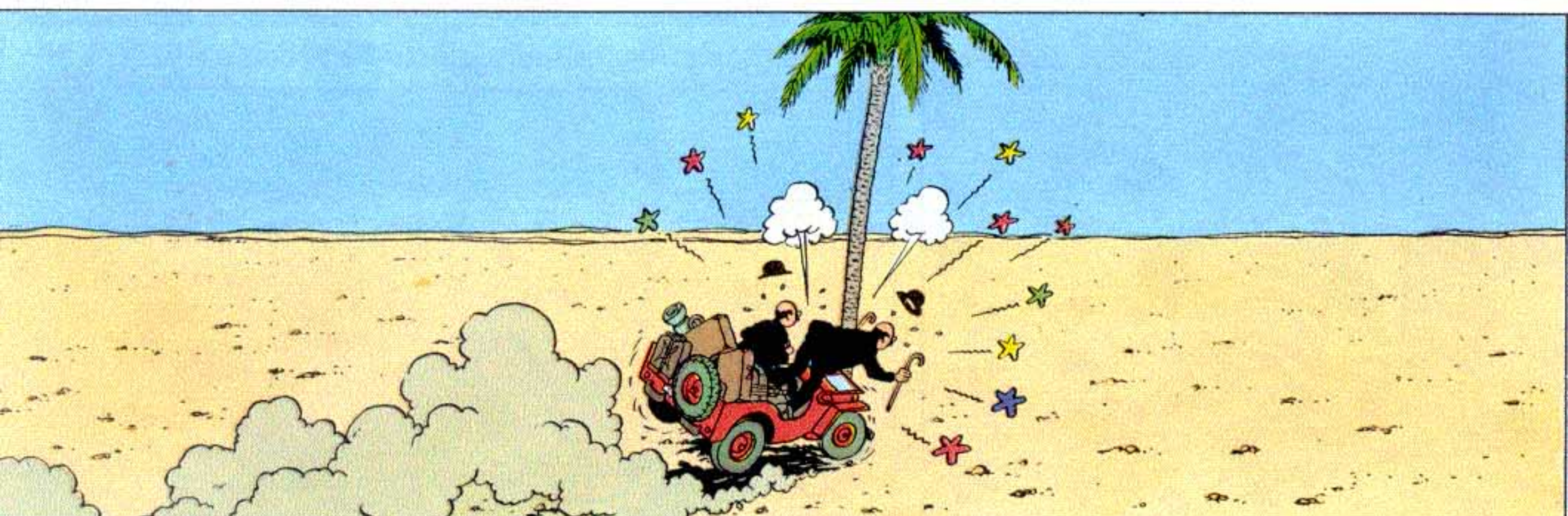
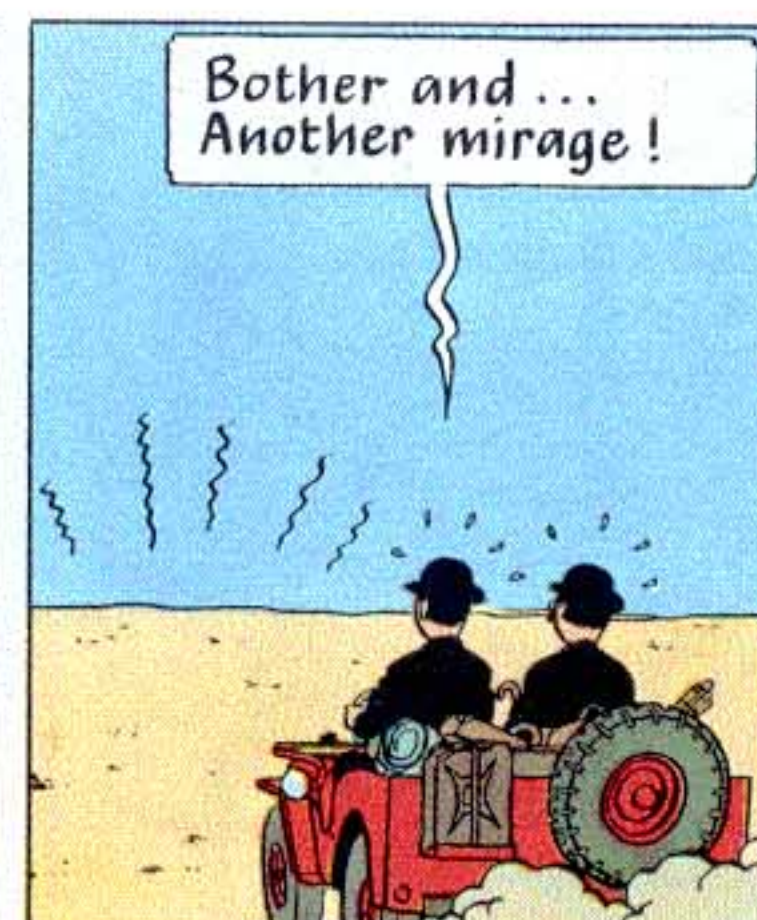
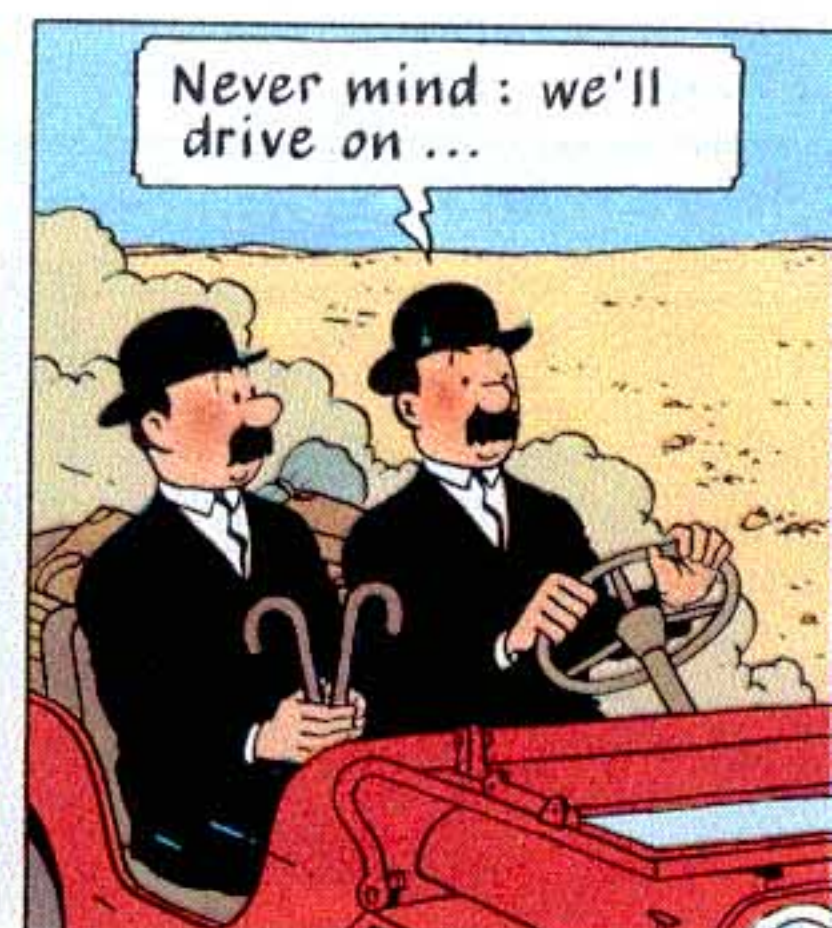
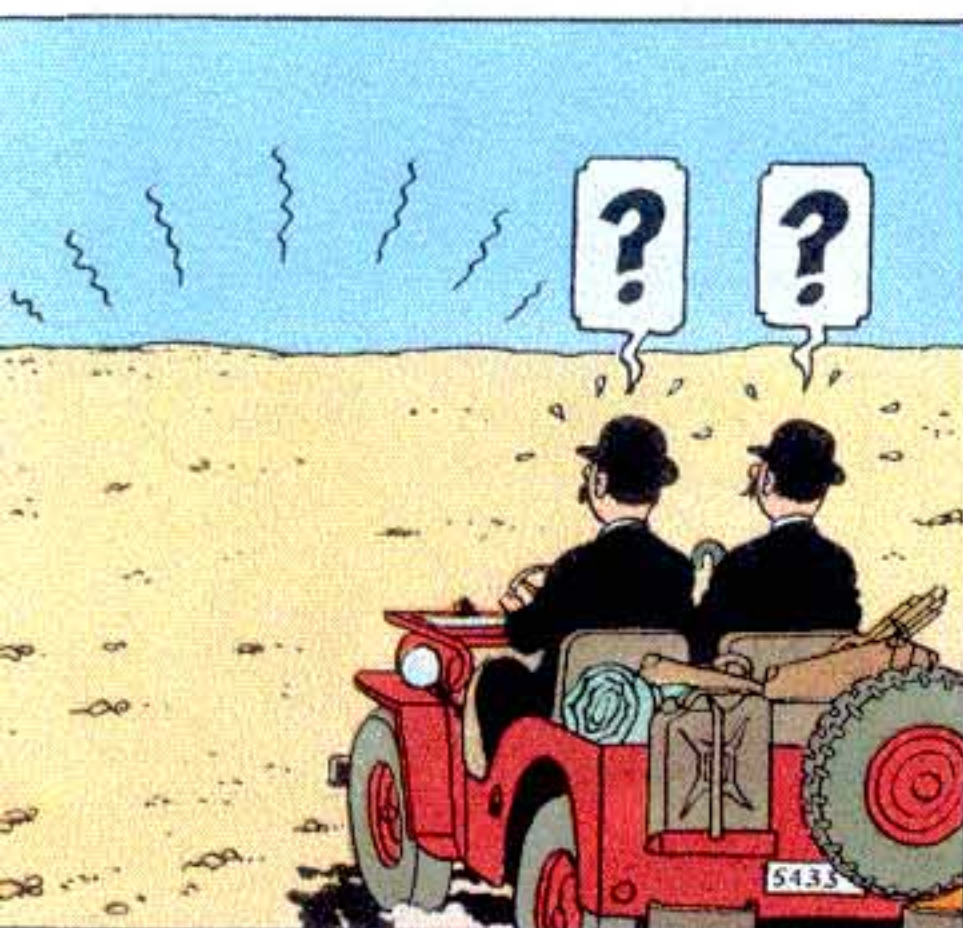
You lied to me, son of
a mangy dog!

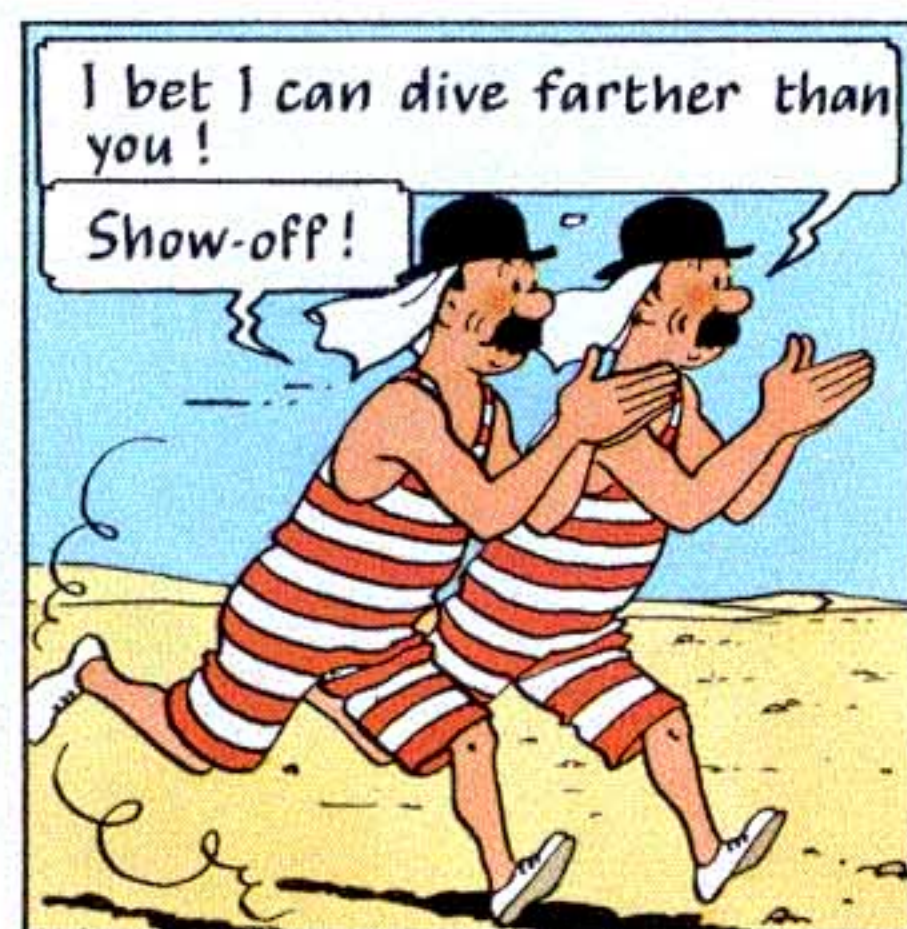
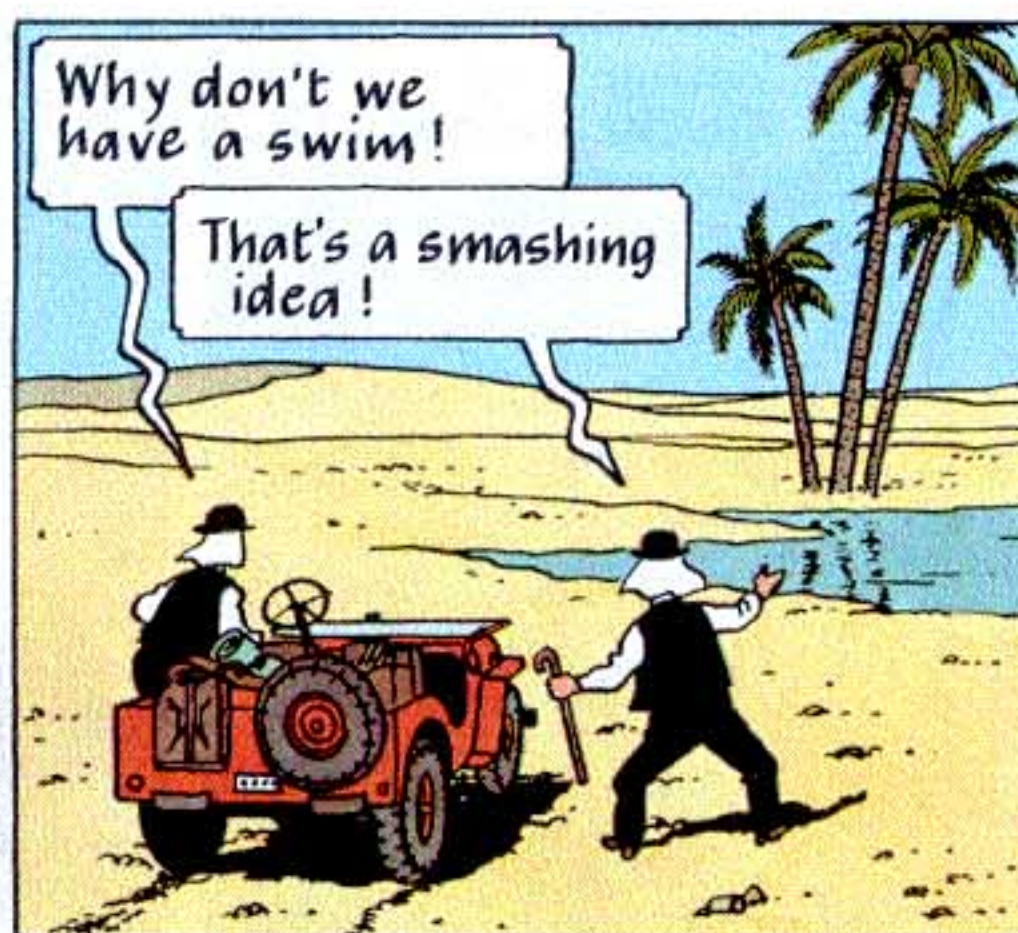
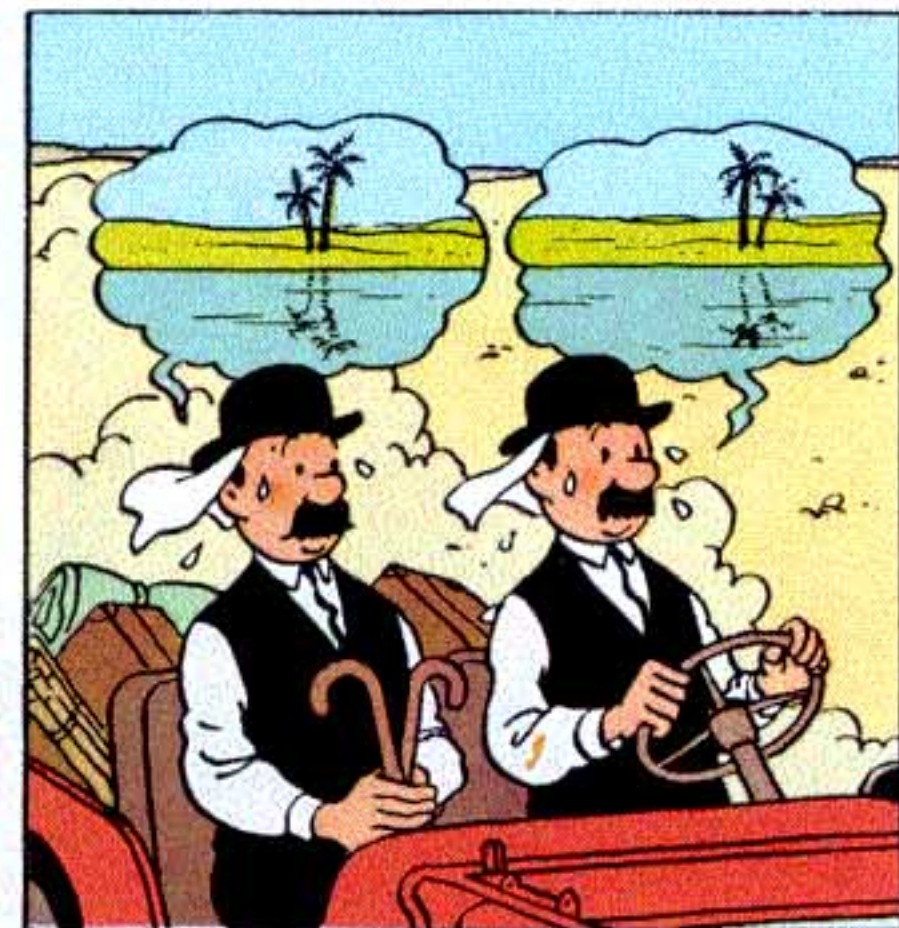
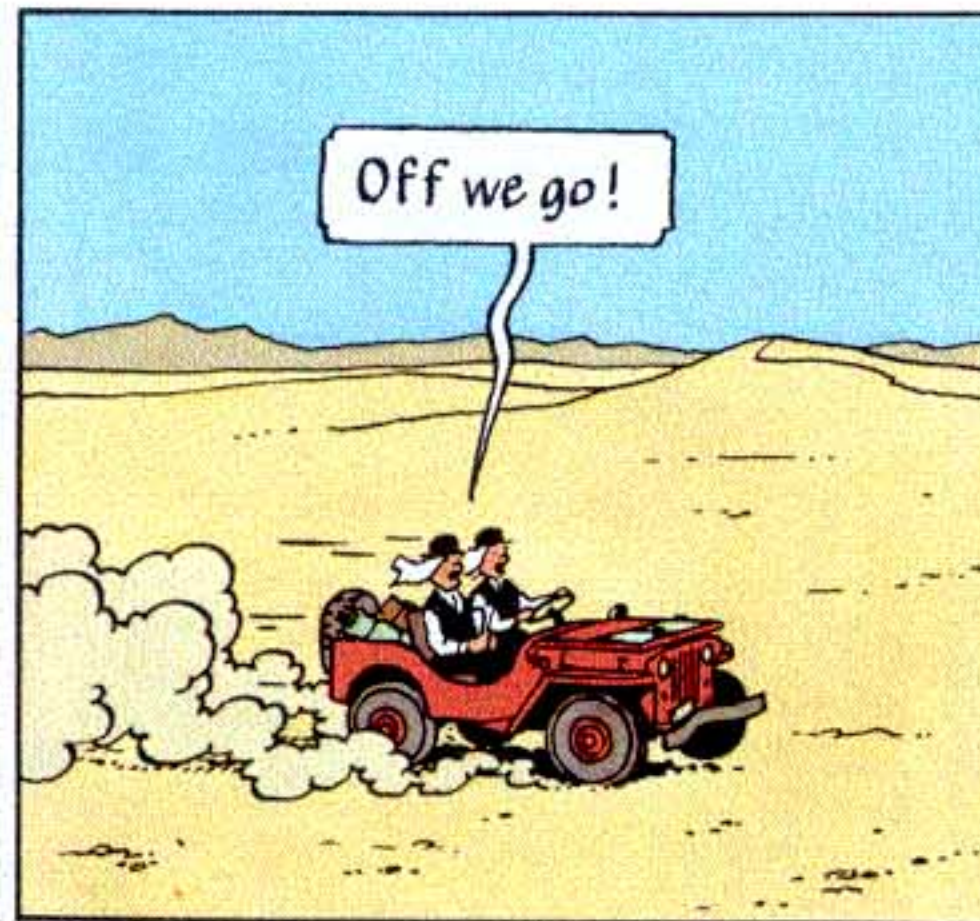
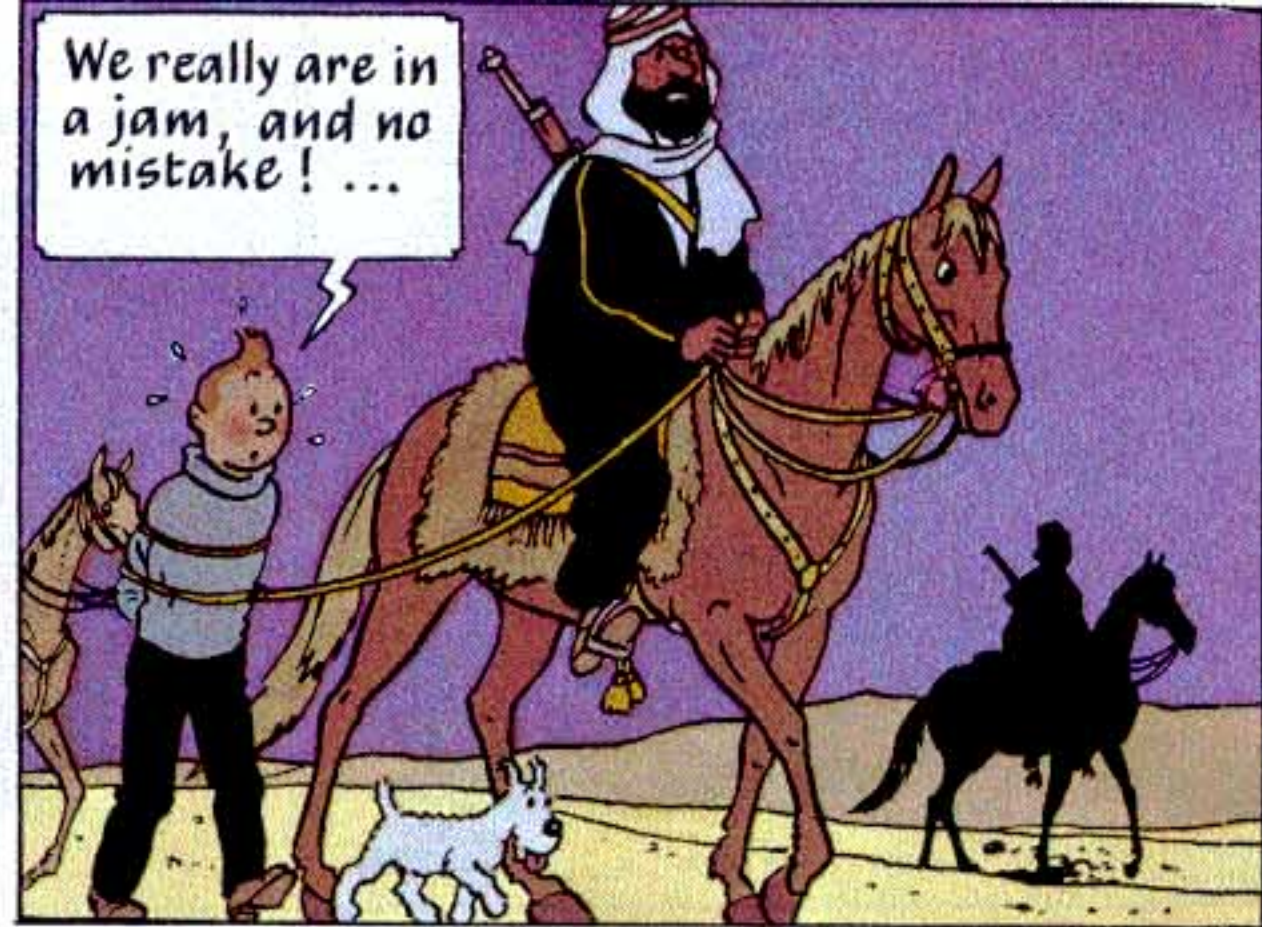
Oh, no! most powerful
master... It was the
guard who told me...
I swear by Allah!

That's quite true, noble sheik.
Some papers were found in my
cabin... but they didn't belong
to me... And I've no idea who
put them there...

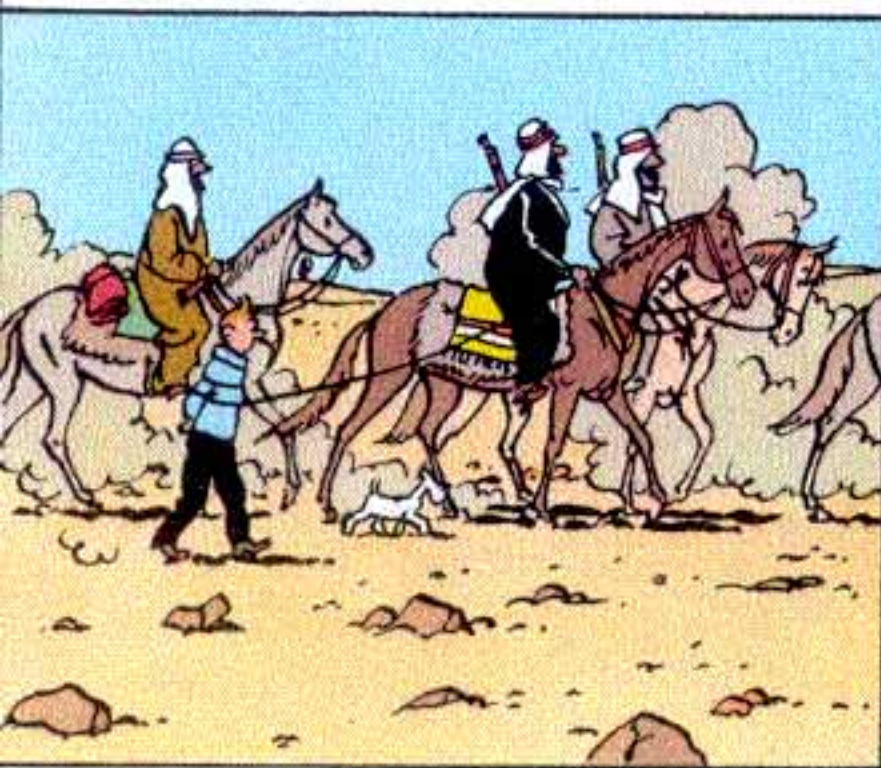
It's a trick... A miserable trick to
discover my hideout... I suppose you
think I'll let you go?... To run home
and betray us to the police, those
snivelling lap-dogs of Ben Kalish Ezab?
...Never! You stay here with us. You
are my prisoner!







Meanwhile...

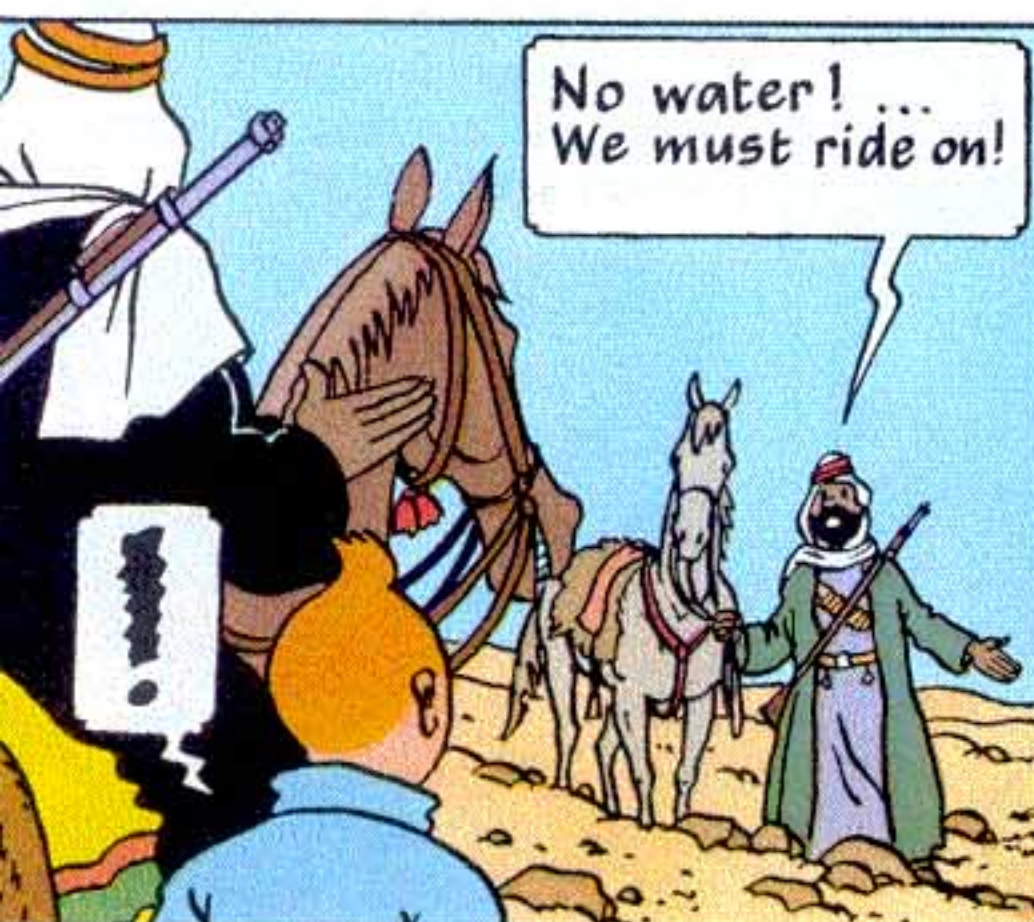
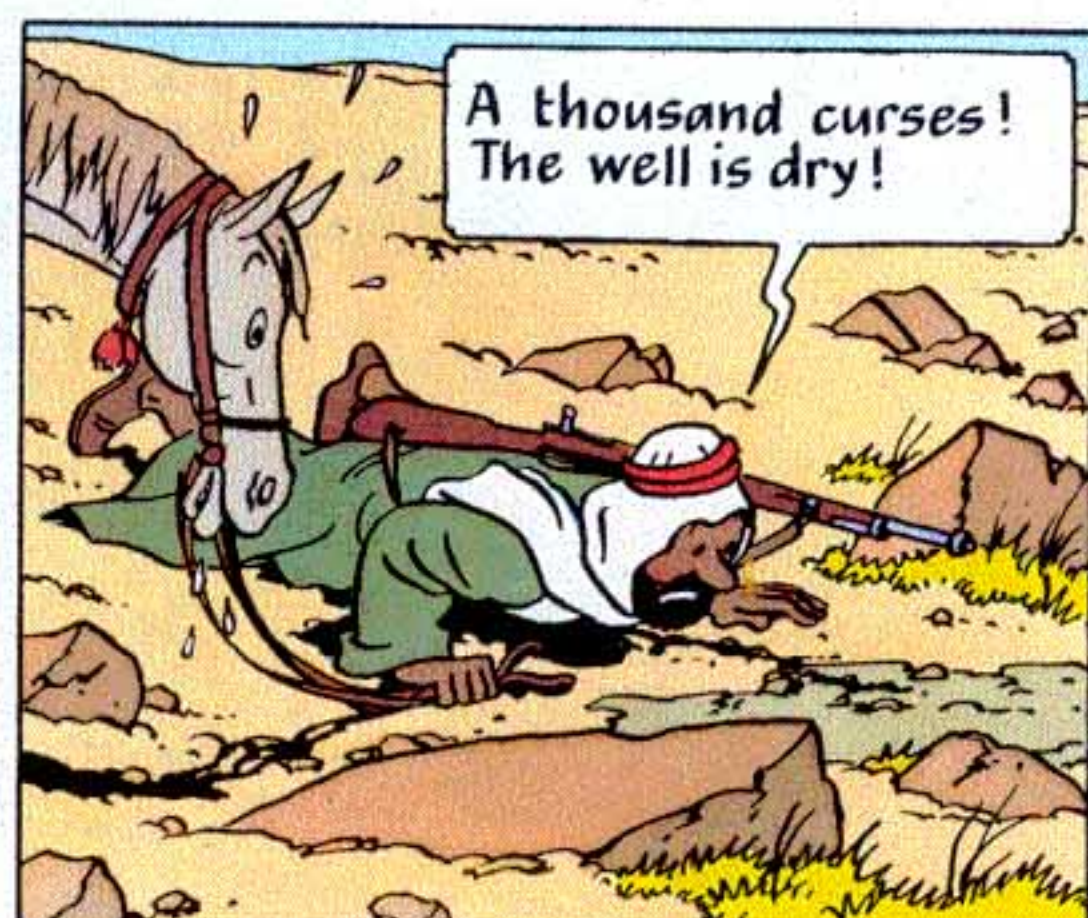
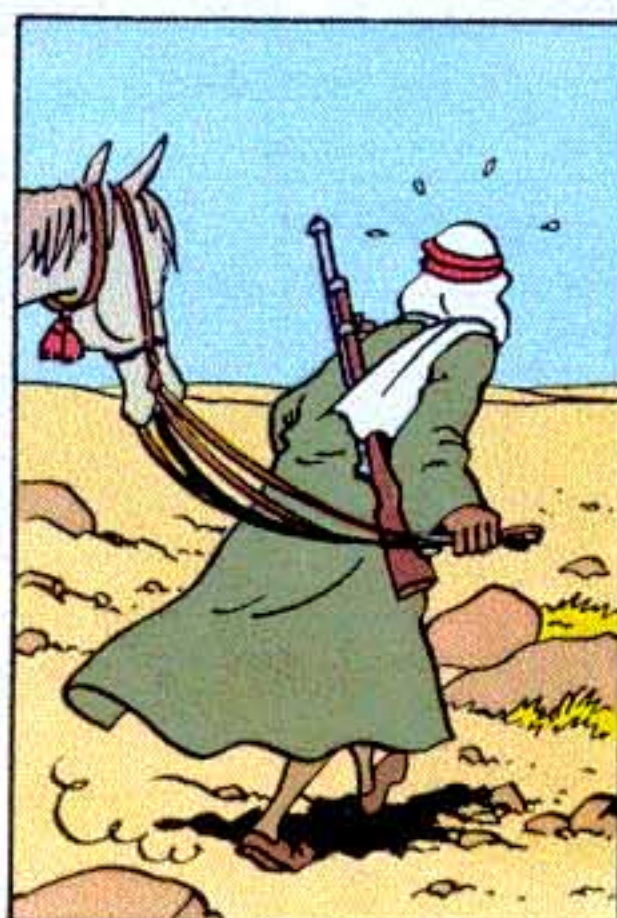
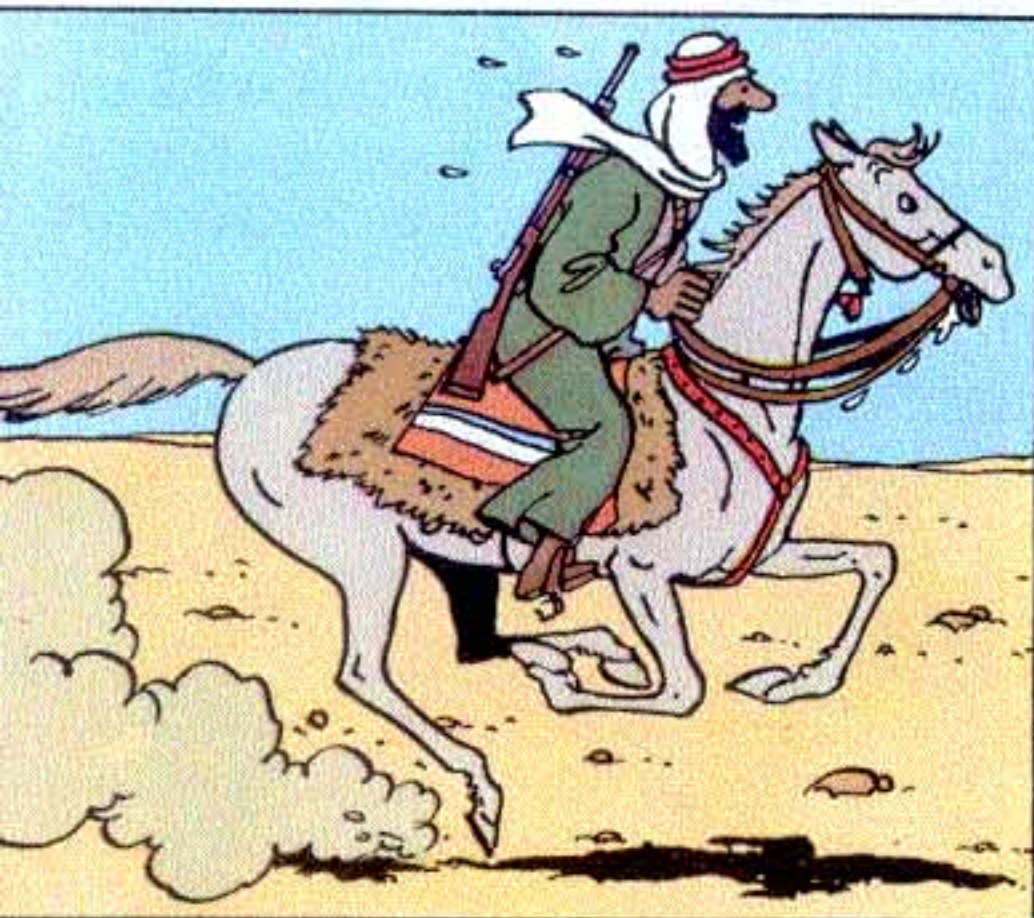


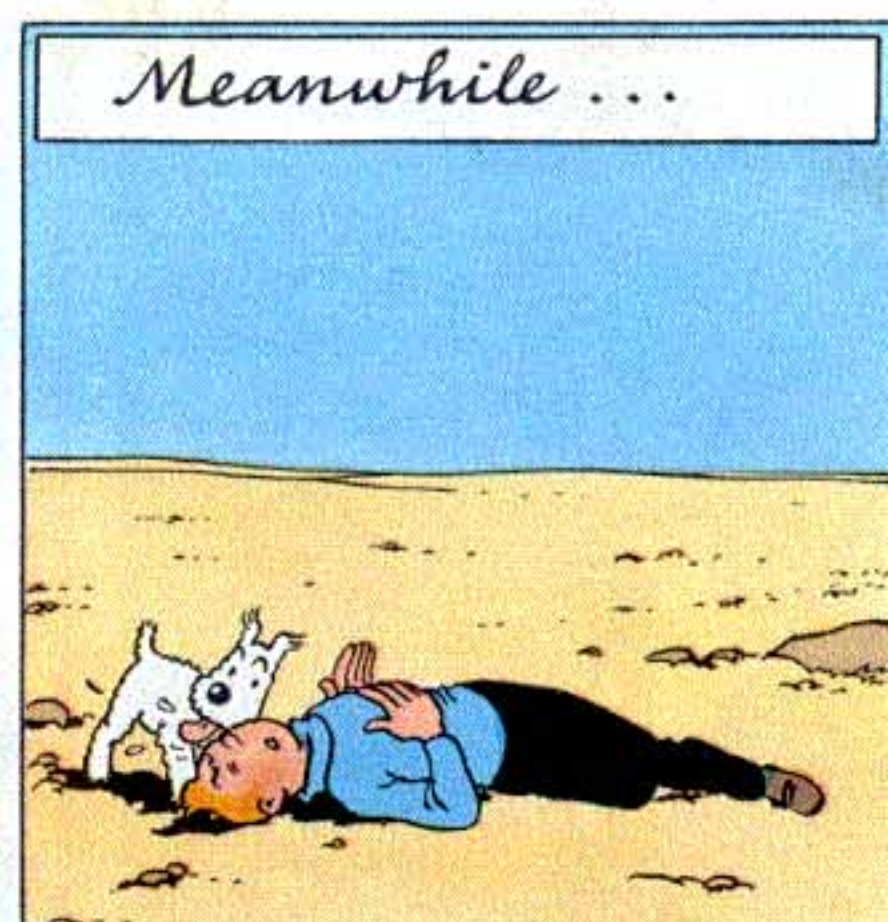
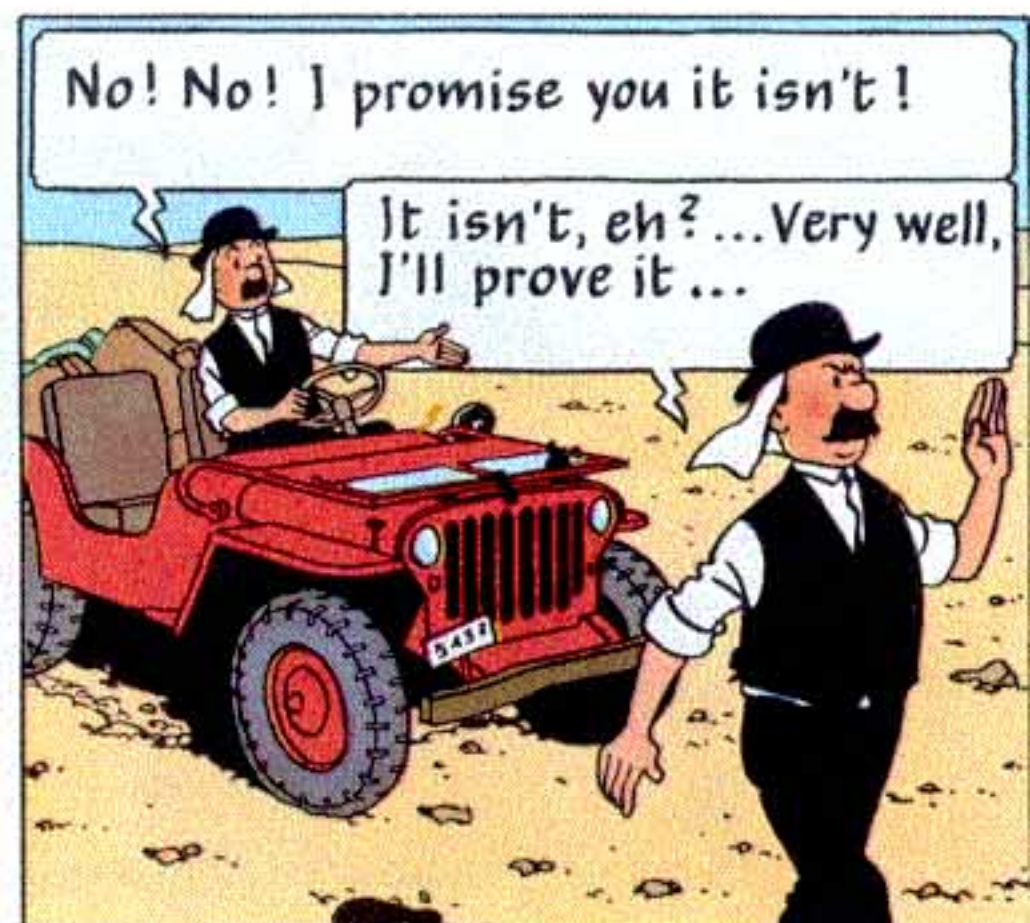
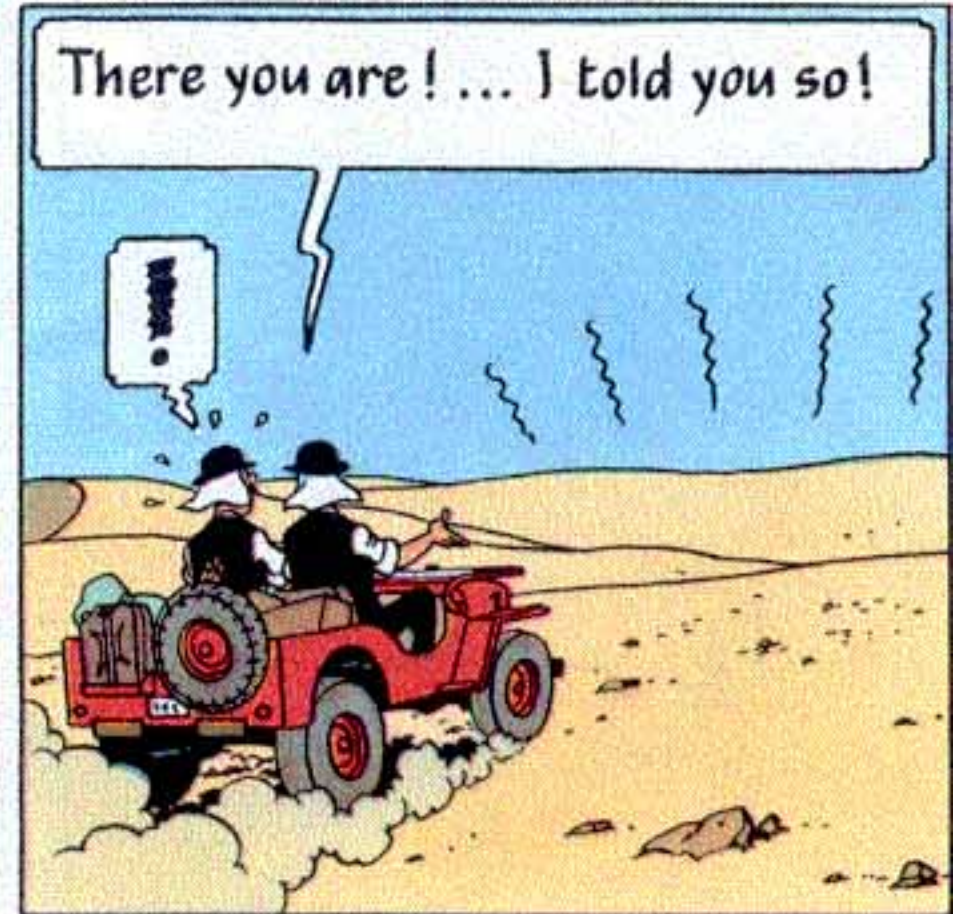
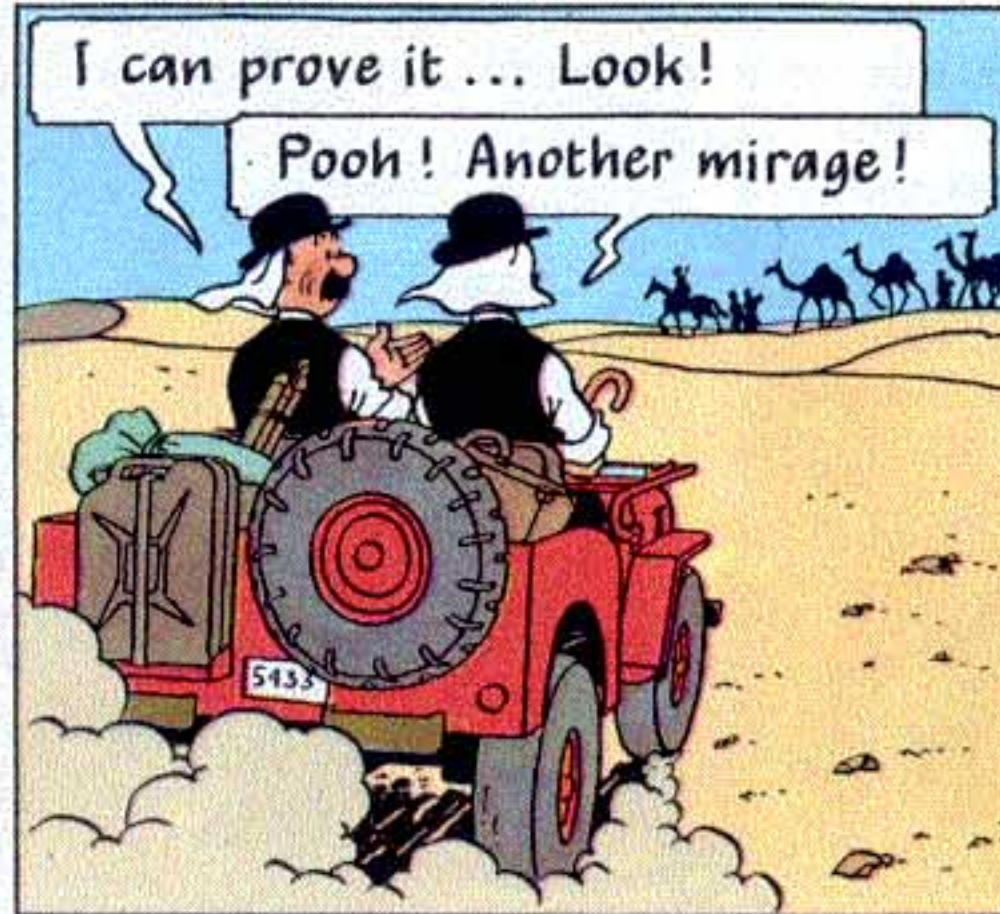
Allah be praised!... See! The well of Bir Kegg!

Indeed!



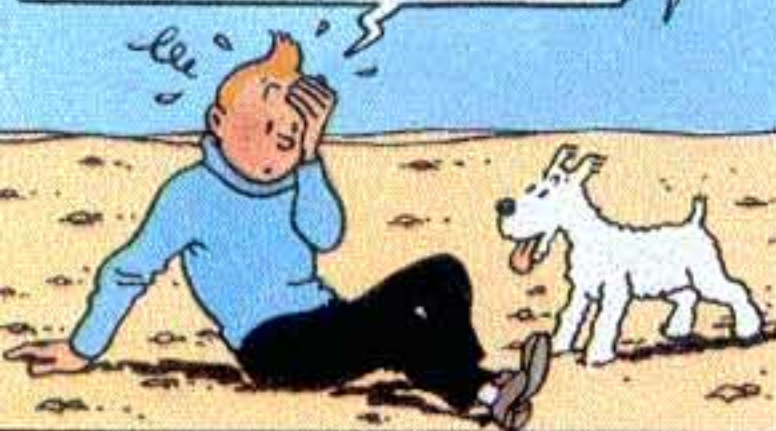
Water!... At last!... I'm dying of thirst...



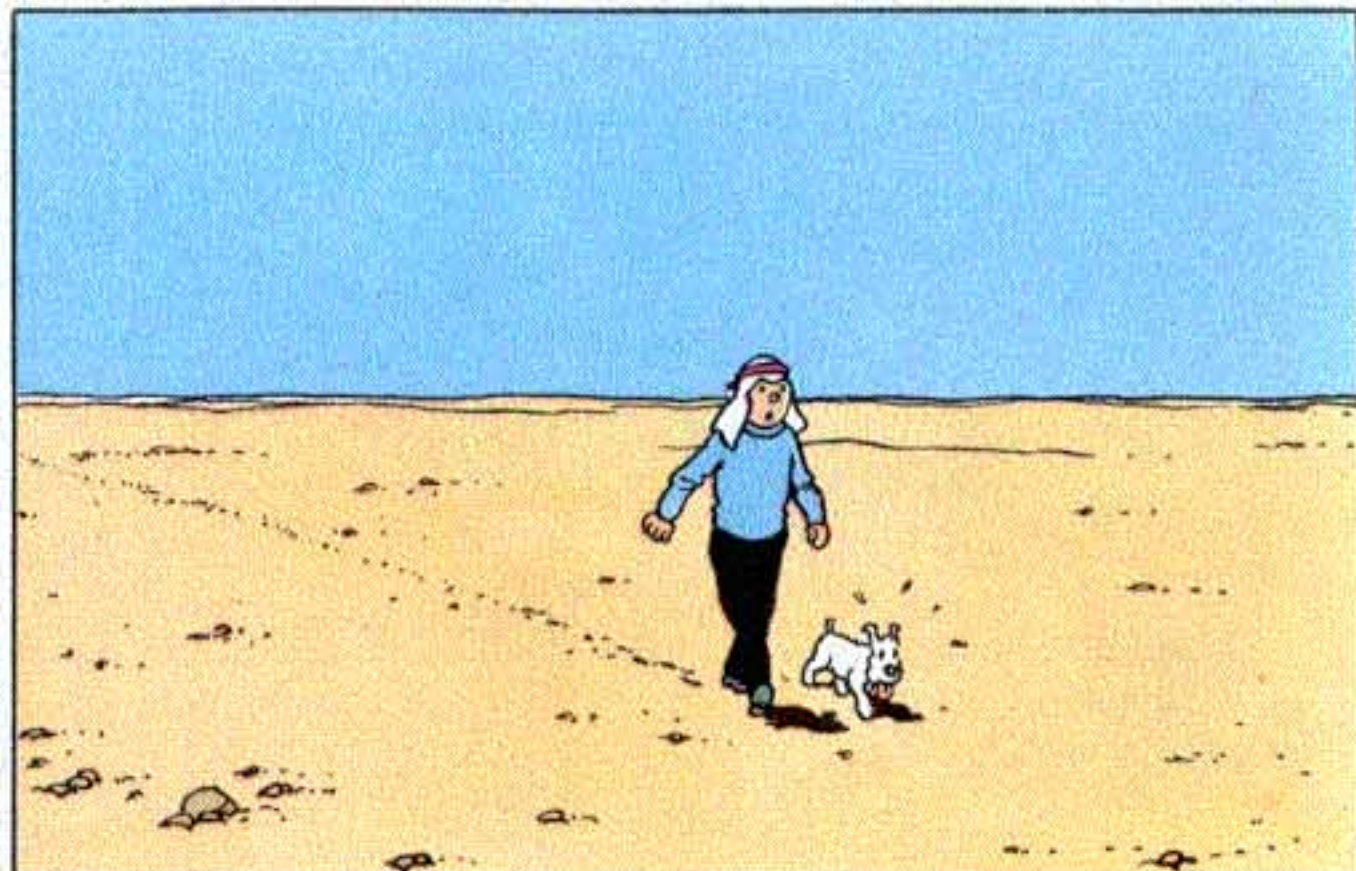


He's coming round ... at last!

Where am I?... What happened?... Oh... I remember... The Arabs... crossing the desert ... the dried-up well ...



The devils! They left me behind... We've got to get out of this somehow...



Many weary hours later...



There!... I can't believe it!... A pipeline... palm trees... an oasis! Look Snowy! We're saved!



If only... if only it isn't a mirage!



A well!... Water! ... Thank heavens! ... Water!



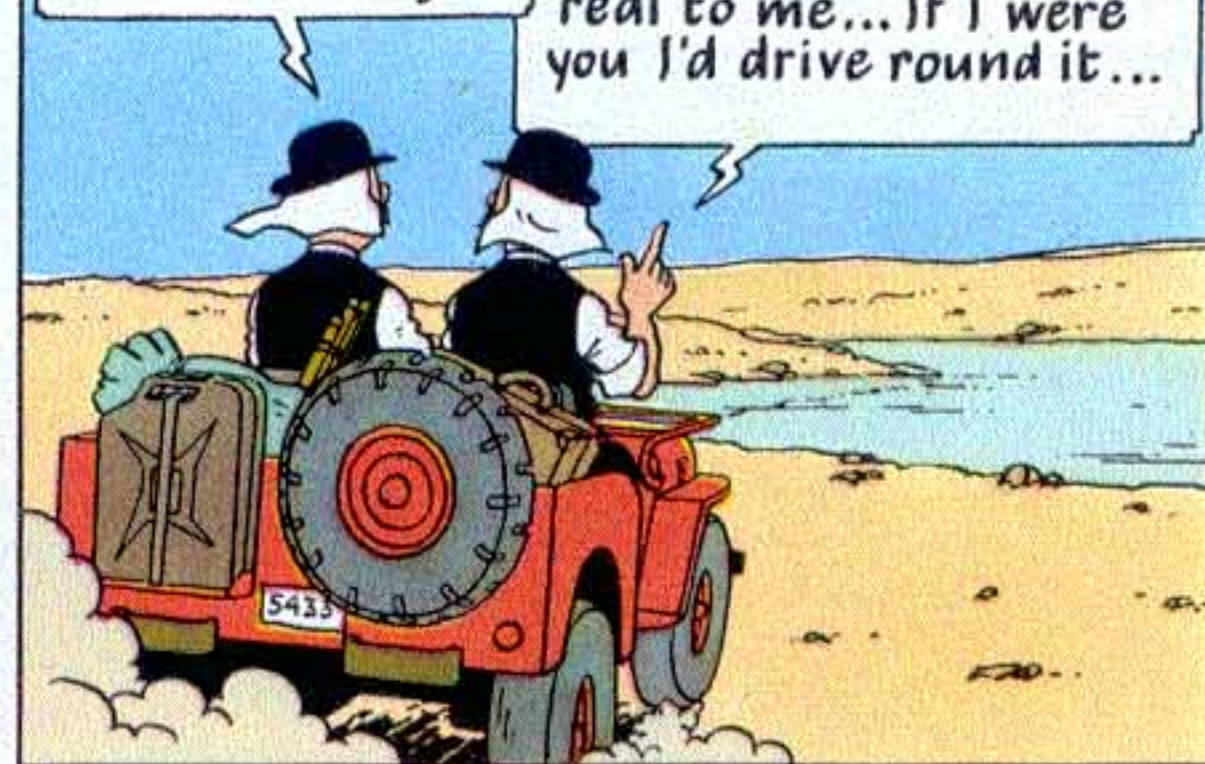
Lovely, loving water!

Meanwhile, some miles away...

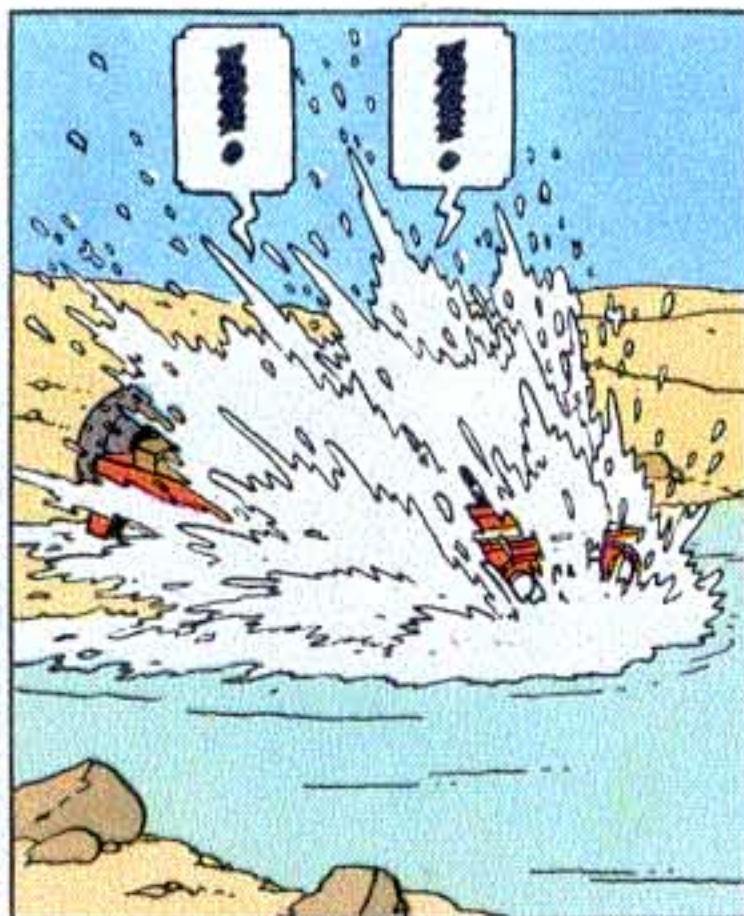


Hey presto! Another mirage!

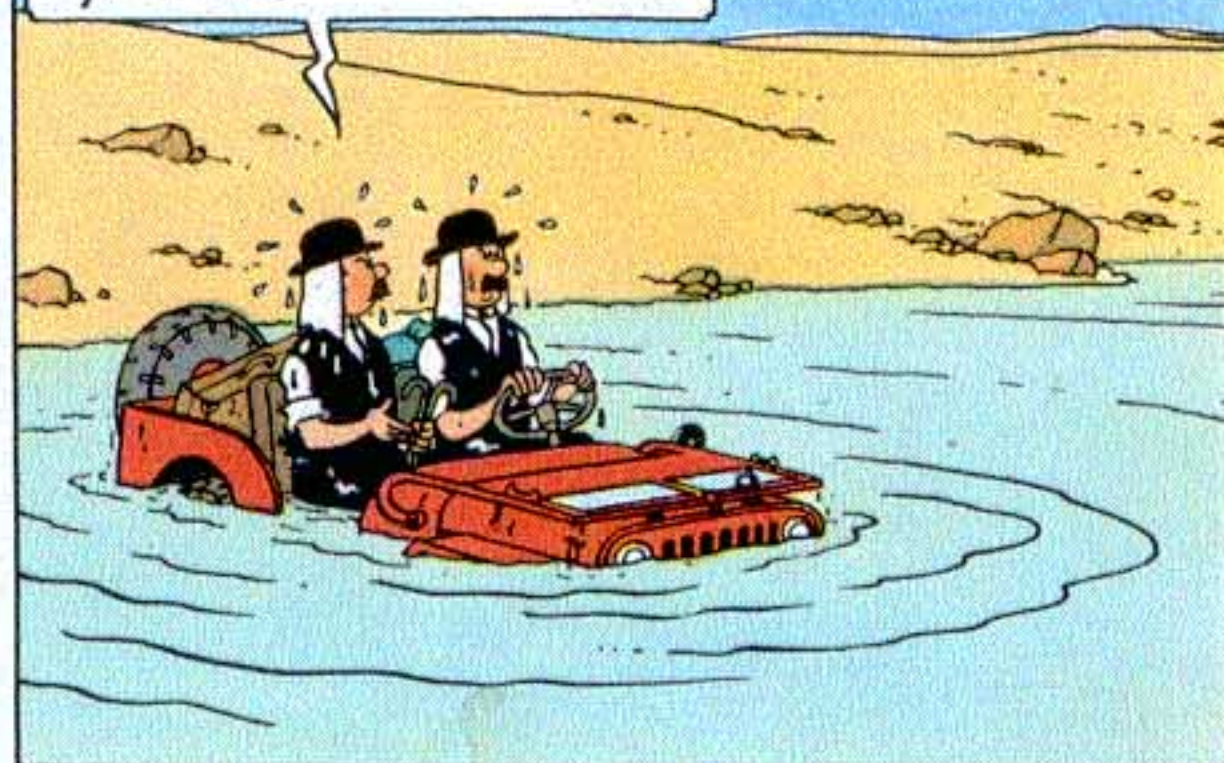
You think so?... It looks real to me... If I were you I'd drive round it...



Me? Drive round something that's nothing but something you think is something but is nothing?... I never heard such rubbish!... We're going straight ahead!



To be precise: I told you so!





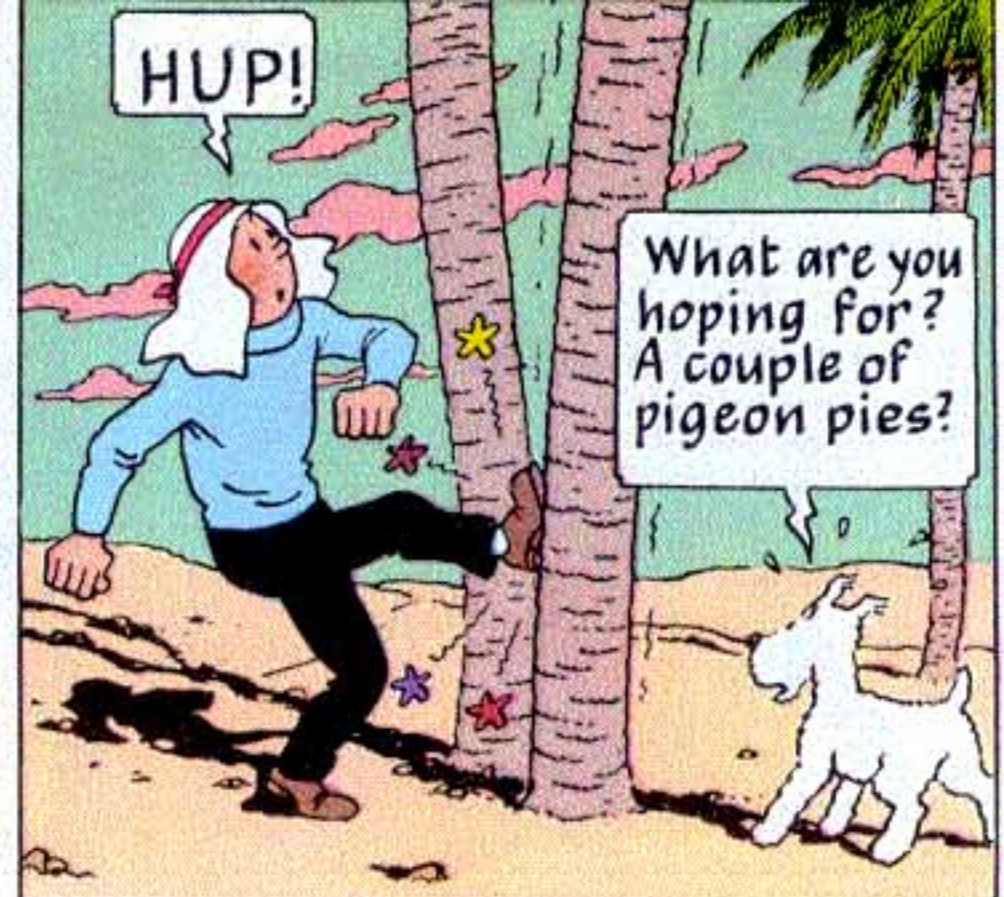
Aaah... That was marvellous!



Now, all we need is something to eat... I wonder ... Yes!



We're in luck! ...Those are date palms ...Let's see...



HUP!

What are you hoping for? A couple of pigeon pies?



Oh, Snowy! I'm so sorry!



It's getting dark...We'll have to spend the night here, tomorrow perhaps we'll be lucky enough to meet someone..

These things have certainly got bones, but I'd prefer a chop!



Time passes...

Brrr! It's freezing cold... If only I could get to sleep...



Ssh!... What's that noise?...



Horsemen!... Snowy, our luck's really in! We'll be rescued!



Hey, wait a minute... Horsemen? In the middle of the night? Perhaps we'd better stay hidden ...

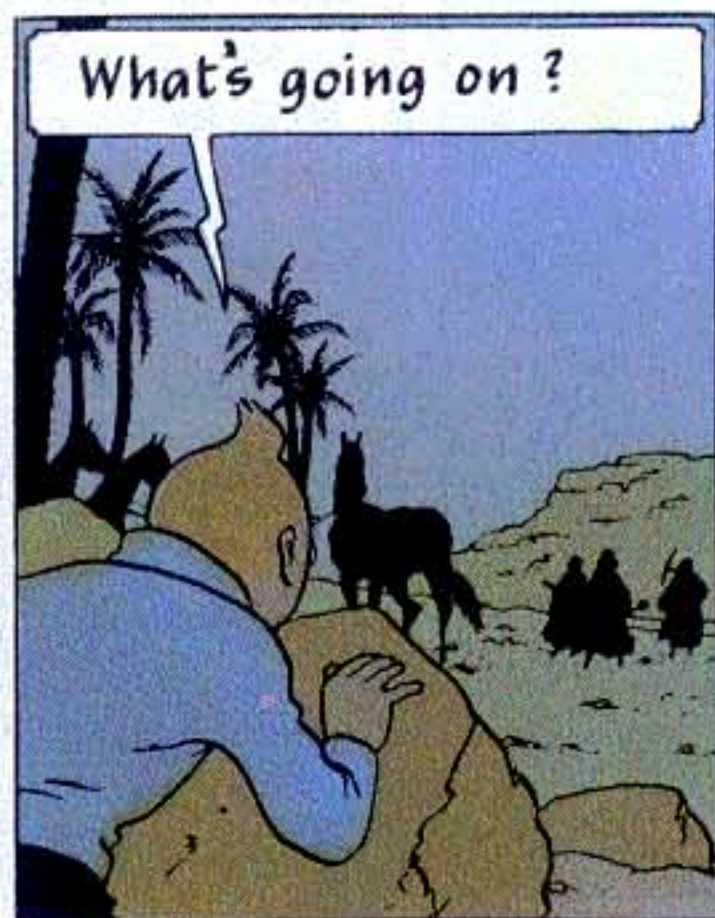


They're all dismounting...



Ahmed, you guard the horses... You two come with me!

Where have I heard that voice...?



What's going on ?



Get on with it ... and hurry!



What can they be doing over by the pipe-line?



They're running back ...
I wonder if ...



?

BOOM



Great snakes!
They've blown
up the pipe-
line!



On your horses! ... The
alarm will be raised!

That voice! ...
I'm sure I
know that
voice!



Hello, what's that
one doing?



Now I can see ... He's
fixing a stirrup or
something ...
Dare I ... ?

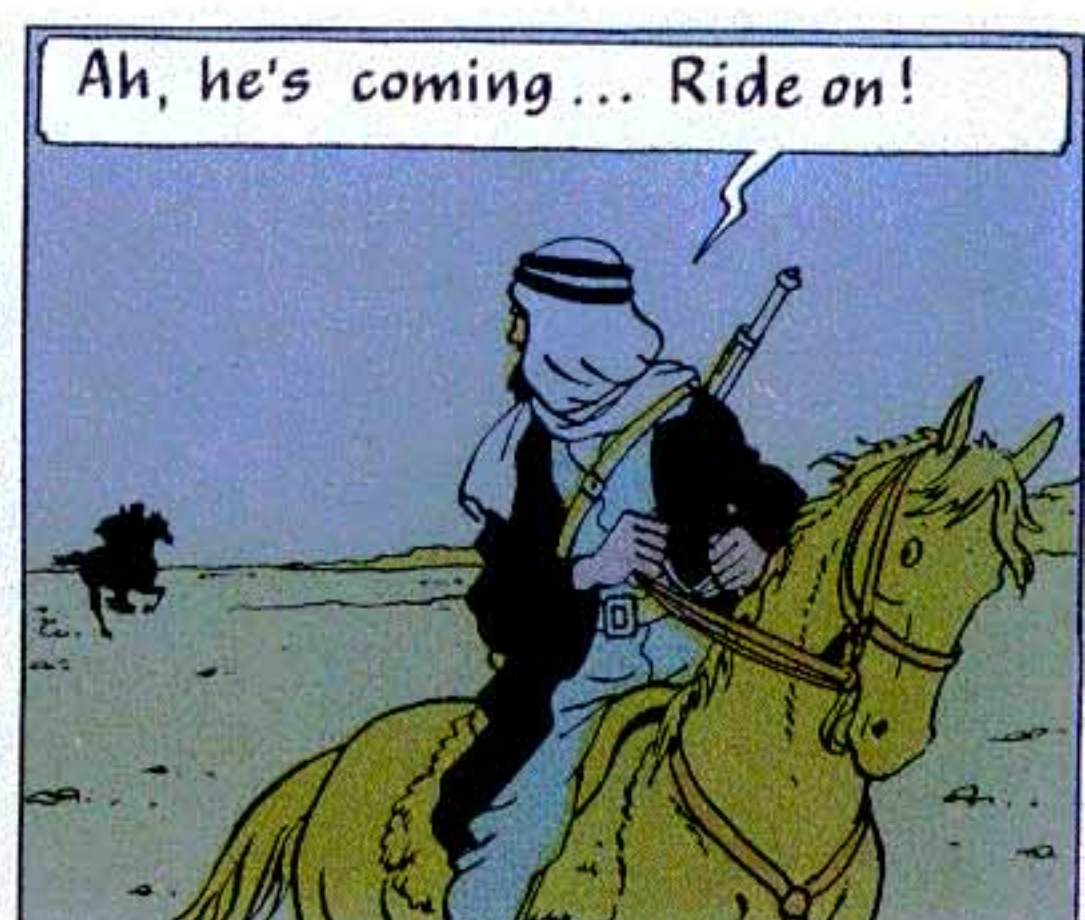


Come on, Snowy! ... It's
all or nothing!

Heigh-ho!
Now what's he
after?



Where's Ahmed? ...
He isn't with us ...



Ah, he's coming ... Ride on!



Meanwhile...

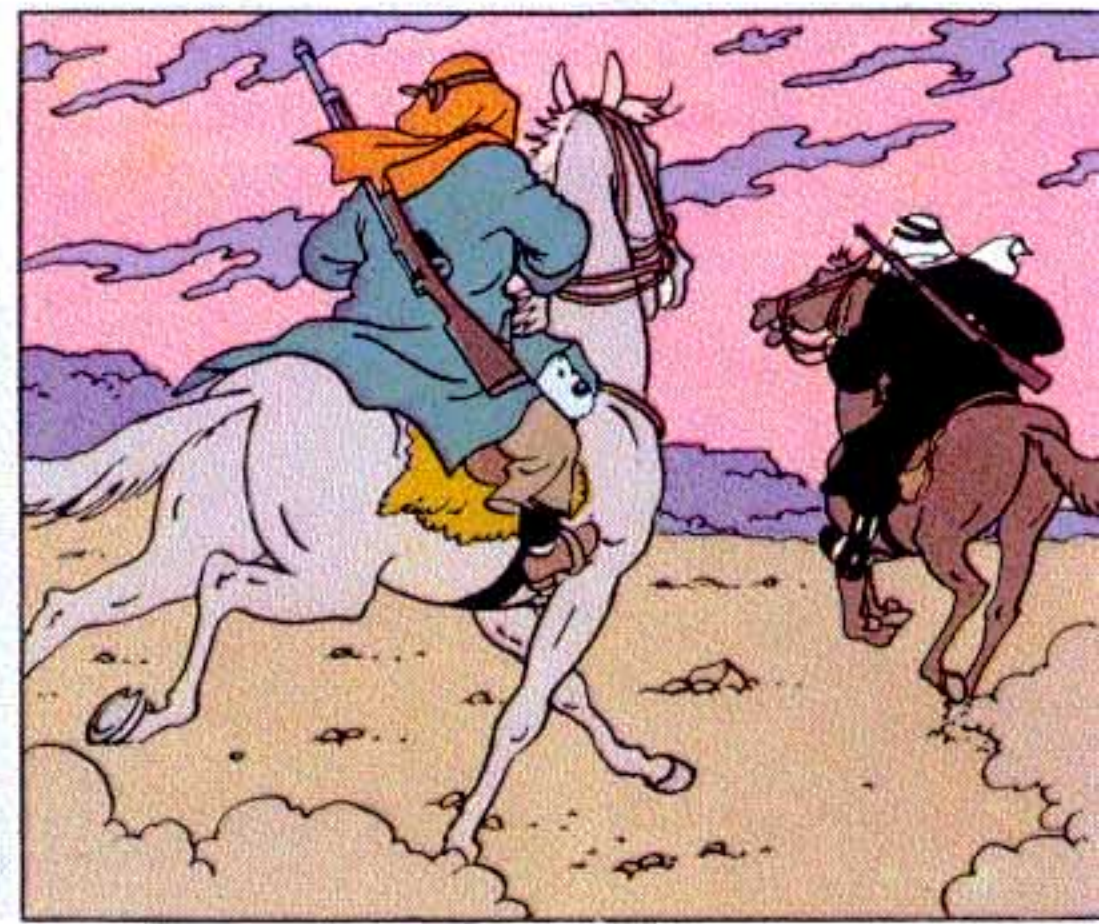
Hello... hello...
pumping station
twelve reporting
total loss of pressure
...pipe must be
broken above this
station... Please
send a repair-gang
imme- diately...

I must be mad... This is crazy
... But it's too late now. I've
taken a chance and can't
turn back...

Hello... Hello... Pump-
ing station eleven?
... Number one con-
trol here... Close
all valves immedi-
ately... The pipe's frac-
tured between you
and number twelve
... A repair-gang is
on the way ...



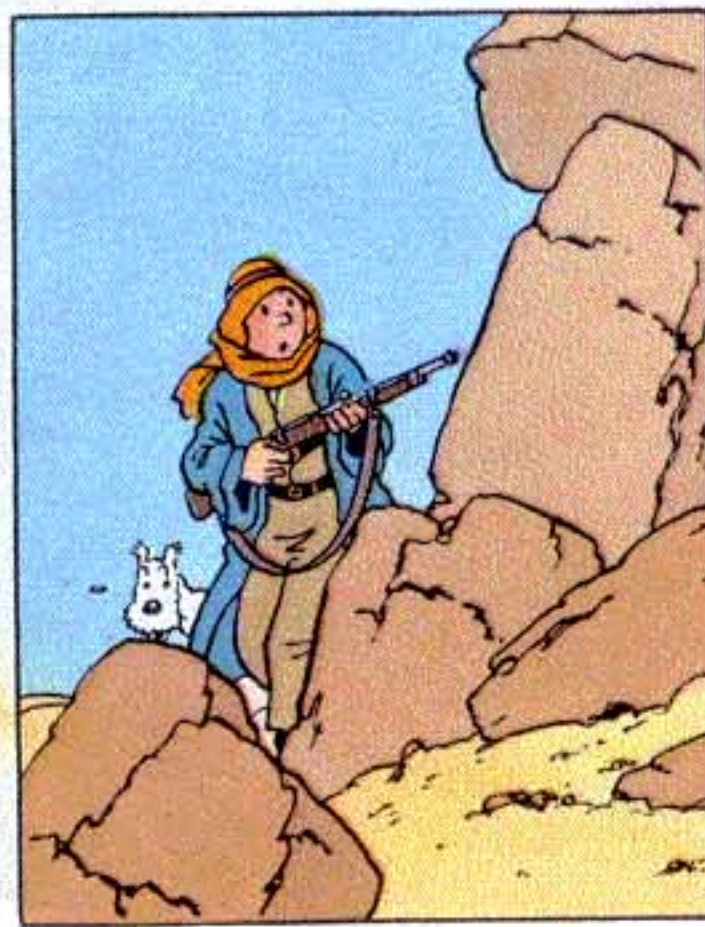
This is where we separate... It
will confuse any pursuers...
Ahmed will come with me...



Where in the world have I
heard that voice?

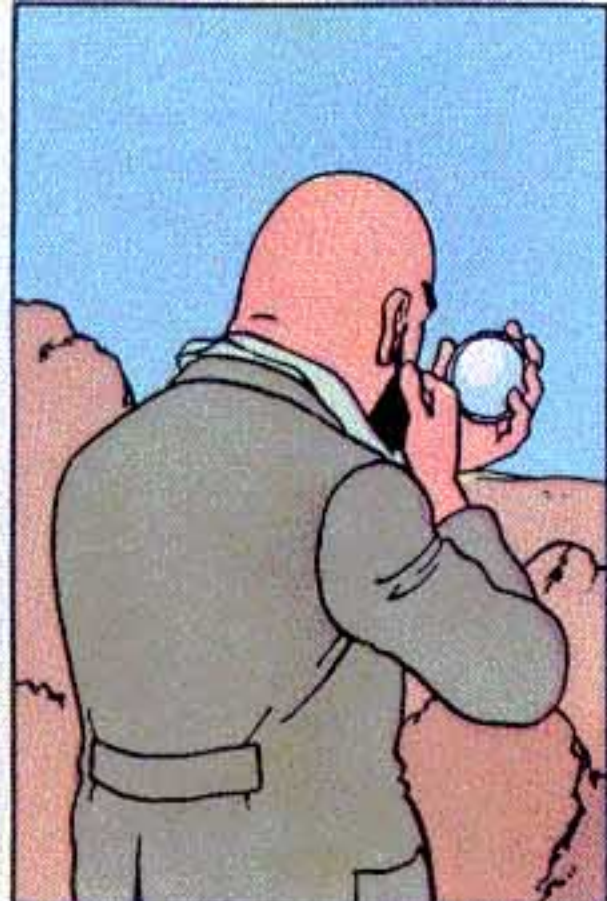
Whoa!

Hold my horse... Wait here
... I'll be back in a moment
...





Crumbs! I know who that is! ... It's Doctor Müller! (i)



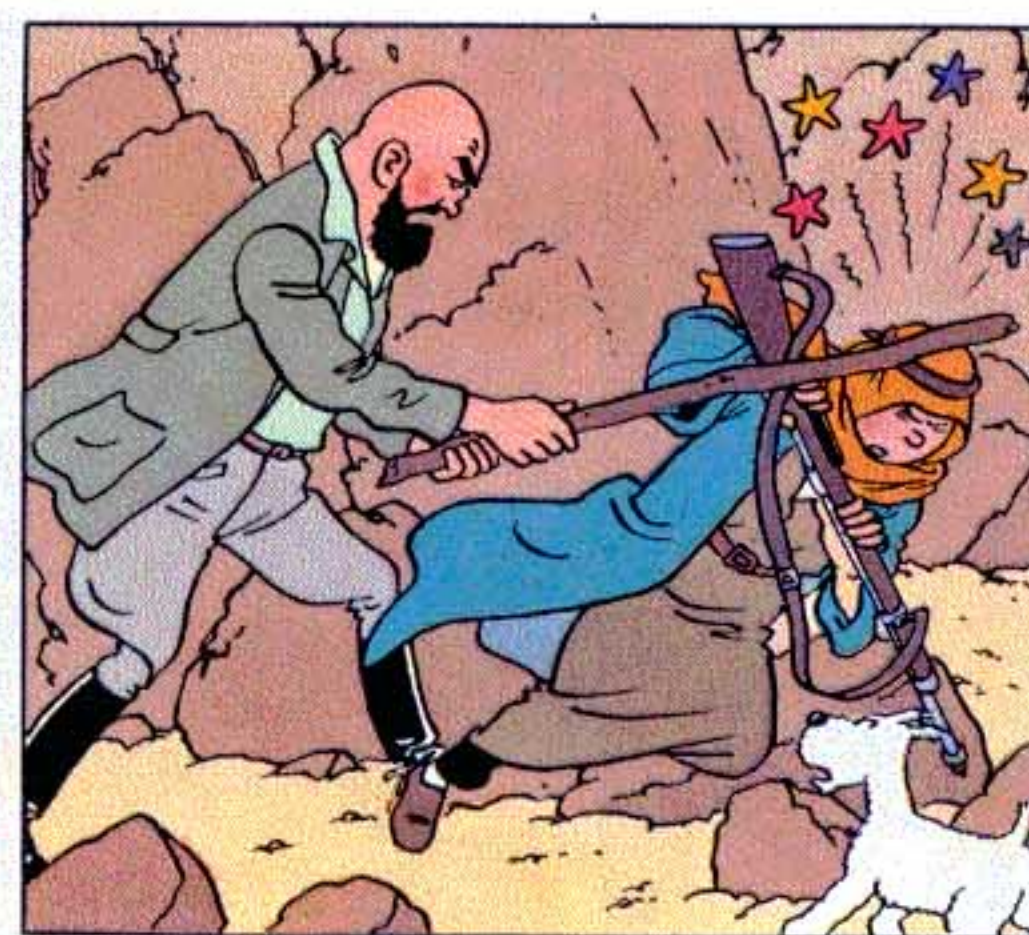
What's he doing?



Where can he have gone?



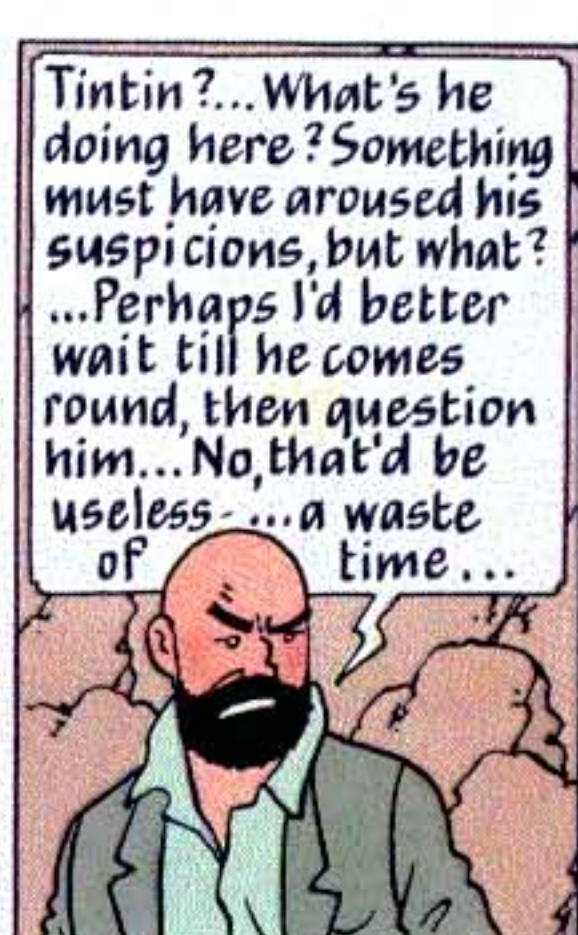
CRACK



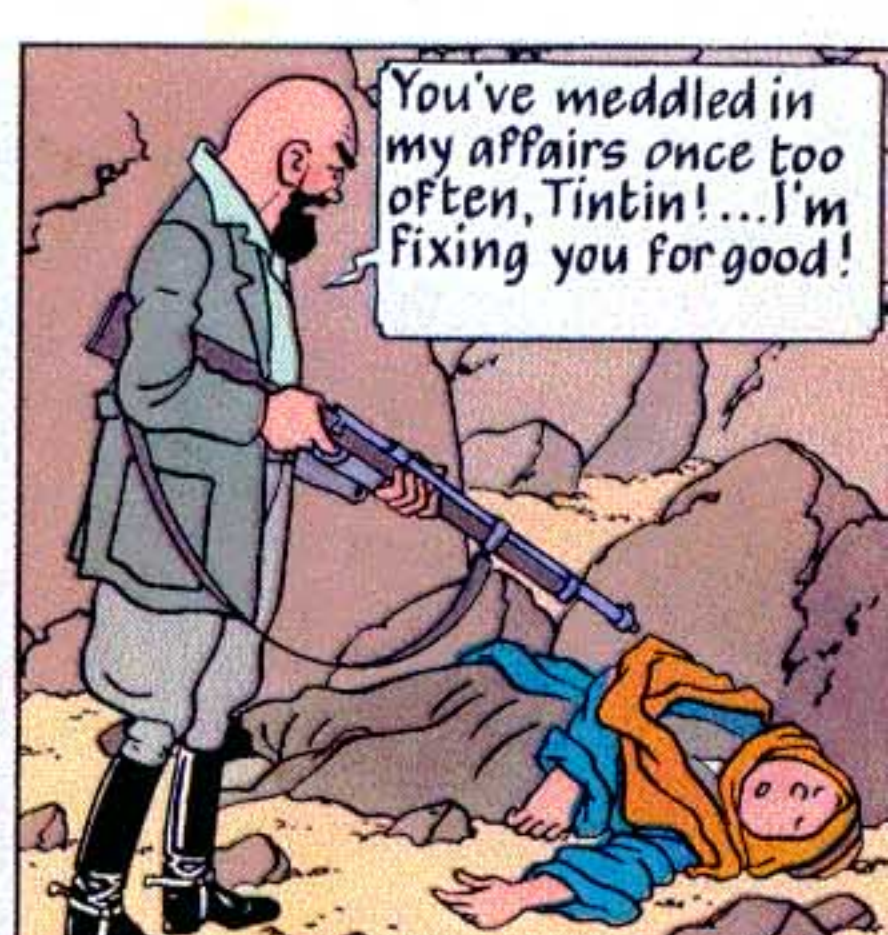
Poor silly Ahmed! Sometimes a mirror comes in handy to see what goes on behind you! ... And I don't like spies!



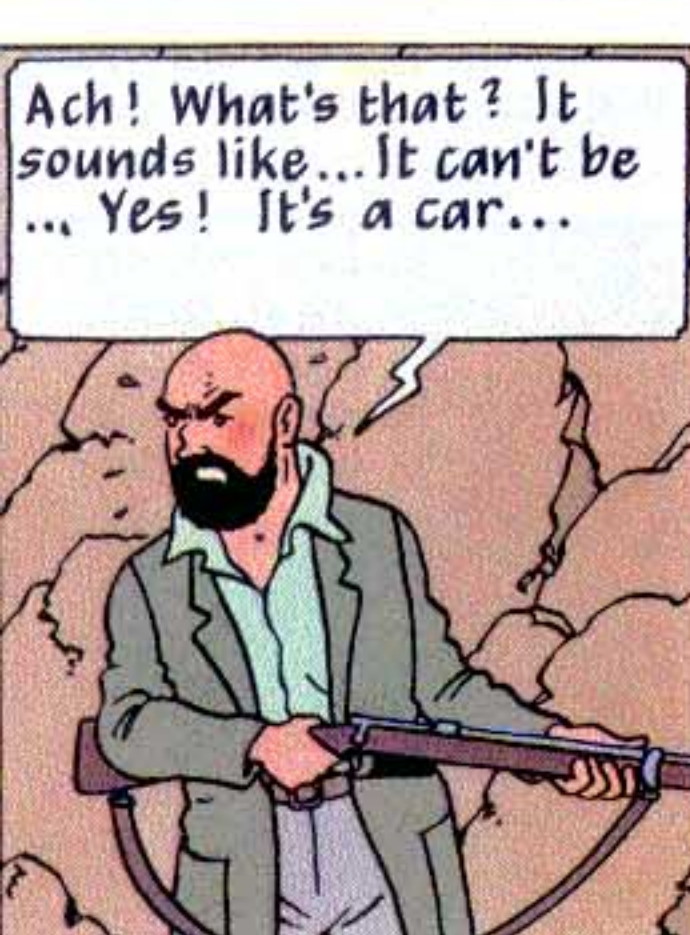
But...it isn't Ahmed ... Krutzitürken! It's Tintin!



Tintin?...What's he doing here? Something must have aroused his suspicions, but what? ...Perhaps I'd better wait till he comes round, then question him... No, that'd be useless...a waste of time...



You've meddled in my affairs once too often, Tintin! ...I'm fixing you for good!



Ach! What's that? It sounds like...It can't be ... Yes! It's a car...



No, a jeep!... Der Teufel! They're after me already!



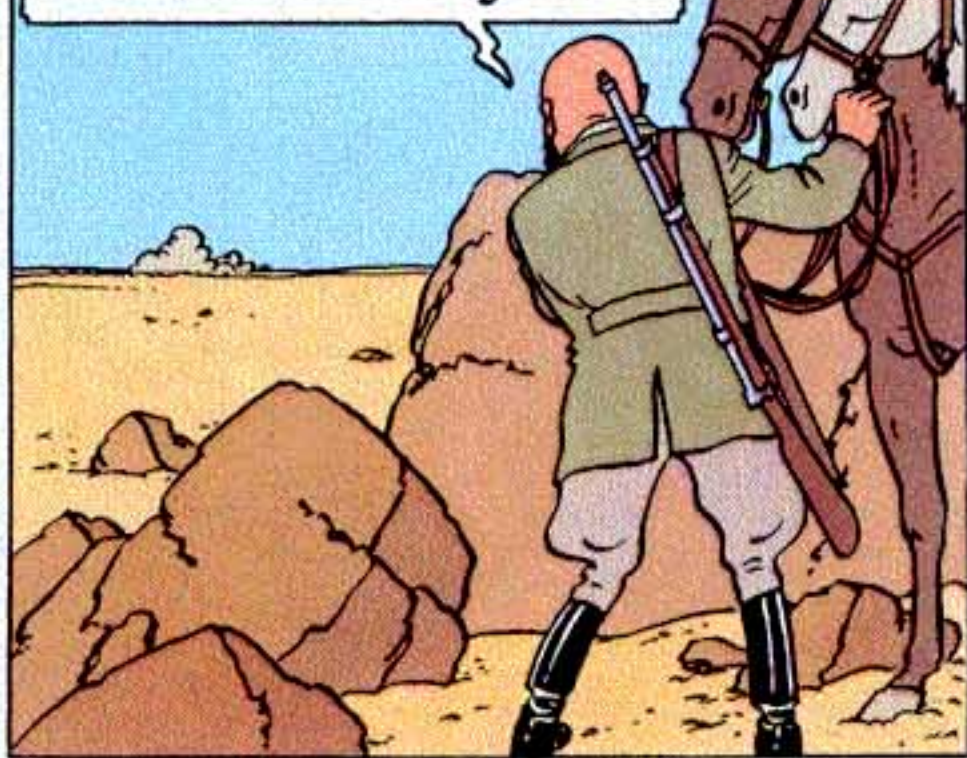
The horses! If they spot the horses I'm done for!



What about Tintin? ... Kill him now?... No, they'd hear the shot... Ach, he's out cold; there's plenty of time to deal with him later...



So, they've gone! That was a close thing...



Quick! I must take care of Tintin... I was careless... I should have bashed his brains out with my rifle butt...



Teufel!



Just in time! BANG



What's all that racket?



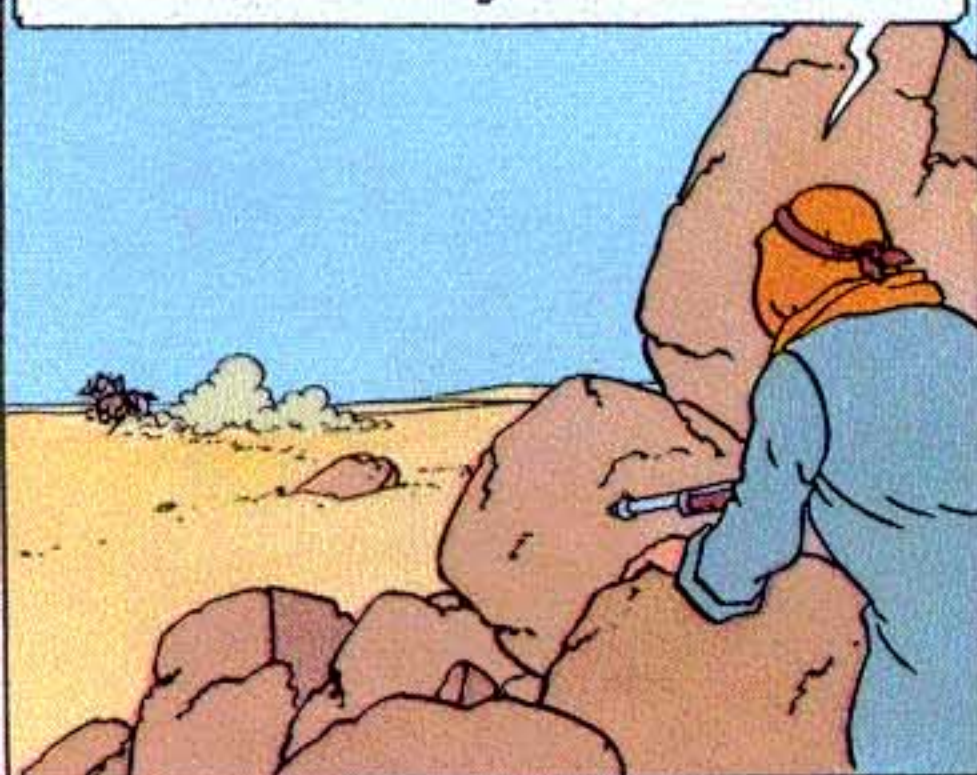
Now what?... Any more?... No, it's all quiet: he's stopped shooting... Perhaps it's a trick...



Hey, what's that?... Galloping horses?... He can't have...



Yes! He's made off with both horses, the thug!



Here I am, back to square one... with a bump on my head as well!



On our way, Snowy... we haven't any choice...



We must follow his tracks!



Let me near that brute again and he'd better watch his trousers!

What's it all about?... What's that gangster Müller doing here? ... And why should he want to wreck the pipeline?... When he had me at his mercy, why didn't he kill me? ... I just don't have any of the answers.



Hello... I can't be mistaken... Let's take a closer look...



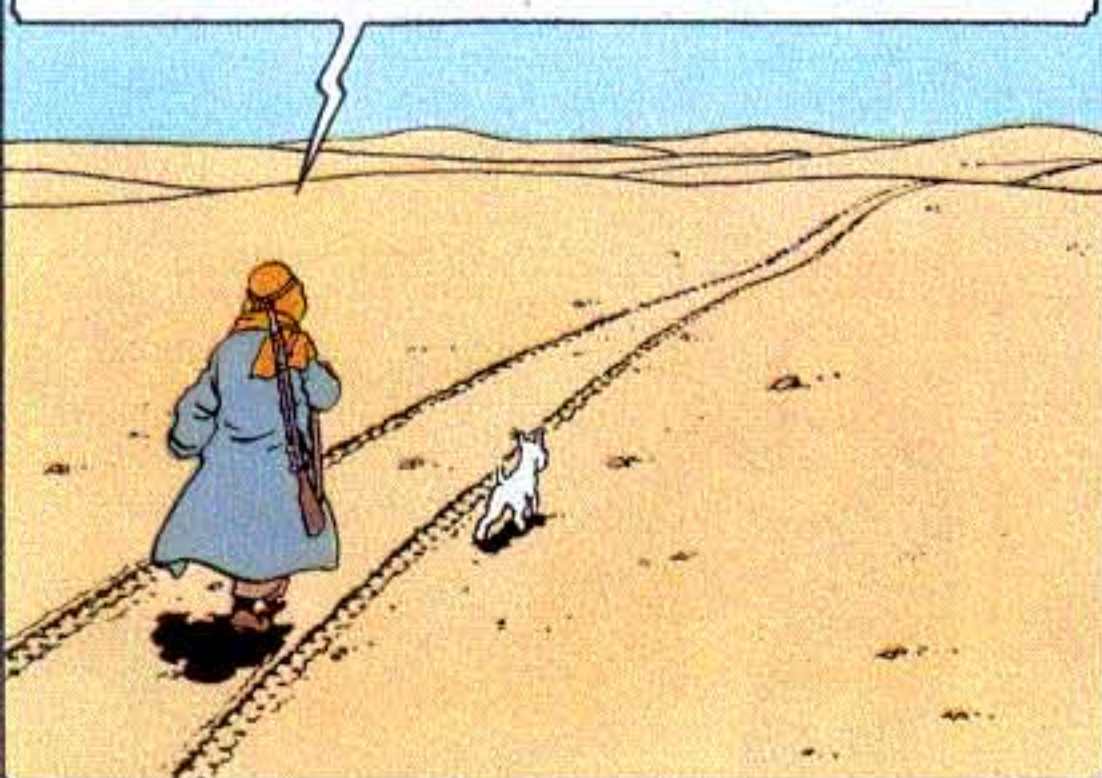
They're wheelmarks, Snowy... This really is a bit of luck!



Let's see... I'd say they were tyres on a jeep... The sand and pebbles were thrown back by the wheels, so it was travelling that way. We'll go in the same direction...



And we'll worry about our friend Müller later.



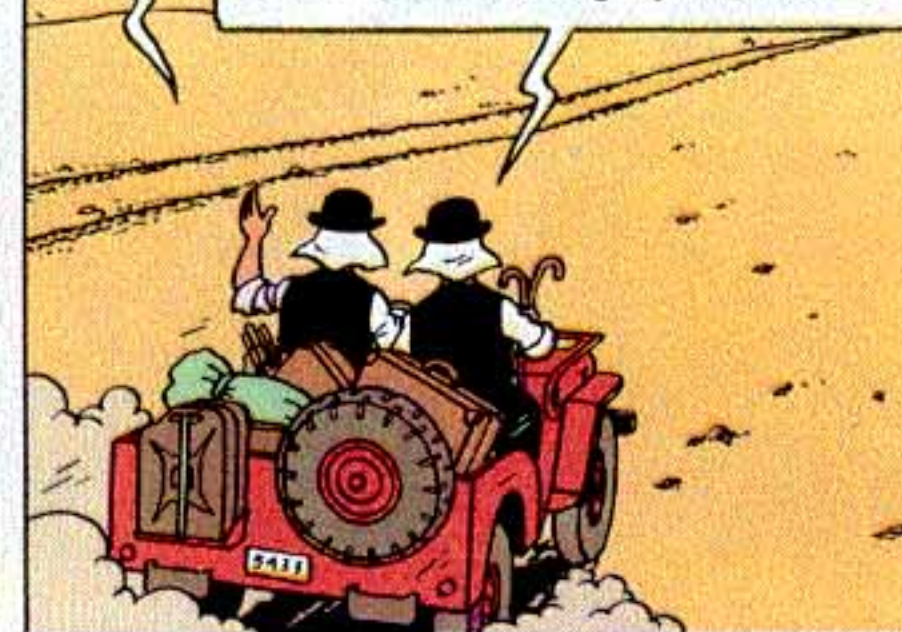
Meanwhile ...

I don't like it, Thomson ... If we don't get somewhere soon ...

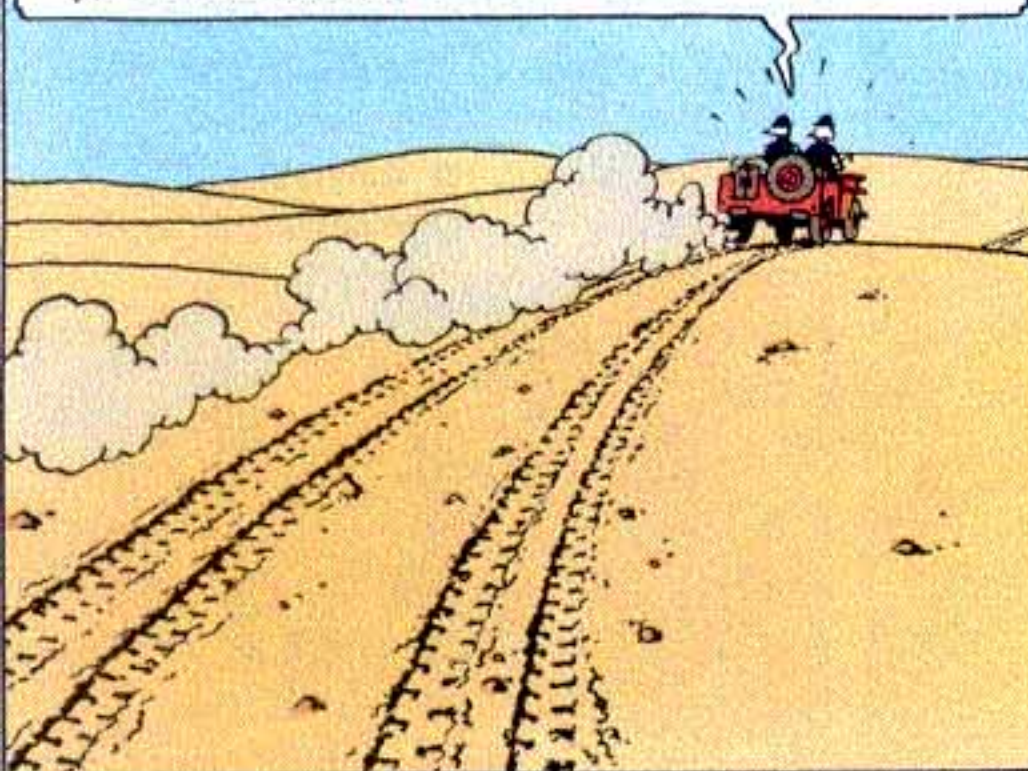


It's all right! ... Look! ... There! ... Tracks of a car!

Quite correct! And they aren't a mirage, either!

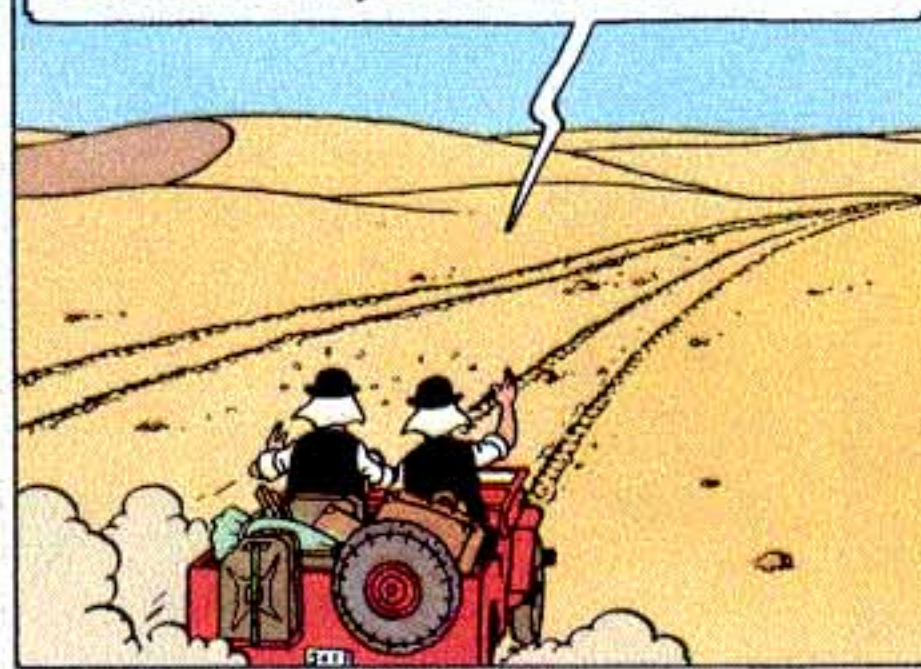


All we do is follow the tracks and we're saved!



An hour later ...

Hooray! ... More tracks! ... A second car joined the first one...



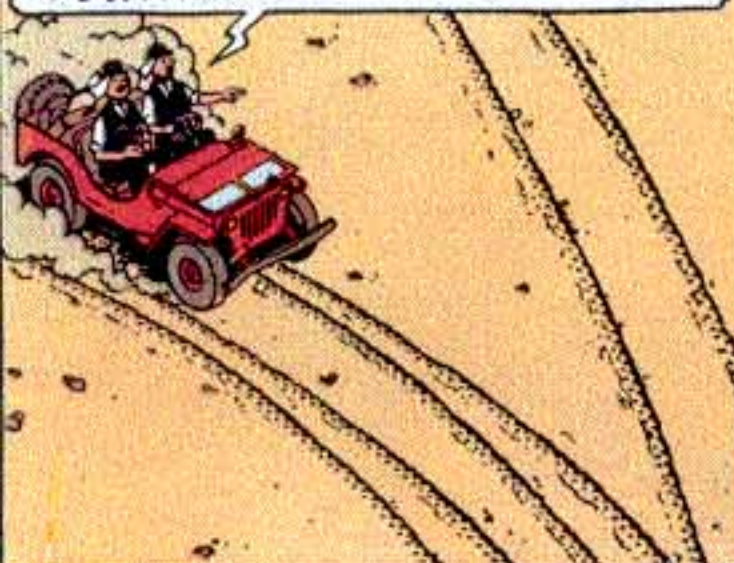
A real stroke of luck hitting this road.

To be precise: we've really had a stroke!



Another hour later...

There! ... A third car joined the other two! ... We're on a very busy road ...

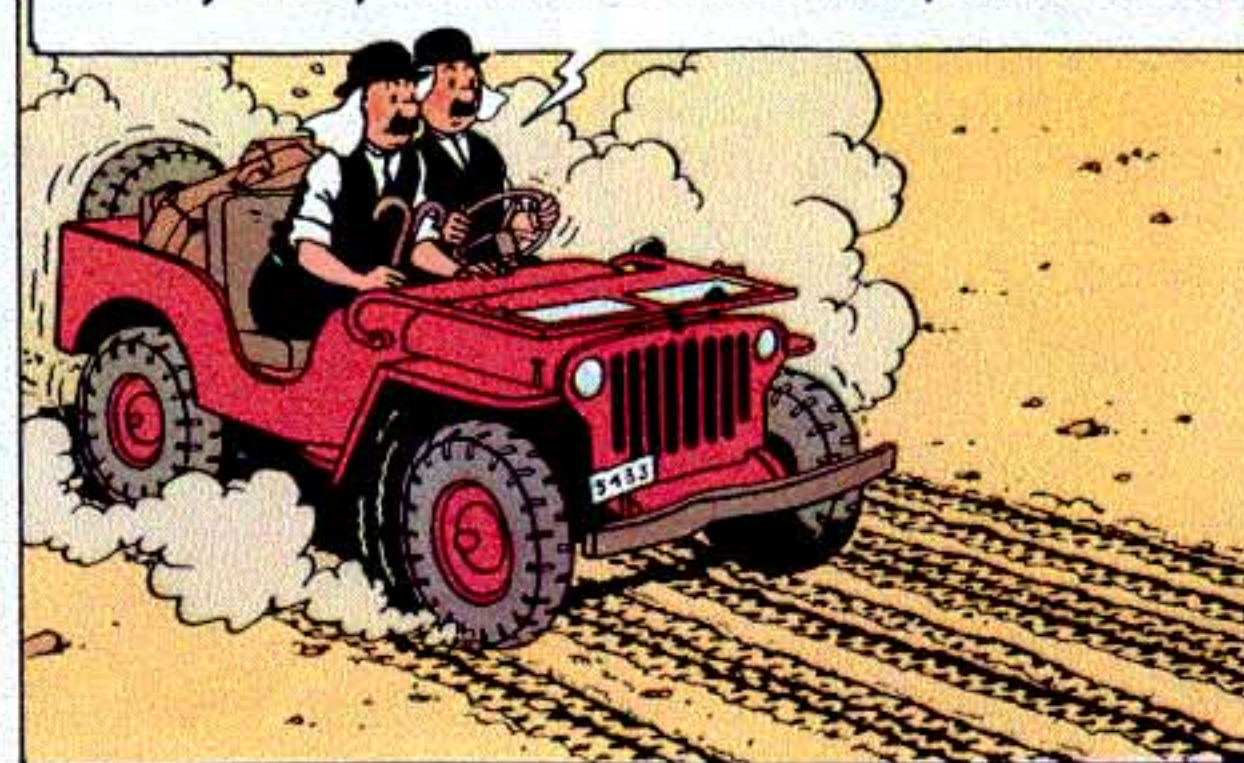


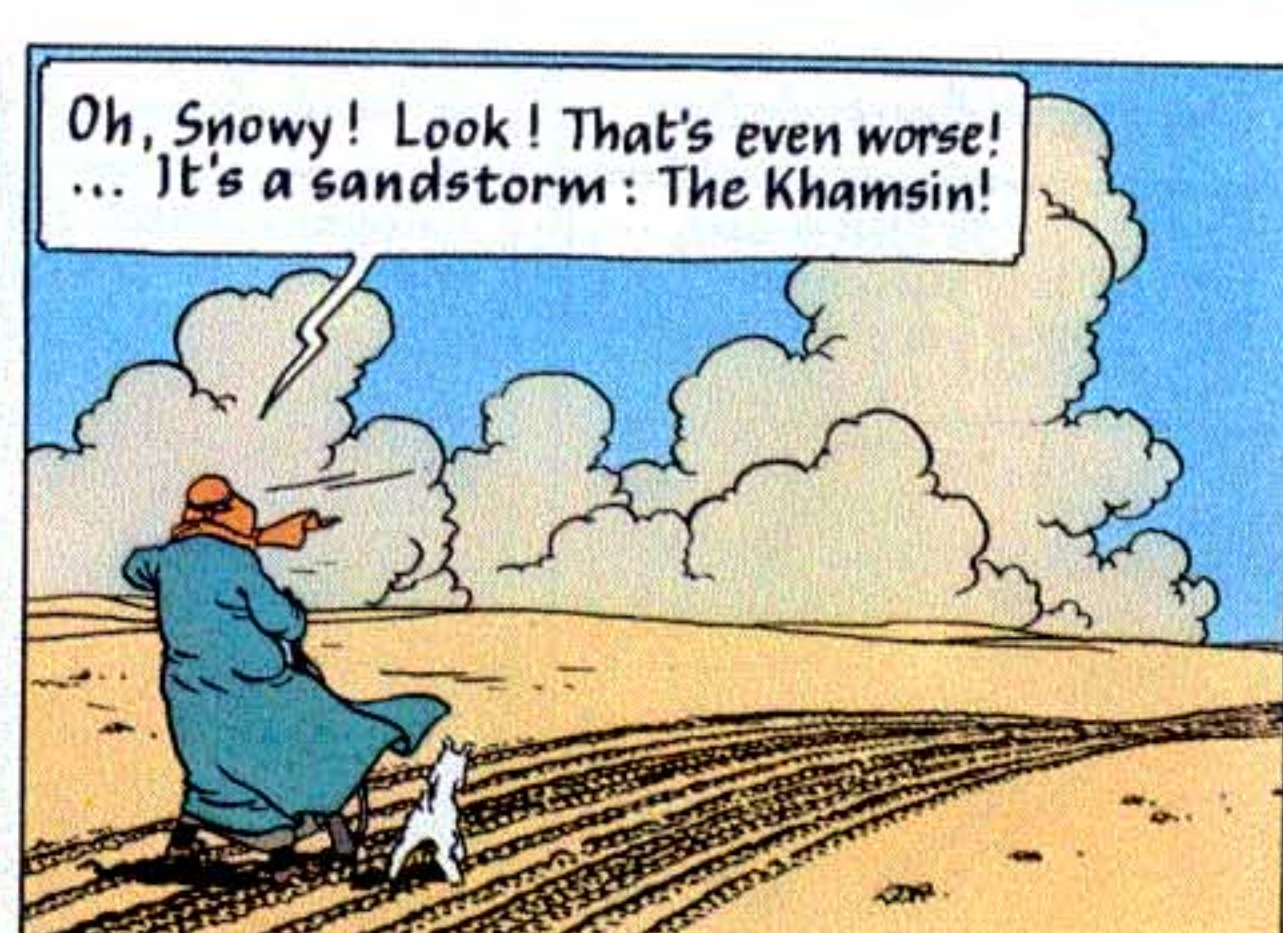
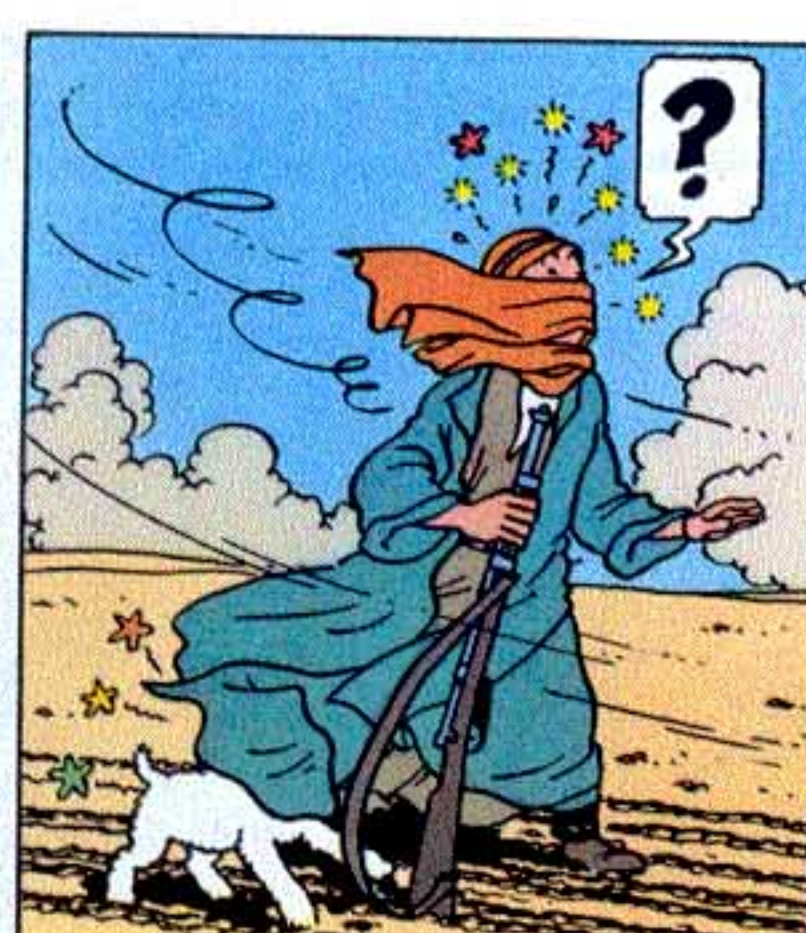
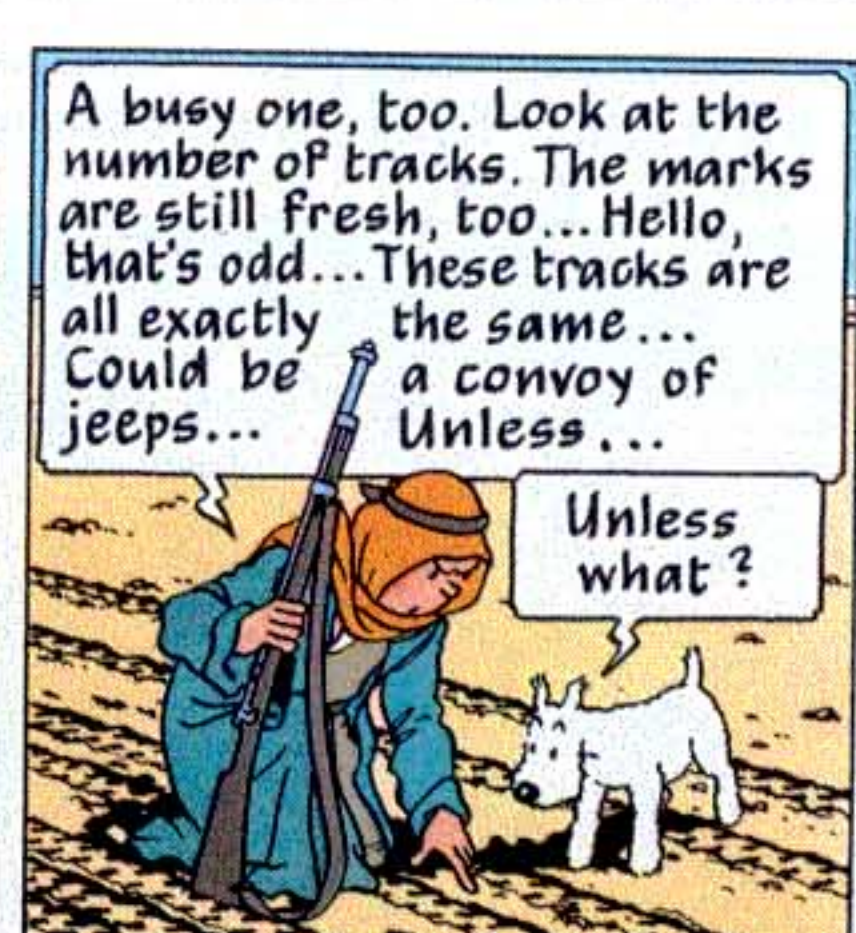
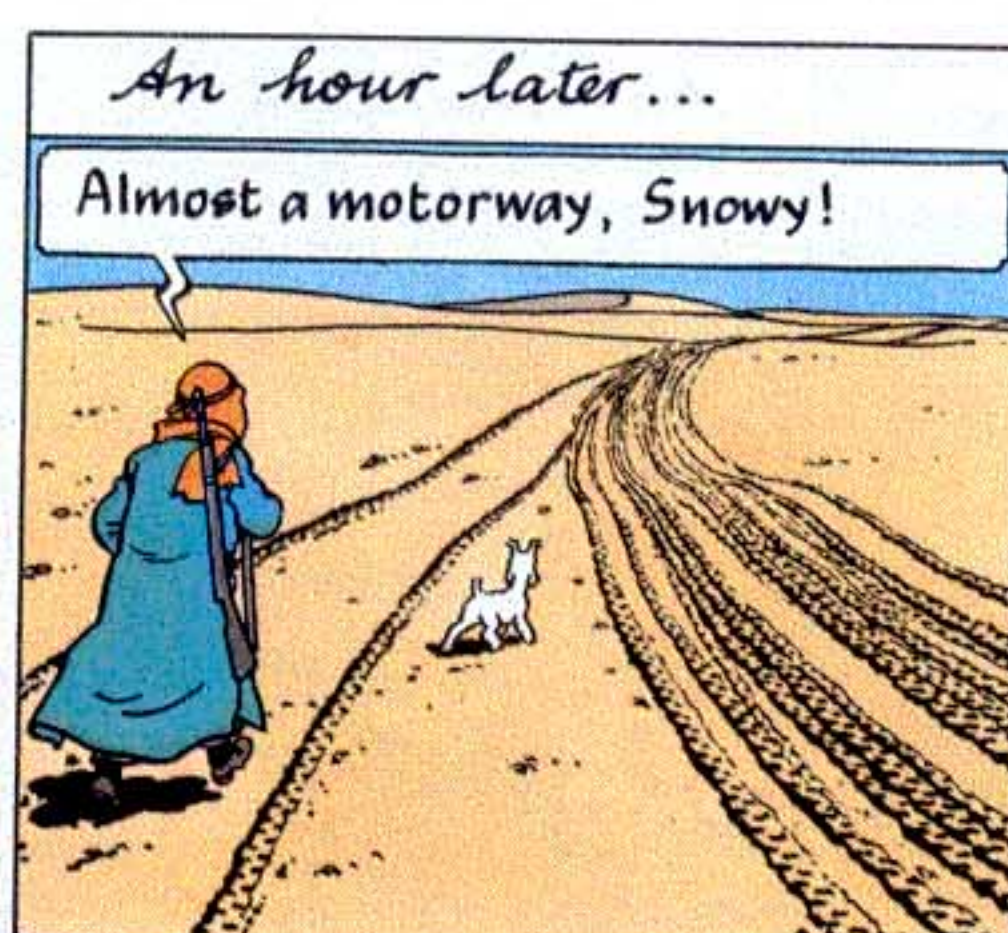
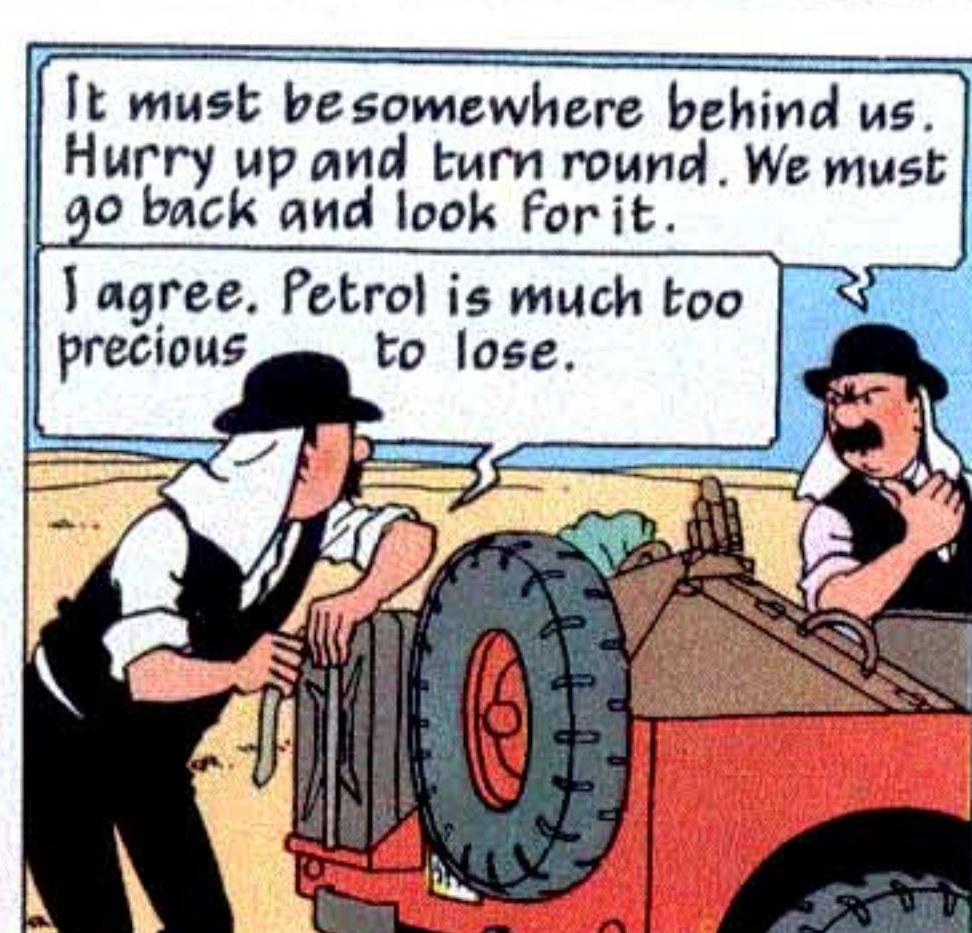
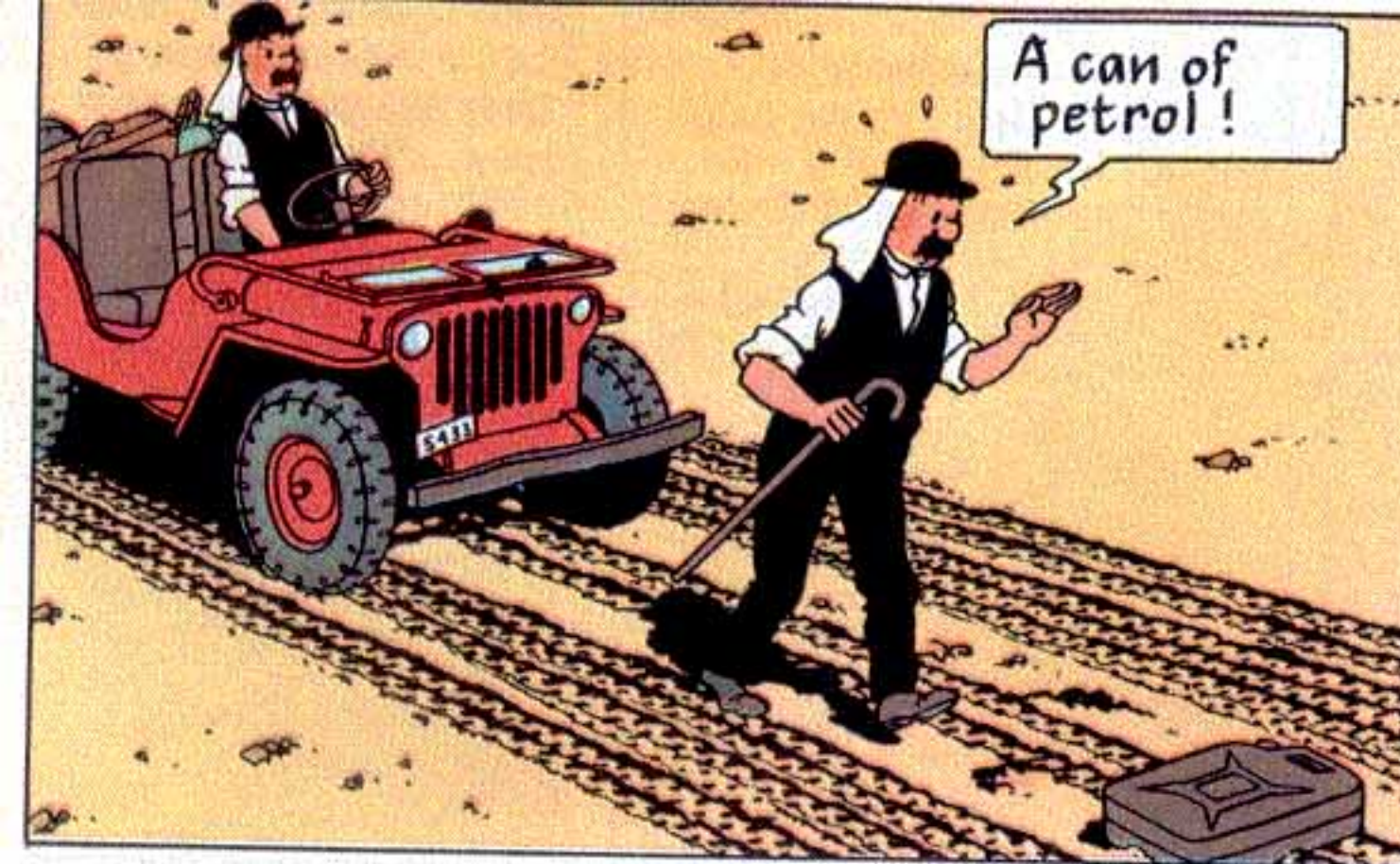
Several hours go by...

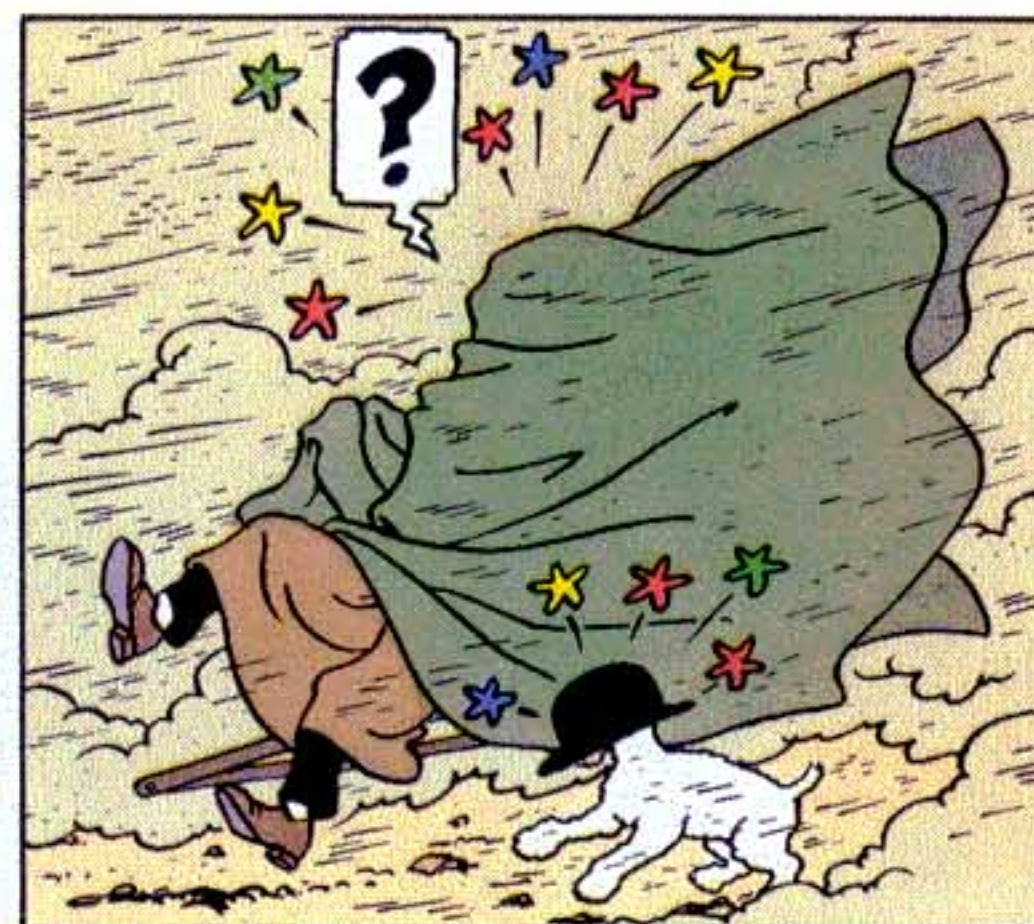
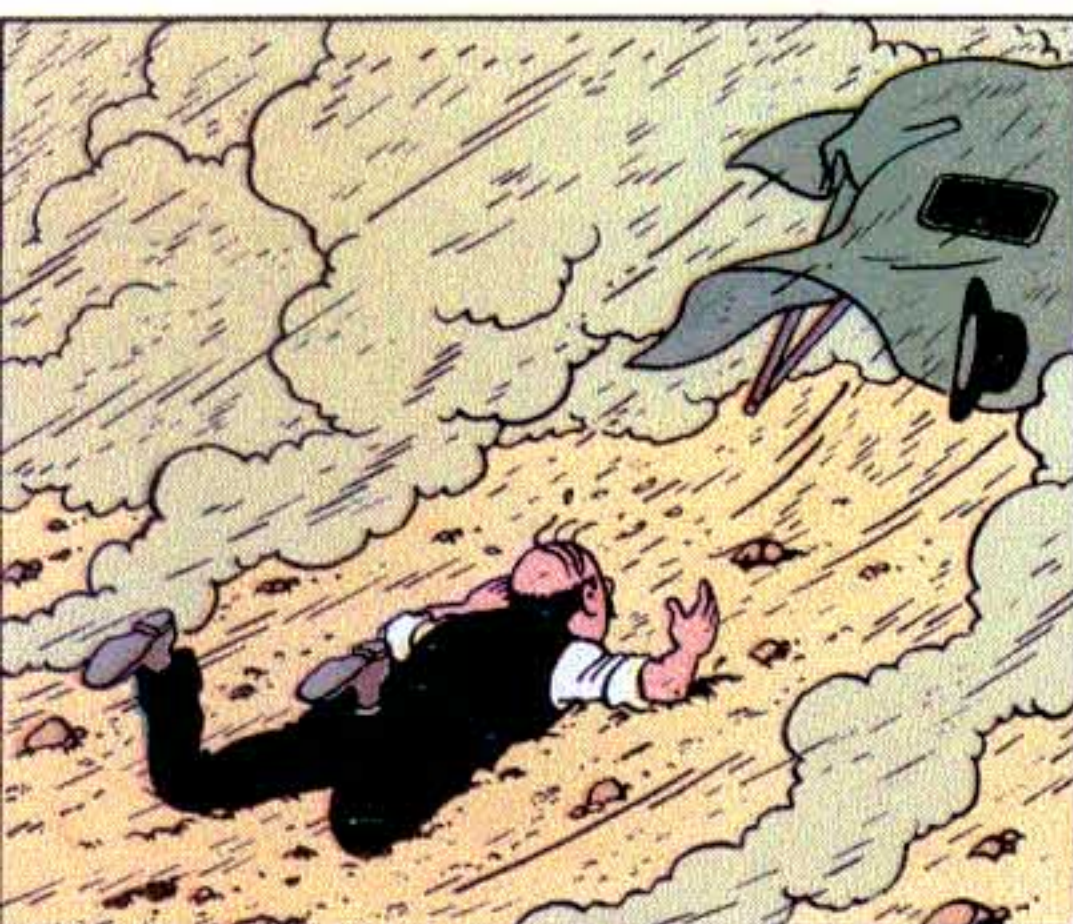
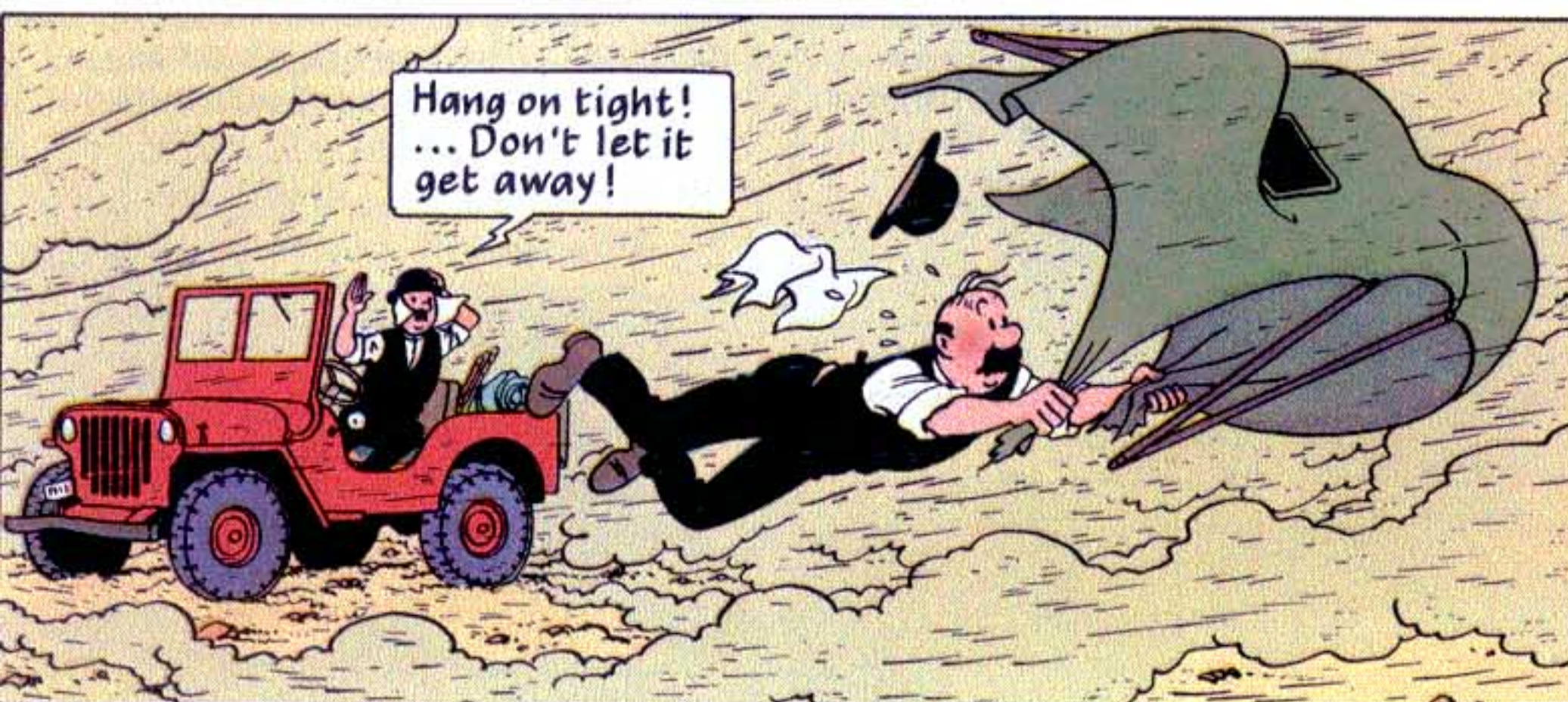
Another one! ... That makes the seventh.

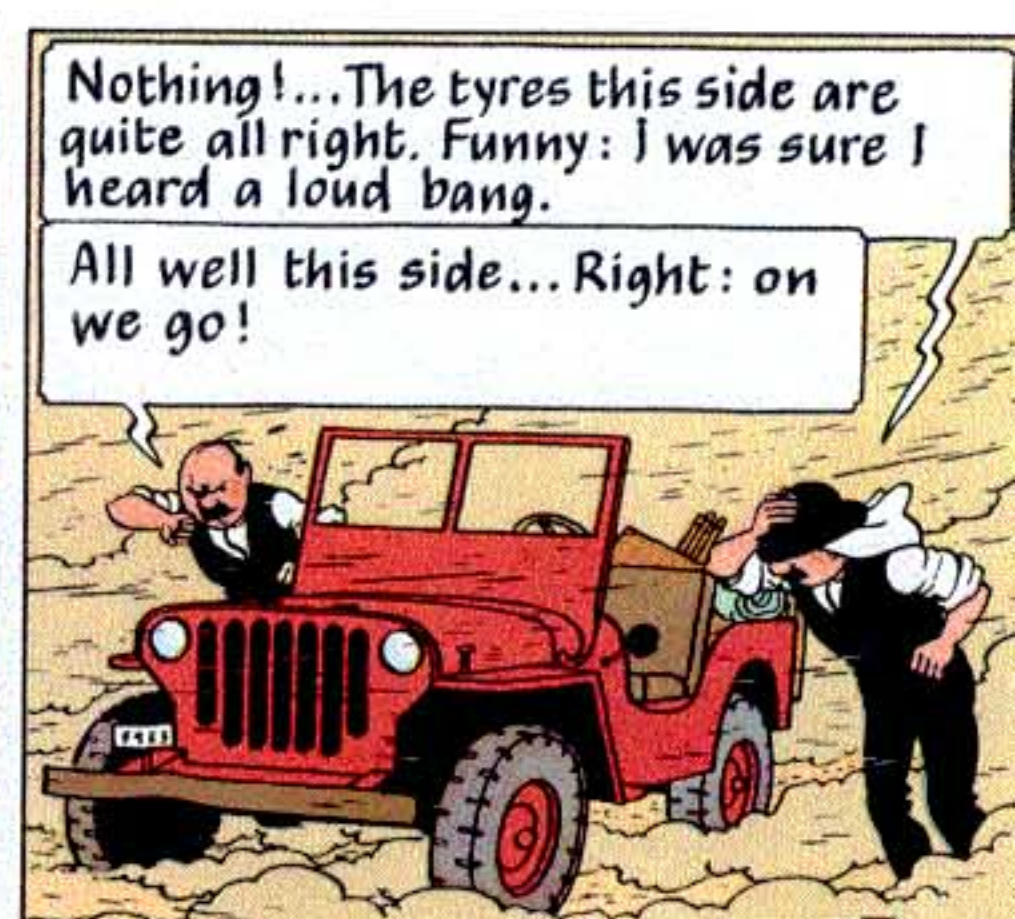
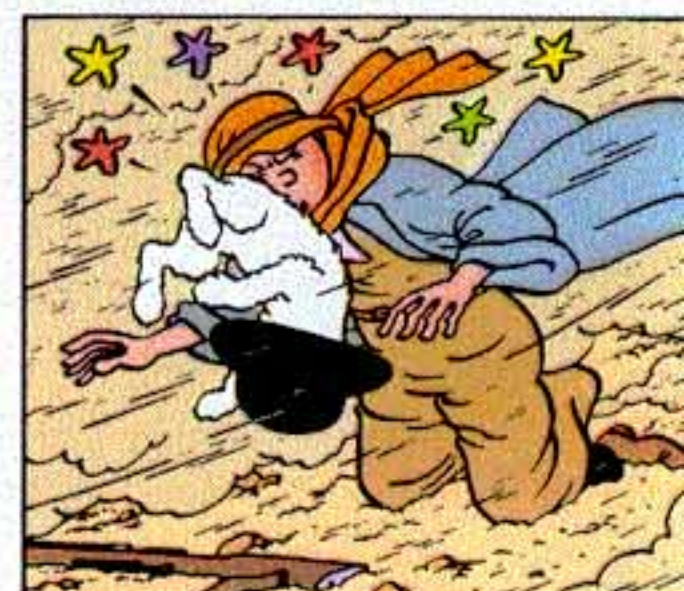
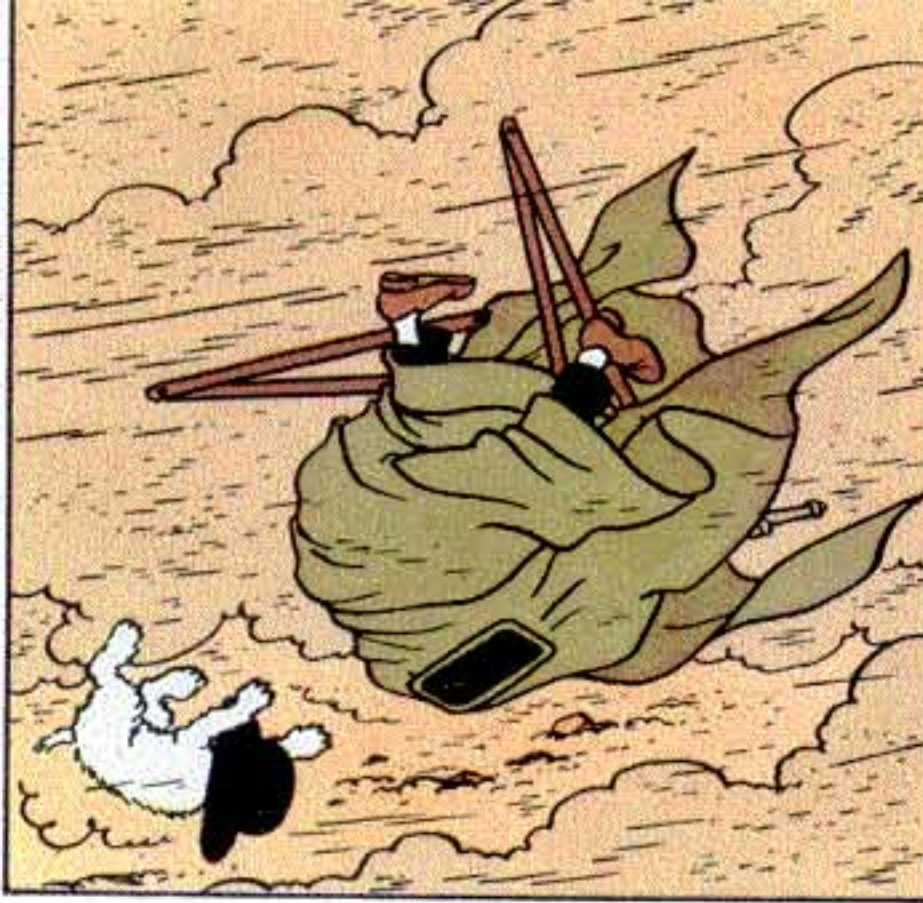


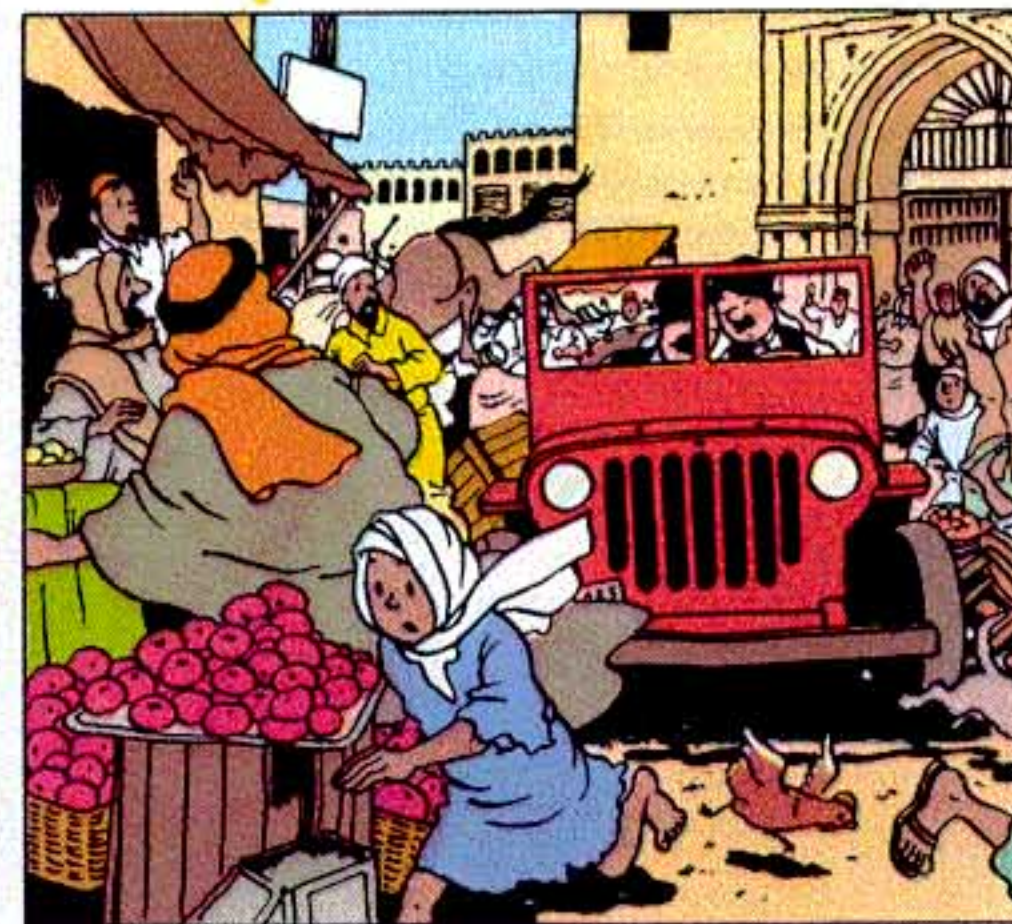
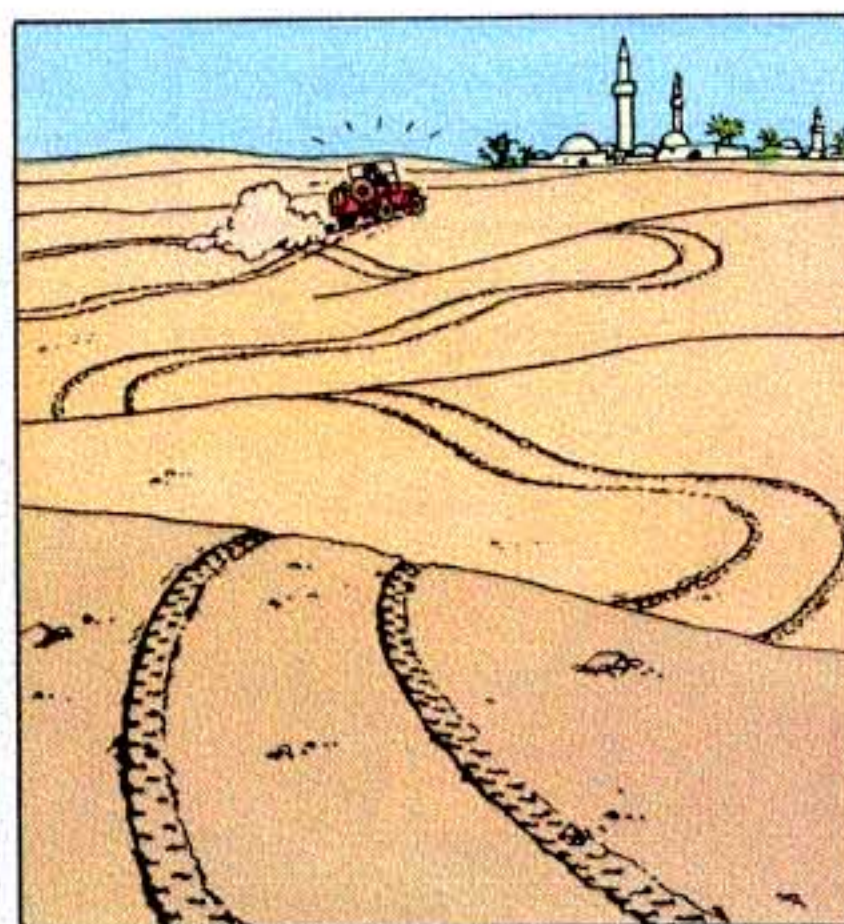
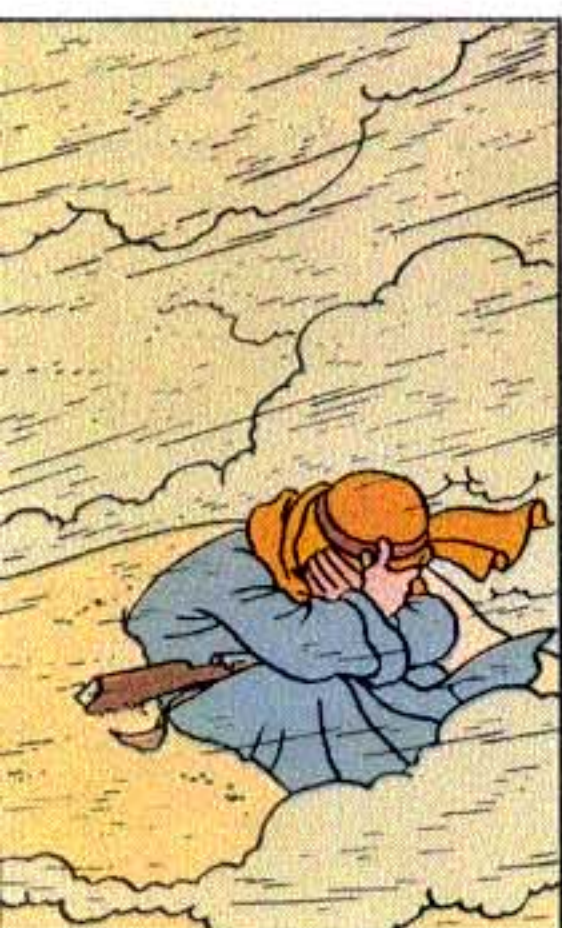
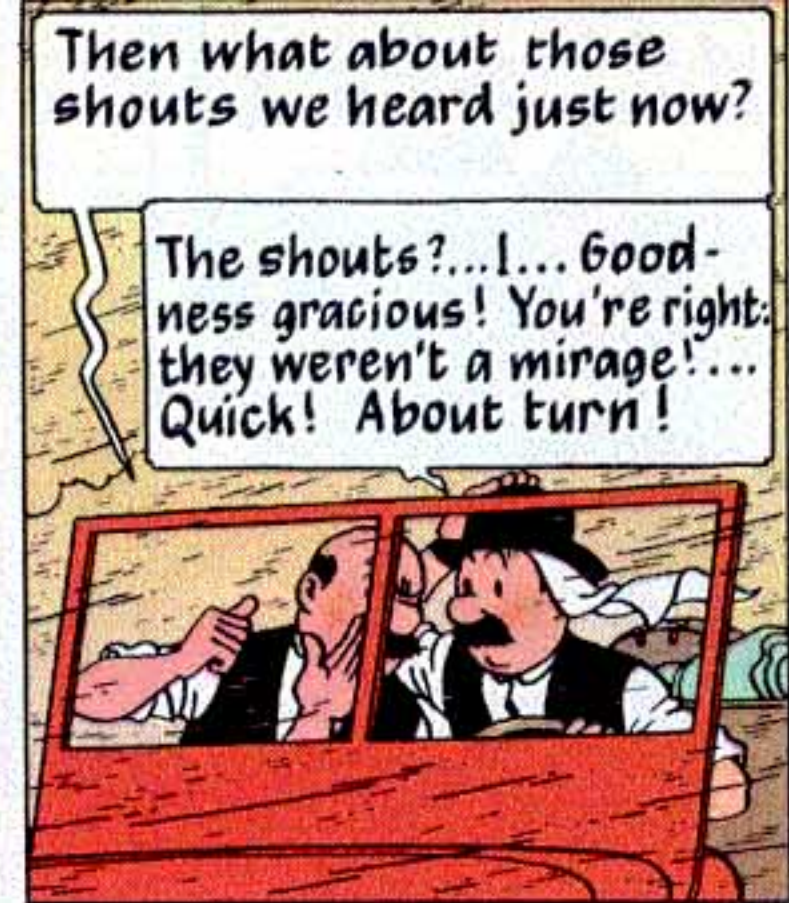
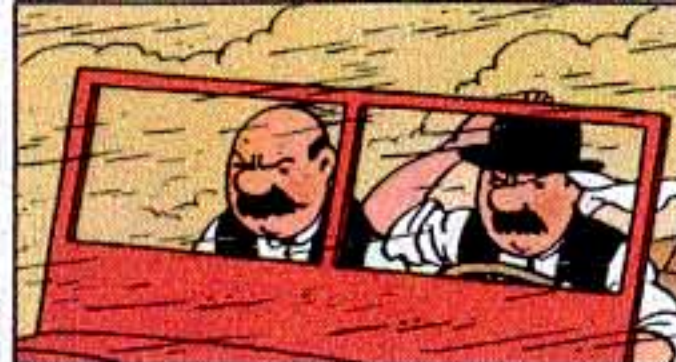
We're obviously getting near a big town and ... Hey! Stop! ... What's that there, ahead of us?

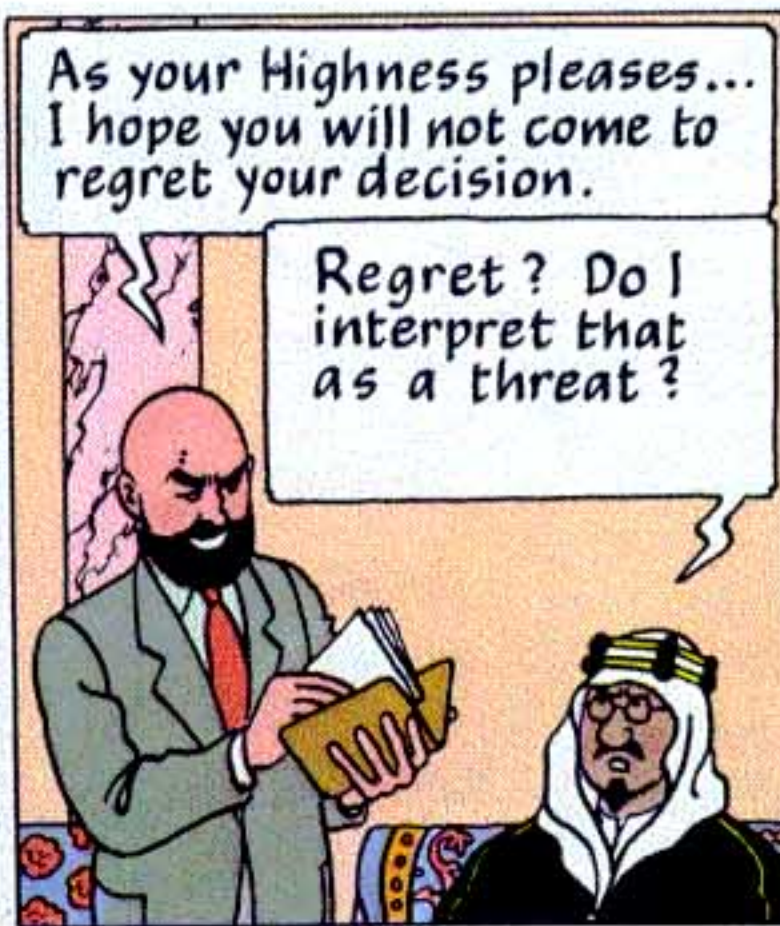
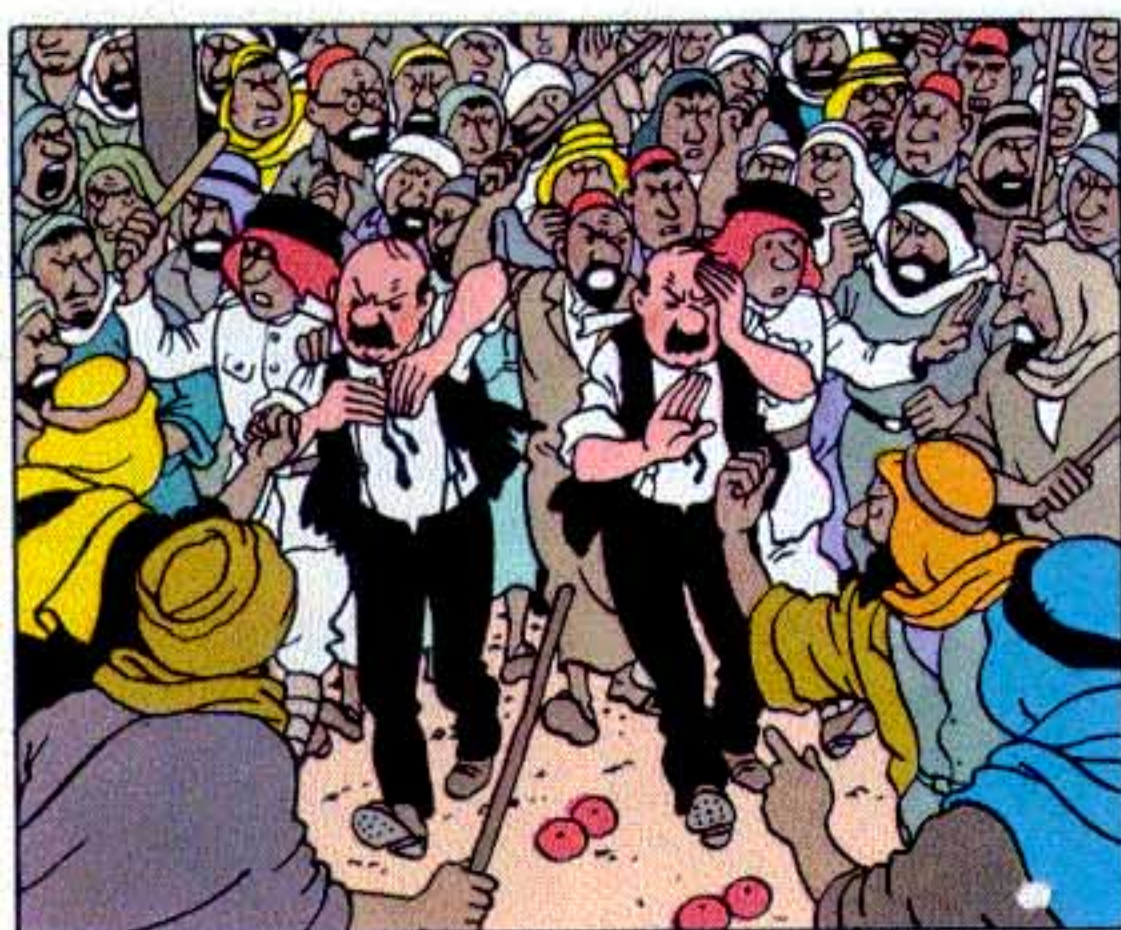
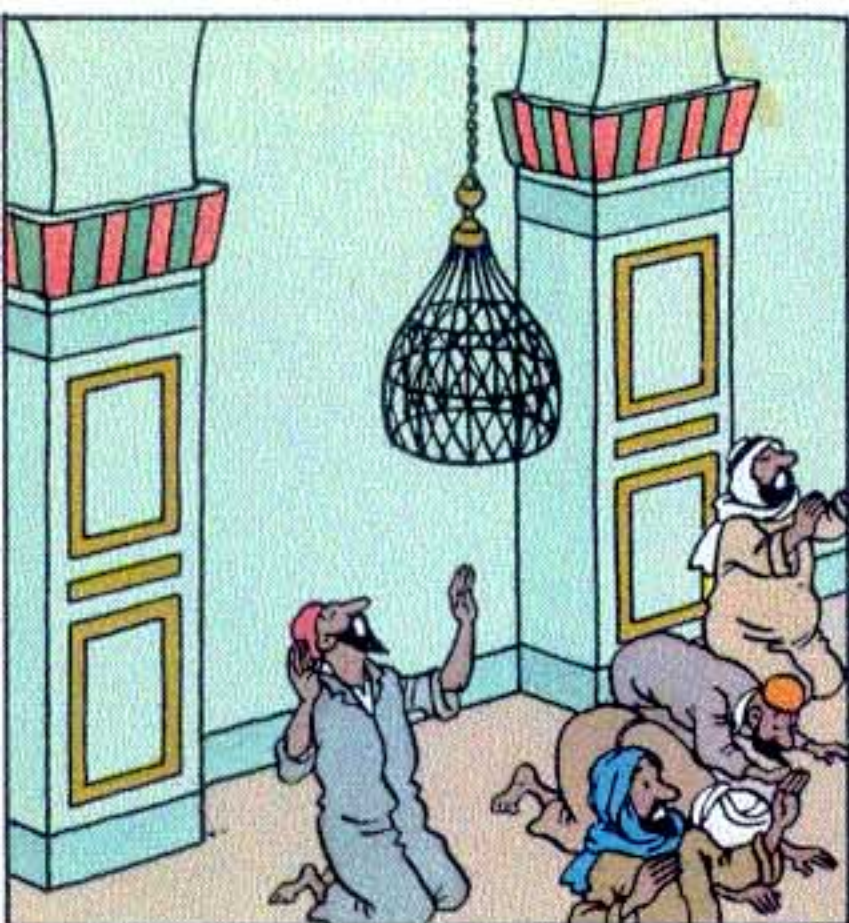
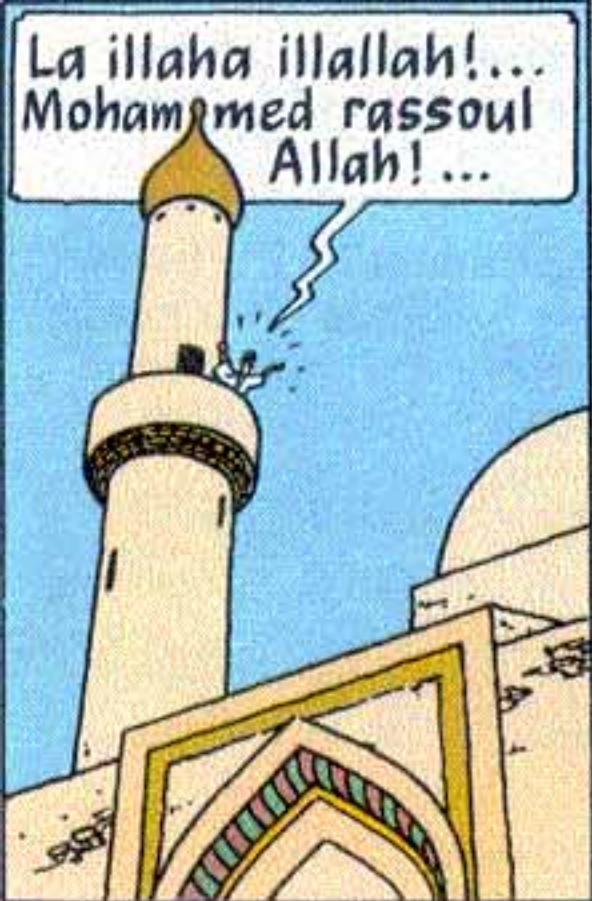


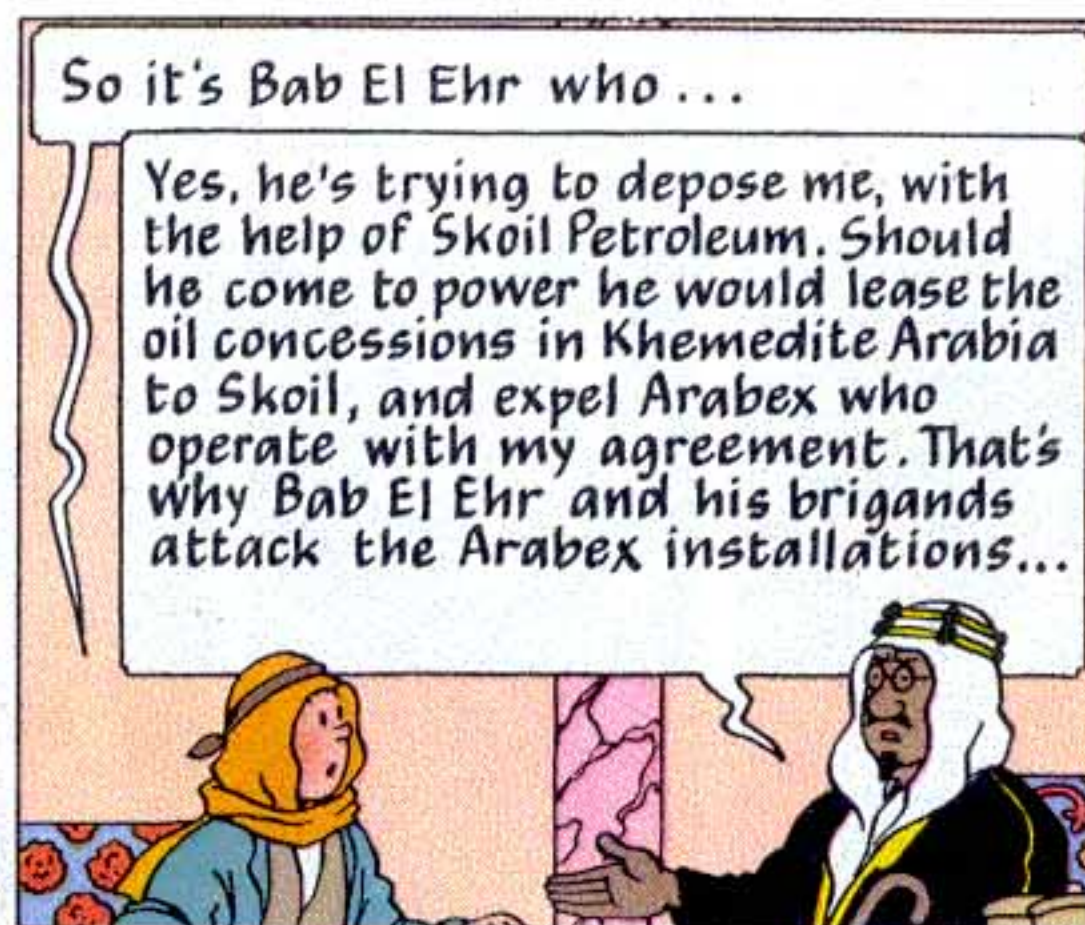
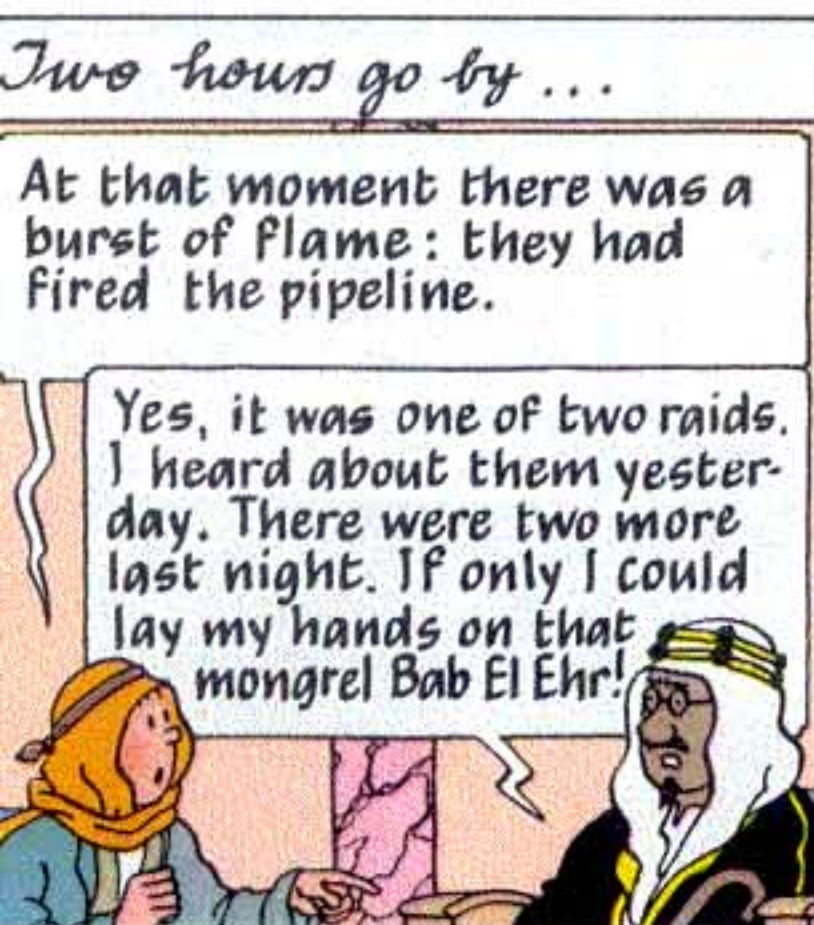
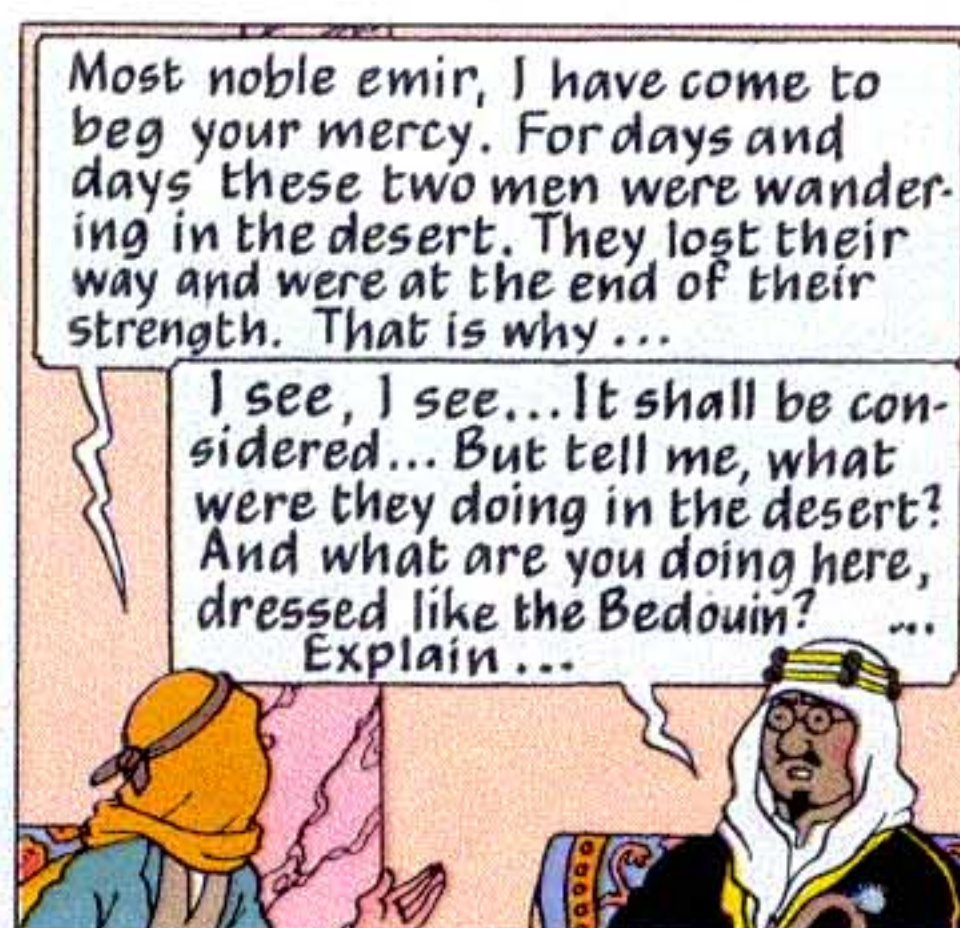
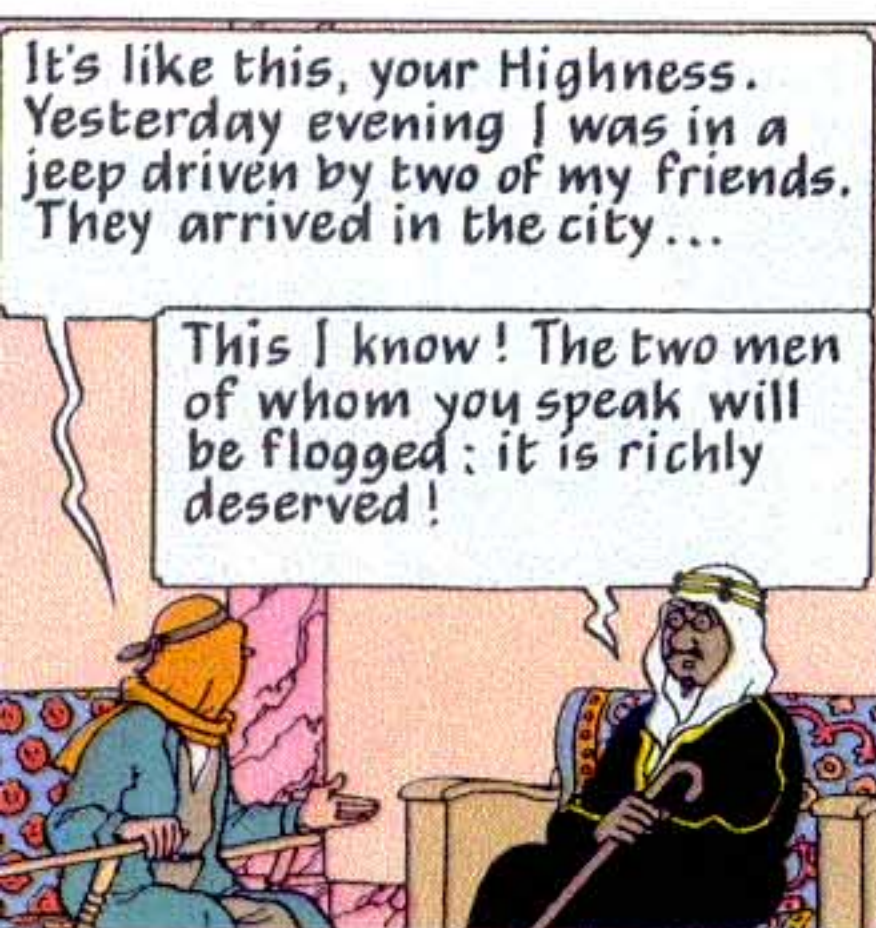
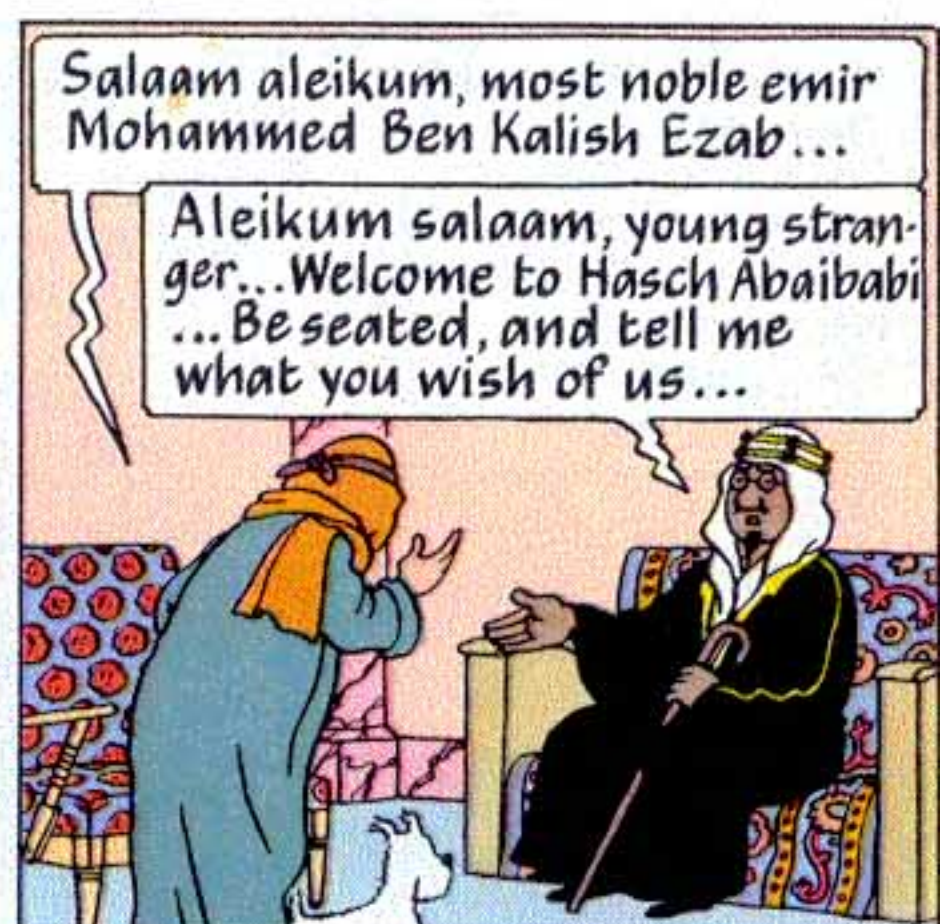
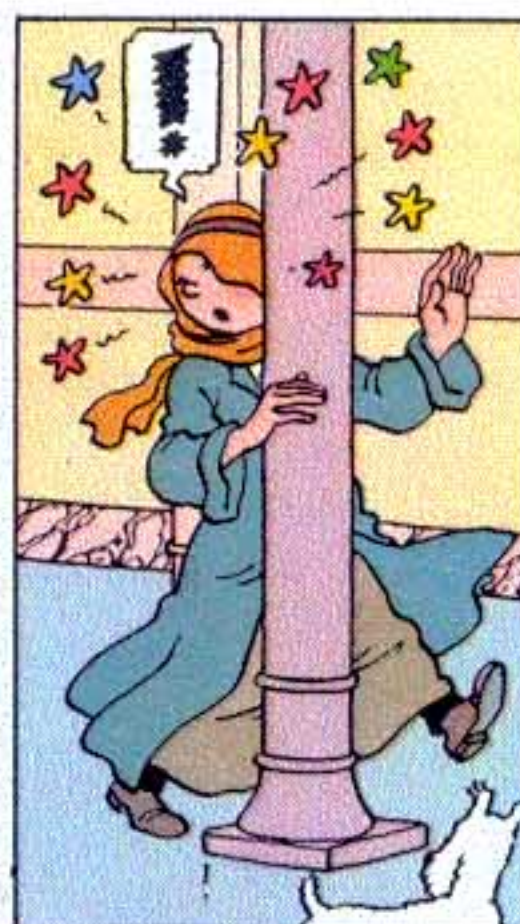
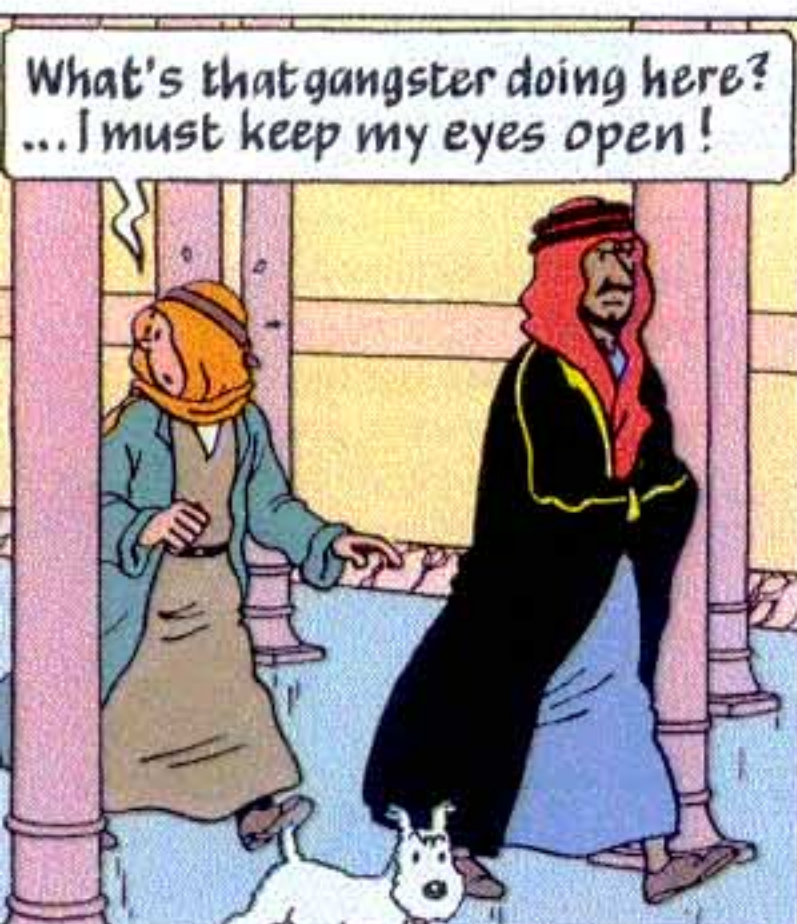
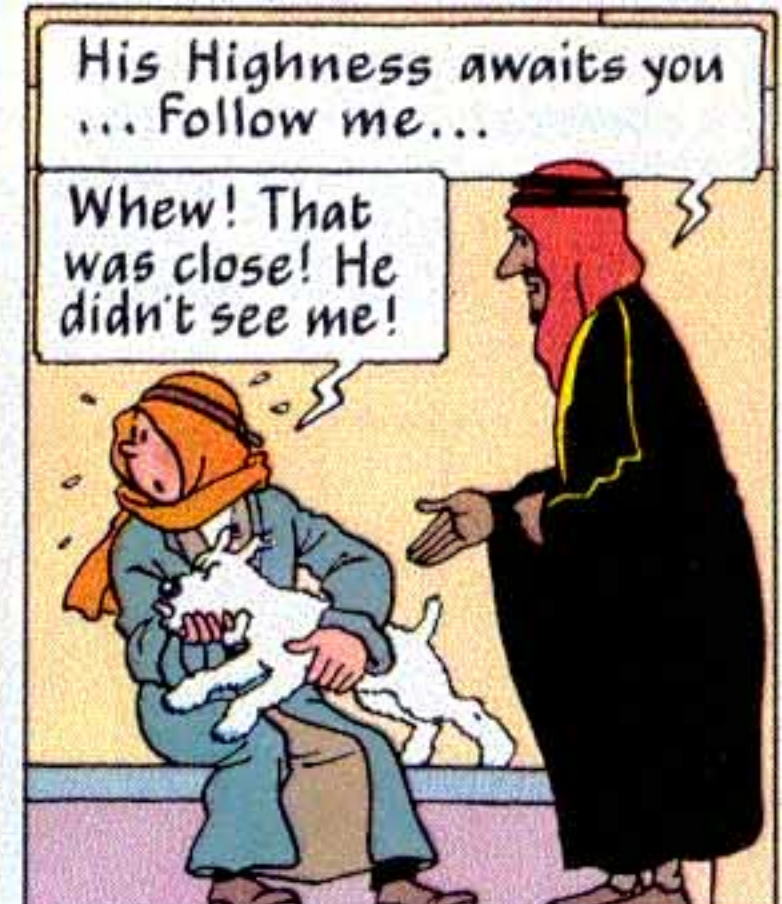
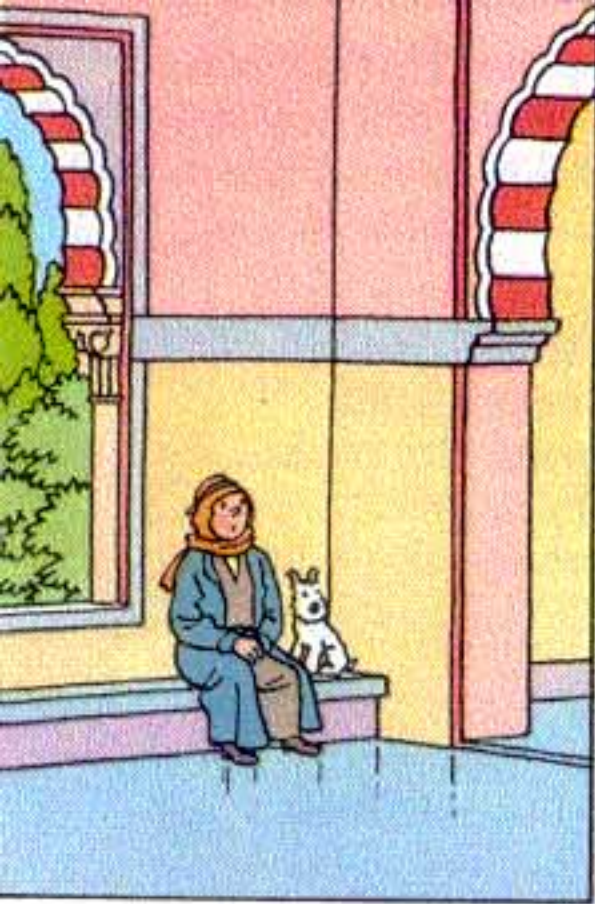














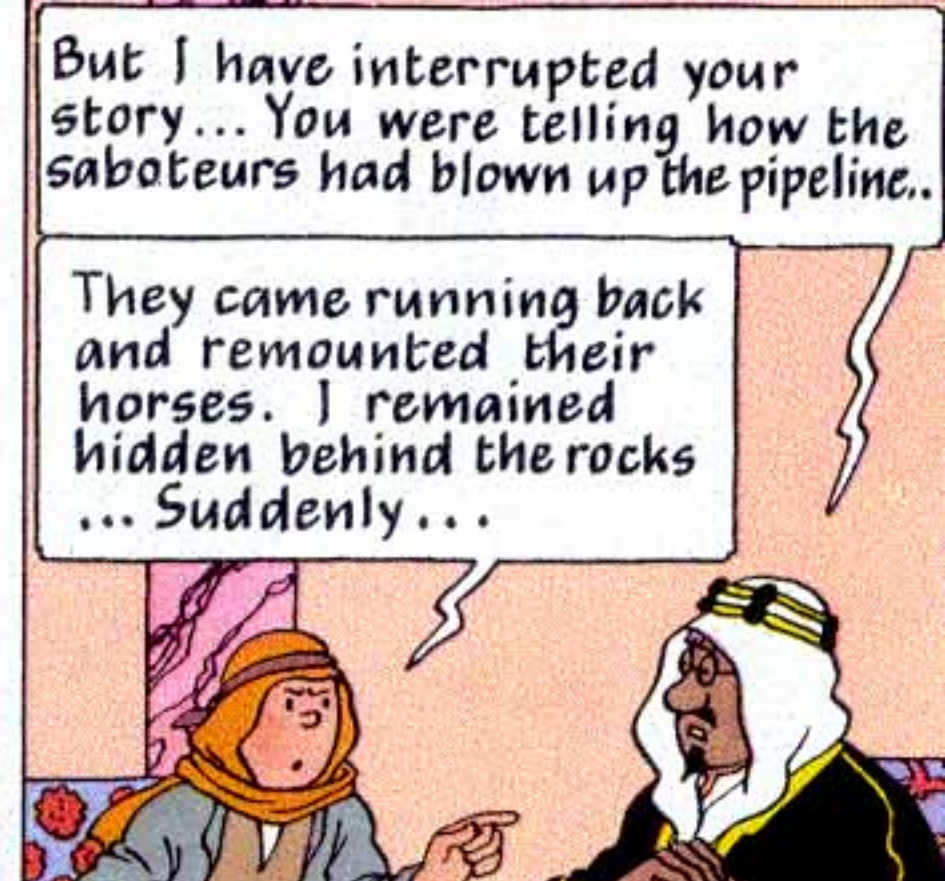
It's very simple: if I sign a contract with Skoil the attacks will cease immediately. So why do I refuse to sign Professor Smith's contract?

Yes, why, I wonder?



It is strange, I do not know why I am telling you all this... You are a stranger... I have no reason, but I trust you. So... Inch' Allah!... I refuse to sign the contract because I do not like Professor Smith and I do not like his Skoil Petroleum.

Oh?



But I have interrupted your story... You were telling how the saboteurs had blown up the pipeline..

They came running back and remounted their horses. I remained hidden behind the rocks ... Suddenly...



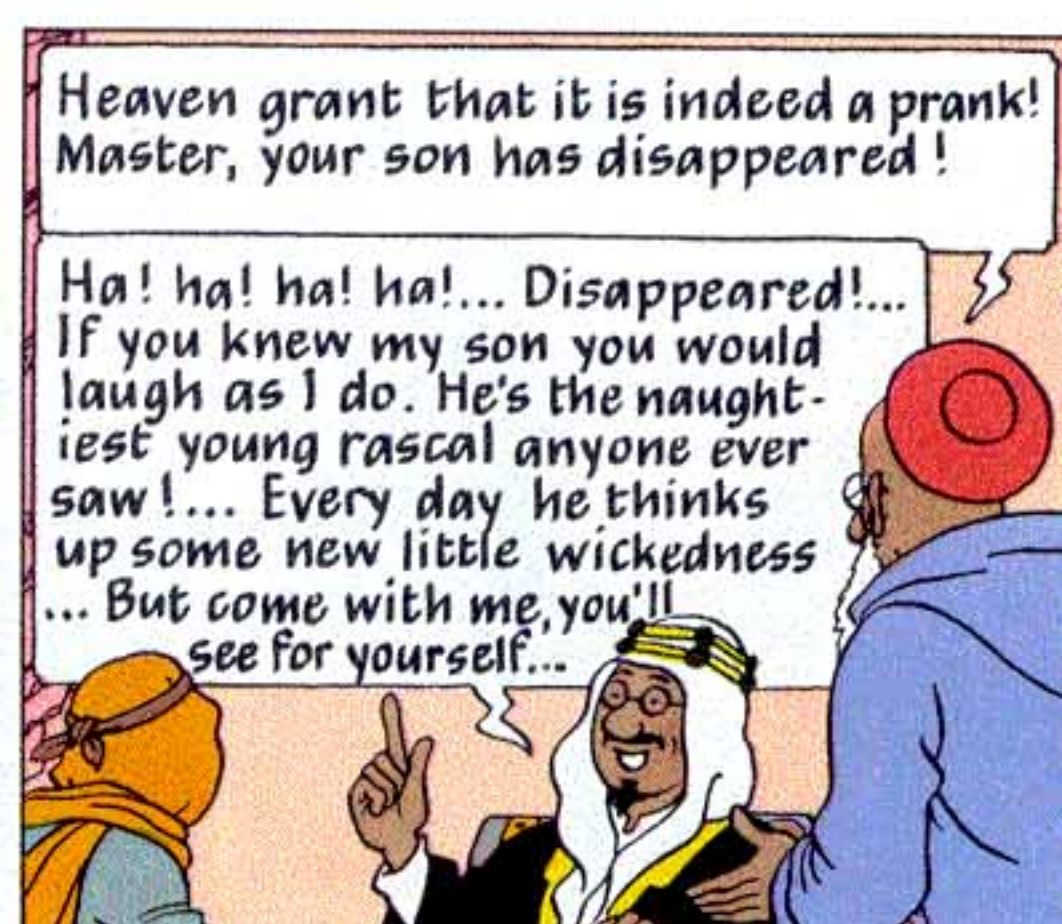
Master!... Master!... Oh! Master!

What is it?... Who dares to disturb us?



Oh, Master! Master!... Your son!...

Well, Ali Ben Mahmud, what new prank is my little lamb playing this time?



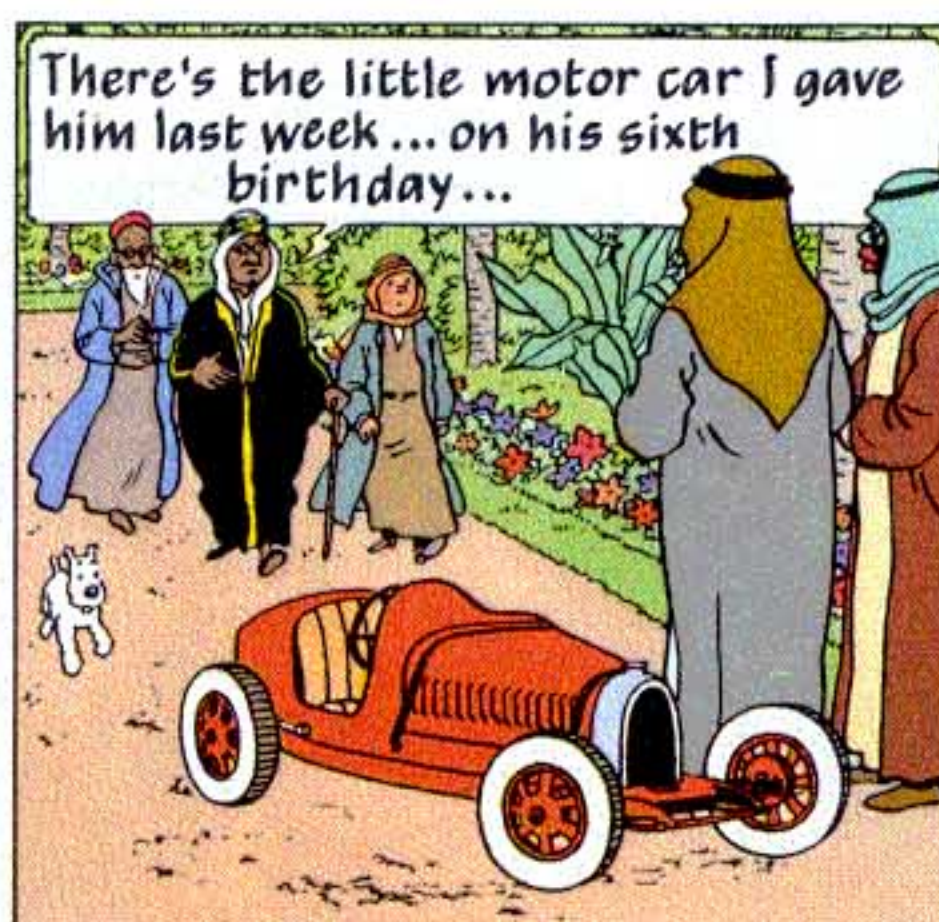
Heaven grant that it is indeed a prank! Master, your son has disappeared!

Ha! ha! ha! ha!... Disappeared!... If you knew my son you would laugh as I do. He's the naughtiest young rascal anyone ever saw!... Every day he thinks up some new little wickedness ... But come with me, you'll see for yourself...

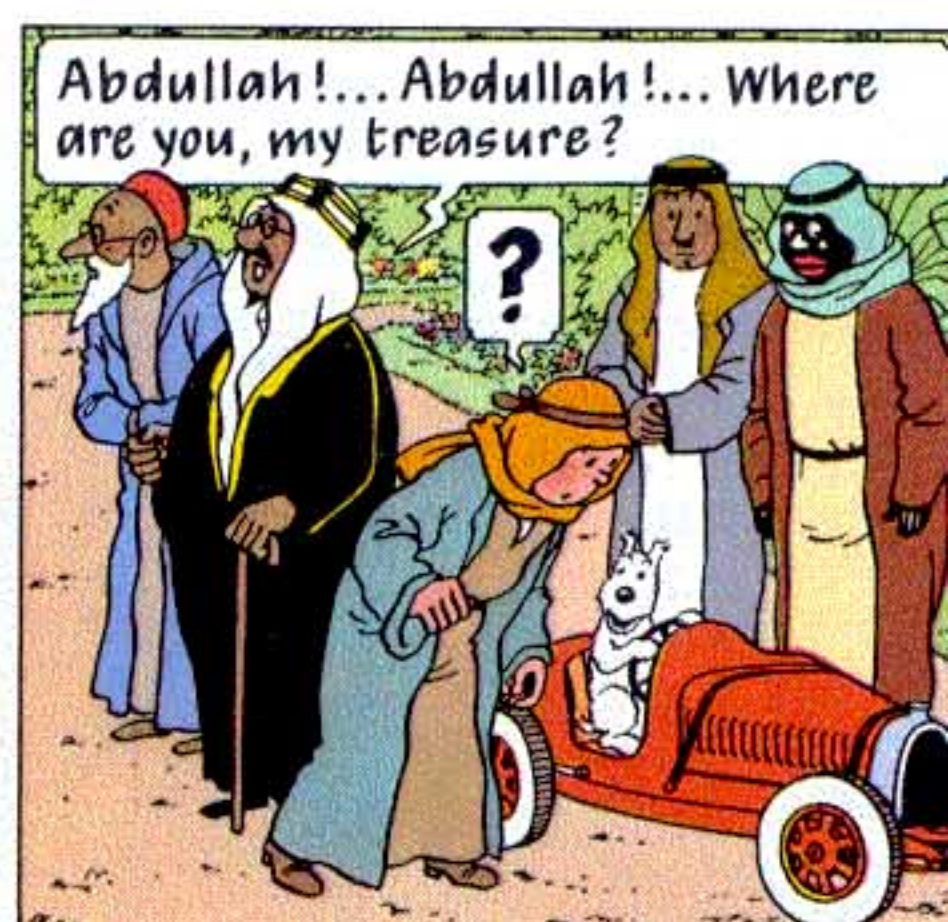


He was in the garden, Master...

Yes, yes, Ali Ben Mahmud, calm yourself!



There's the little motor car I gave him last week ... on his sixth birthday...



Abdullah!... Abdullah!... Where are you, my treasure?



Abdullah!... Come out now, my little sugar plum!



Abdullah, my baby lamb-kin ...



Abdullah!... Abdullah! Where are you hiding?



Abdullah, you little rascal, if you don't come at once Papa will be cross!



Excuse me, Highness, but does your son wear a blue robe?

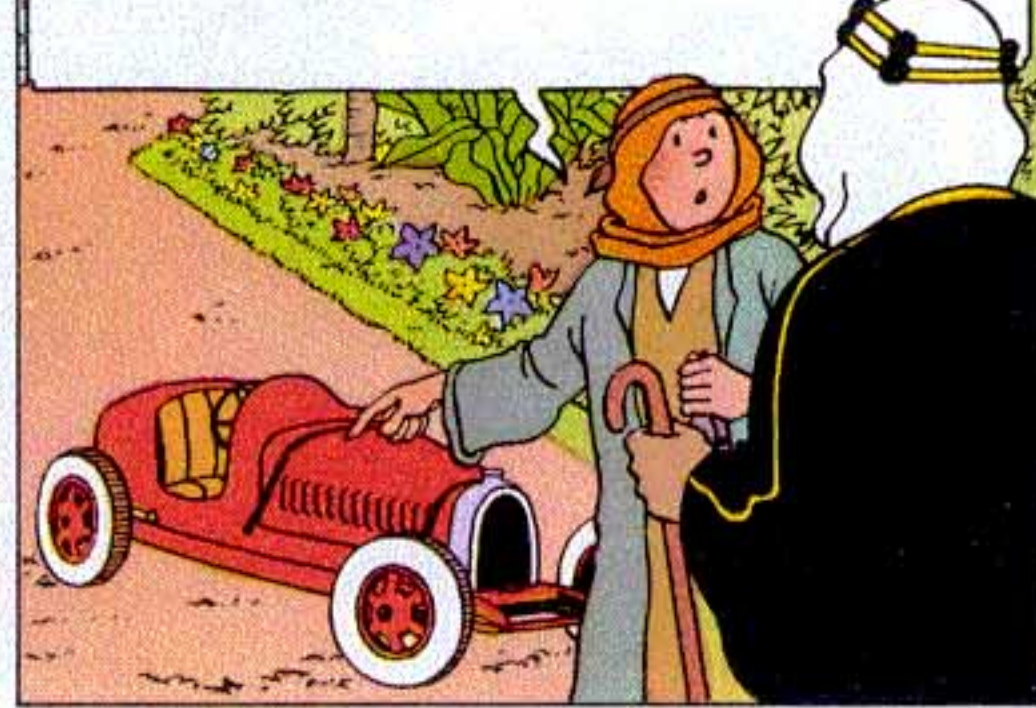
A blue robe? ... Abdullah?... No! ... Why do you ask?

Here's a piece of blue cloth I just found, caught on a branch ... Under the tree are some very deep footmarks... Obviously someone was hiding in the tree, and then jumped to the ground...



Perhaps... Yes... But...

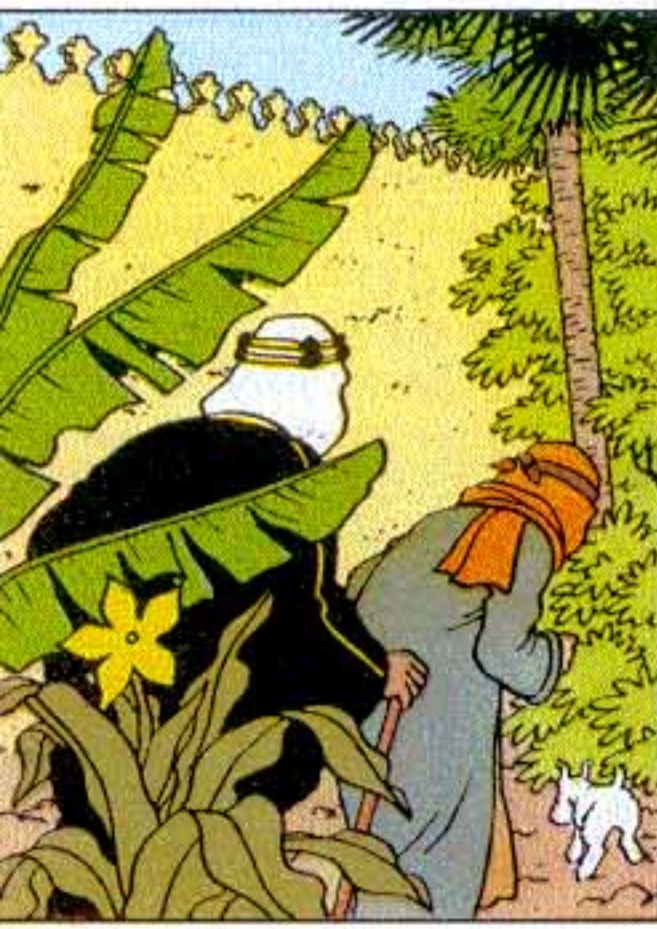
There's your son's motor car... It has been shoved to one side, as you can see from the tyre marks...



But I don't understand... What are you trying to say?



I hardly dare tell you, Highness... I fear the worst... Come with me... There will be other clues...



There! I knew it!... More footmarks!...



And here... and there ... And look! Marks on the wall! This is where they must have climbed over...



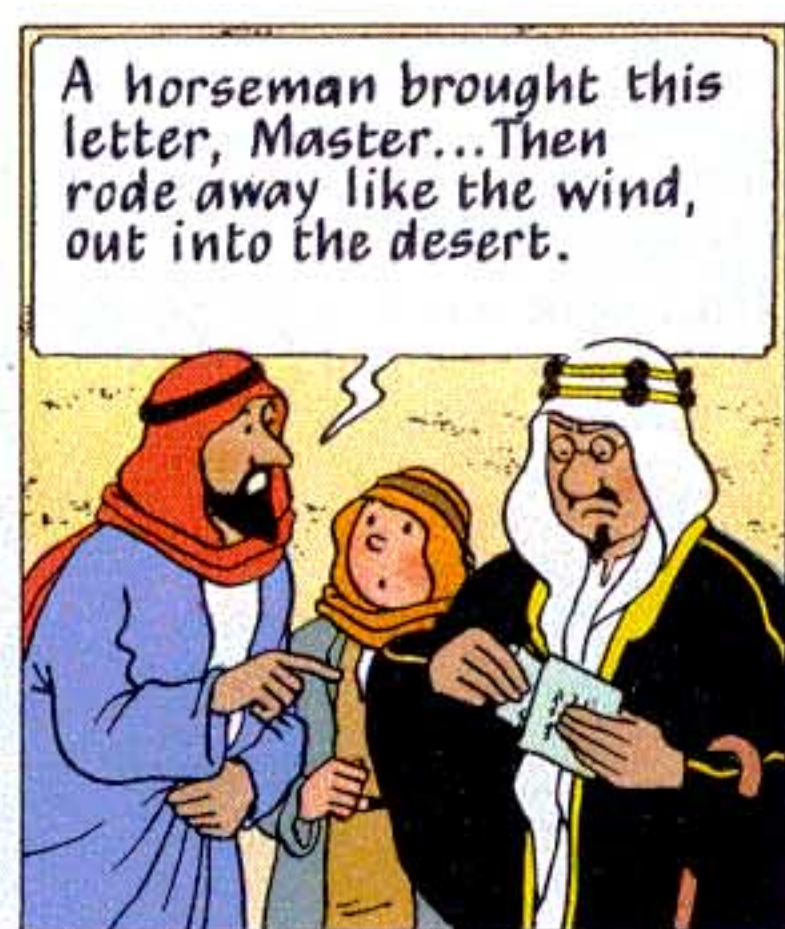
They?... Who? The men who kidnapped your son, Highness!



The men who... You're mad!... My son!... Kidnapped?... Why? ... Tell me why anyone should kidnap my son?... You're crazy!... You've made all this up! ... You're lying!... Yes, you're lying, like all infidels!...



Where is Mohammed Ben Kalish Ezab? Over there, by the wall, with the stranger.



A horseman brought this letter, Master... Then rode away like the wind, out into the desert.



BY ALLAH!



It's unbelievable!... Here, read this letter...



?



Excuse me, Highness ... it is in Arabic... Oh yes, I will translate for you...



"To Mohammed Ben Kalish Ezab... If you want to see your son again, throw Arabex out of Khemed." It's signed: Bab El Ehr.

Yes, it's what I would expect!



Bab El Ehr! Bab El Ehr! Son of a mangy dog!... Grandson of a scurvy jackal!... Great grandson of a moulting vulture!... My revenge will be terrible!... I will impale you on a spit!... I will roast you over a slow fire!... I will pull out your beard, one hair at a time... And I will stuff it down your throat...



But we must act! Where is my military adviser?



Ohhh! ... His little car!



Boo-hoo-hoo-ooo-ooo-ooo!... My little Abdullah!... My little honeybun, where are you?... My little peppermint cream... Boo-hoo-hoo... hoo... hoo...

Highness, you must calm yourself.



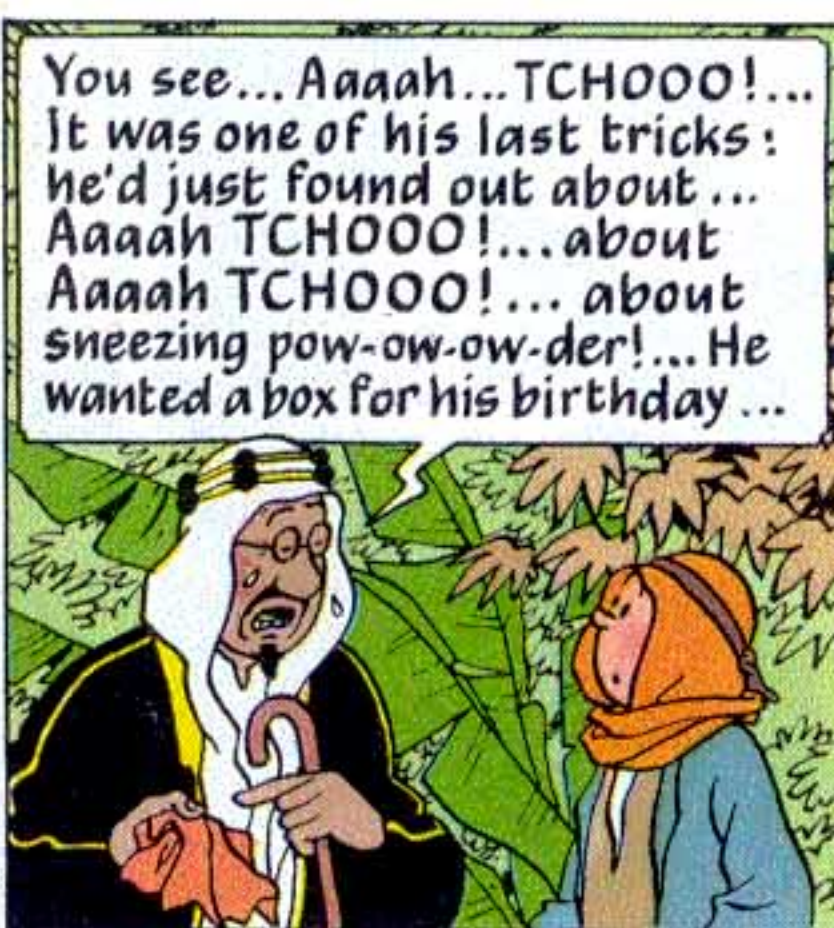
Woo-hoo-hoo... My little angel... Boo-woo-hoo-hoo!



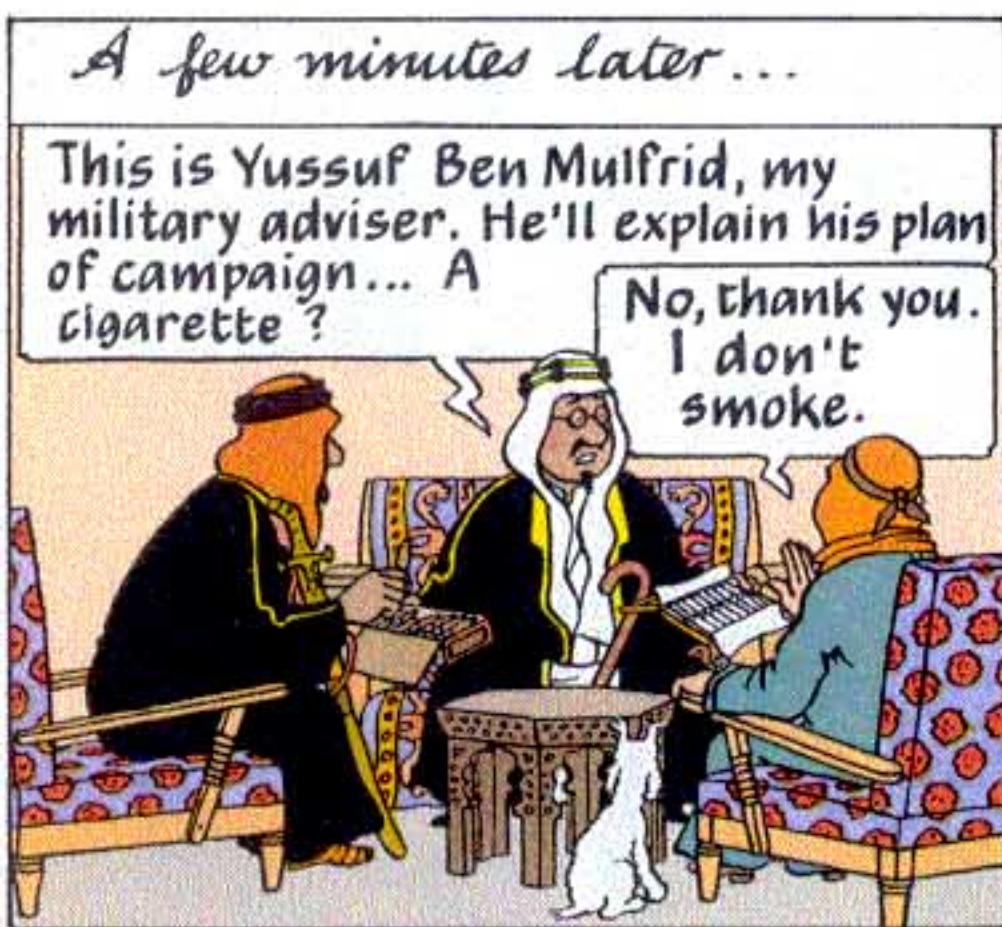
My little Abdullah!... Aaaah... Aaaah... Aaaah... Aaaah...



TCHOOO!... Aaaah... TCHOOO!... Aaaah TCHOOO!



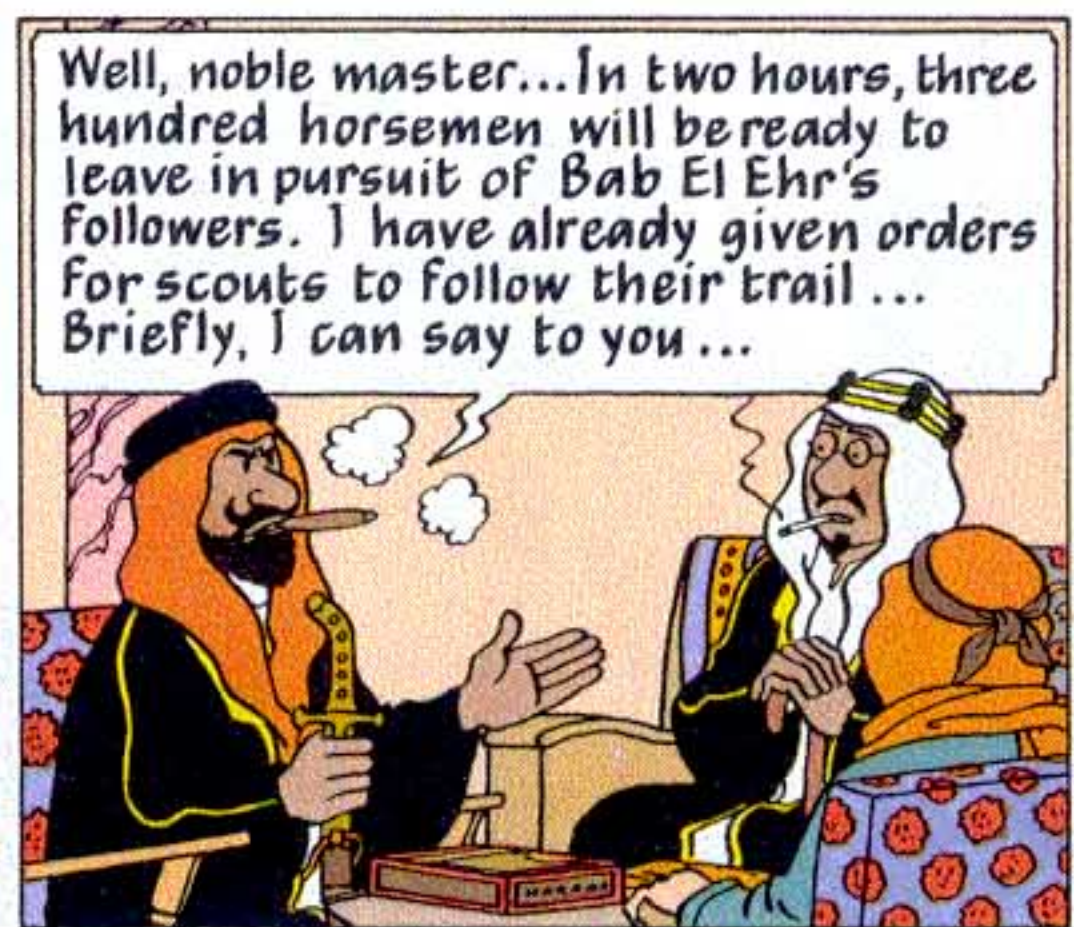
You see... Aaaah... TCHOOO!... It was one of his last tricks: he'd just found out about ... Aaaah TCHOOO!... about Aaaah TCHOOO!... about sneezing pow-ow-ow-der!... He wanted a box for his birthday ...



A few minutes later...

This is Yussuf Ben Mulfrid, my military adviser. He'll explain his plan of campaign... A cigarette?

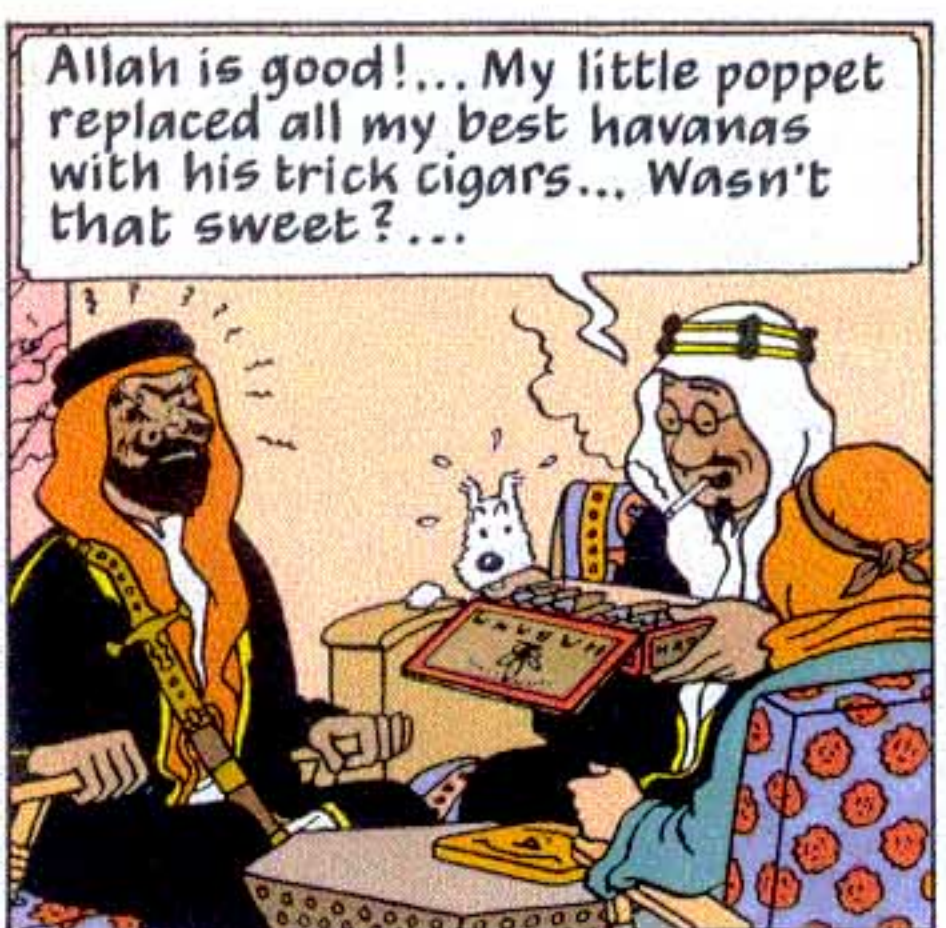
No, thank you. I don't smoke.



Well, noble master... In two hours, three hundred horsemen will be ready to leave in pursuit of Bab El Ehr's followers. I have already given orders for scouts to follow their trail ... Briefly, I can say to you ...



PCHTT



Allah is good!... My little poppet replaced all my best havanas with his trick cigars... Wasn't that sweet?...



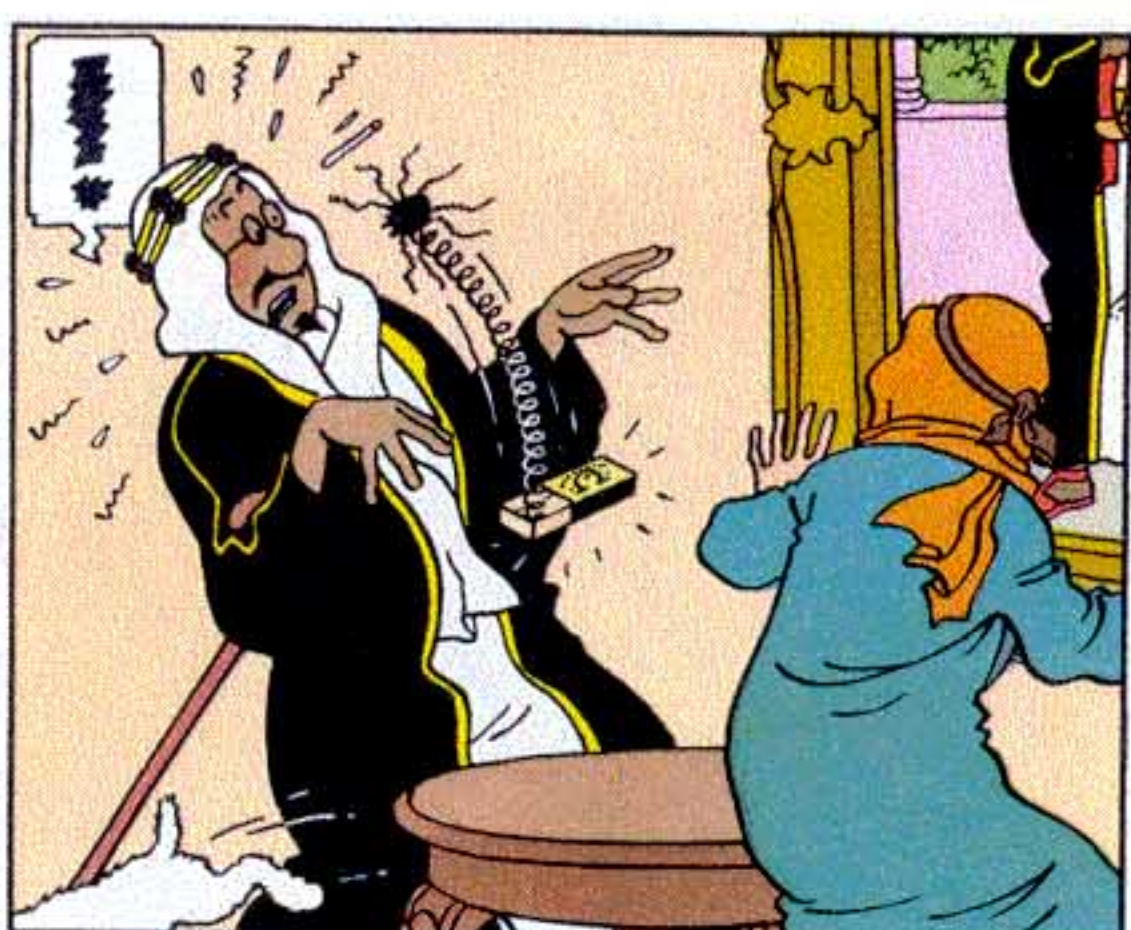
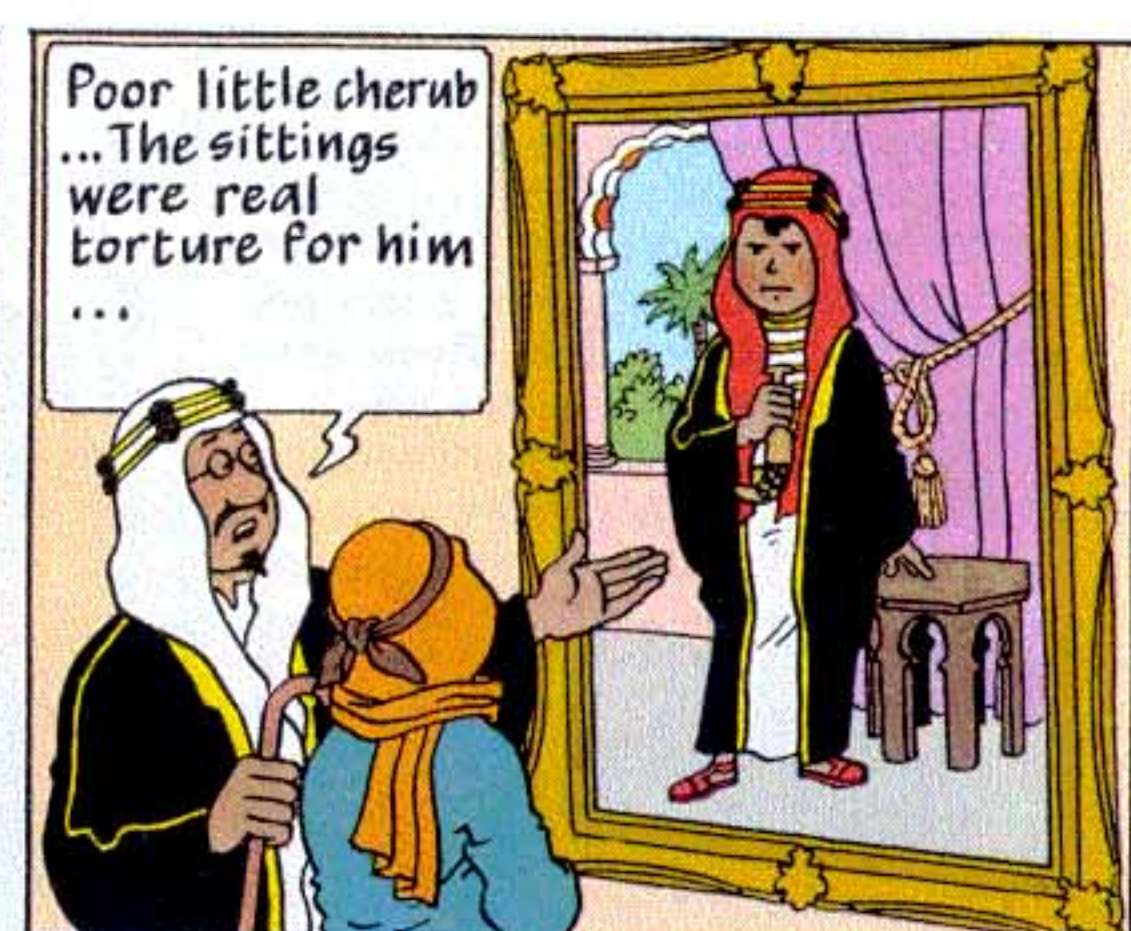
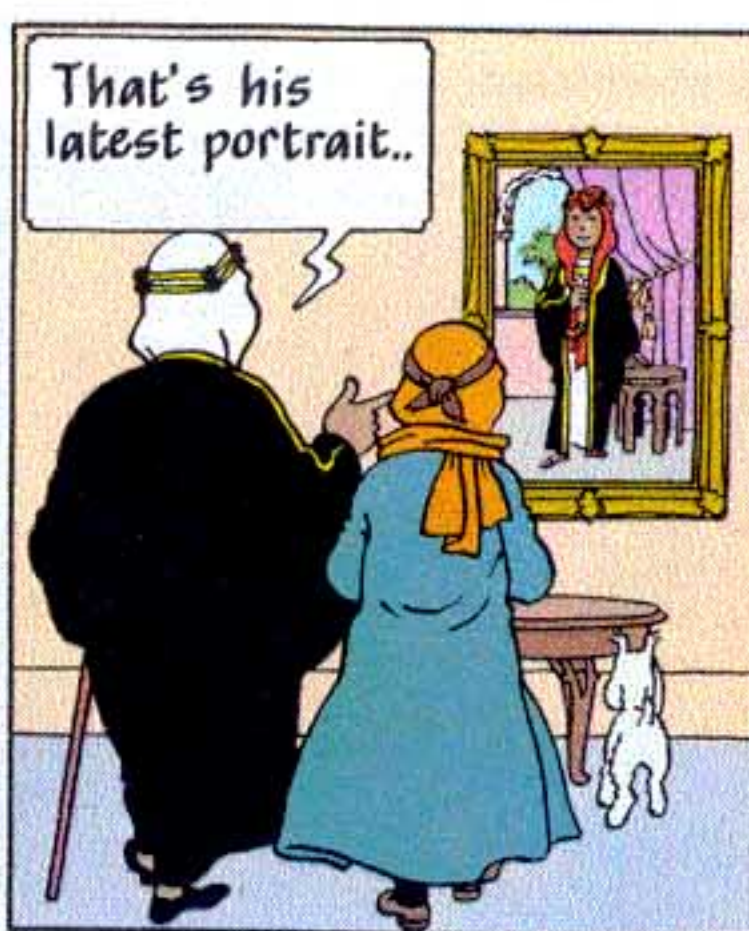
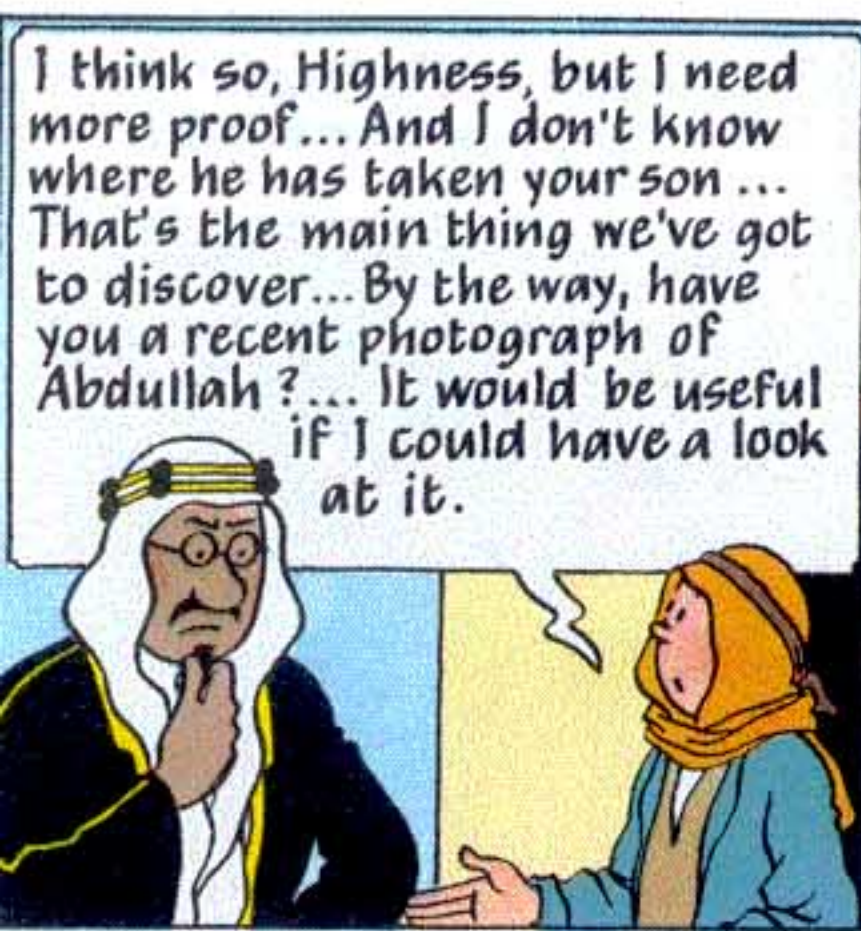
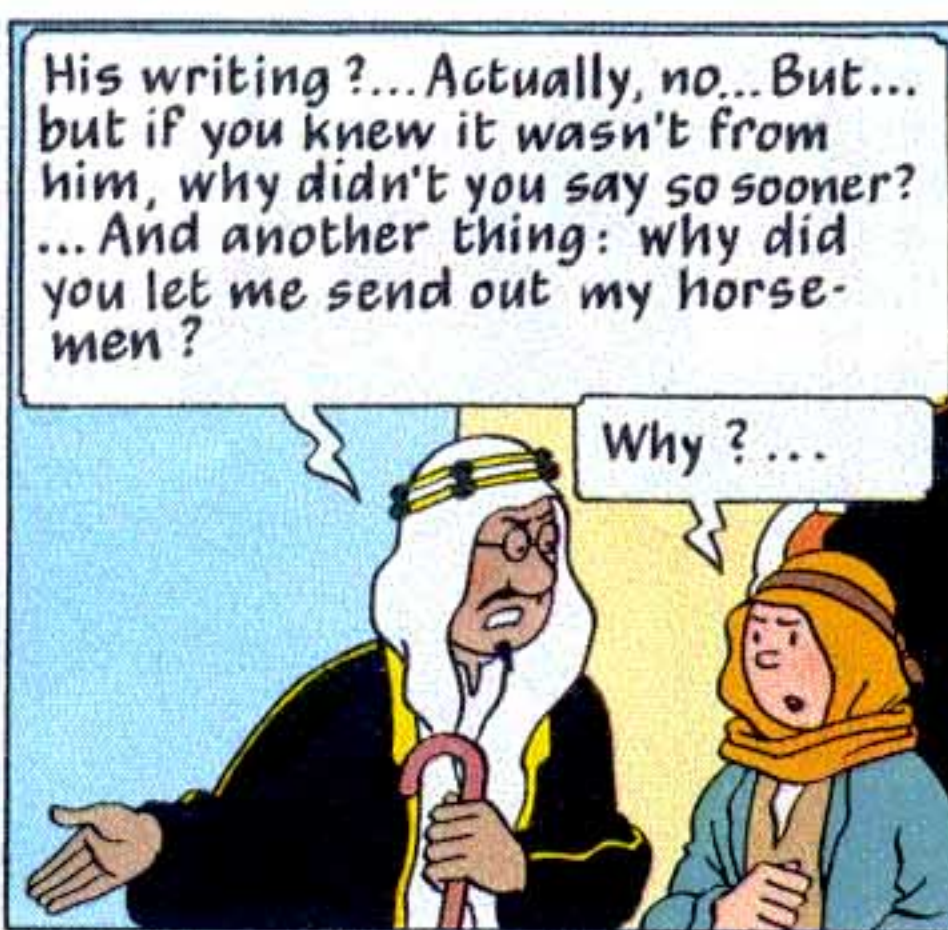
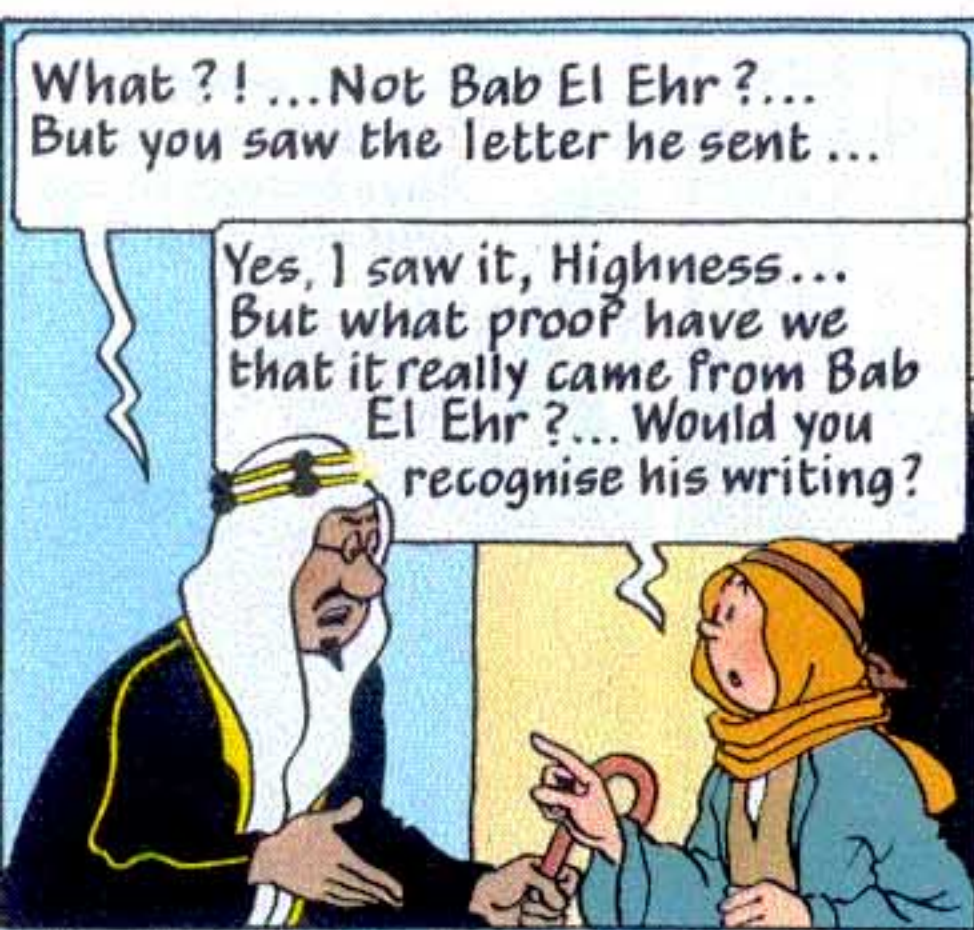
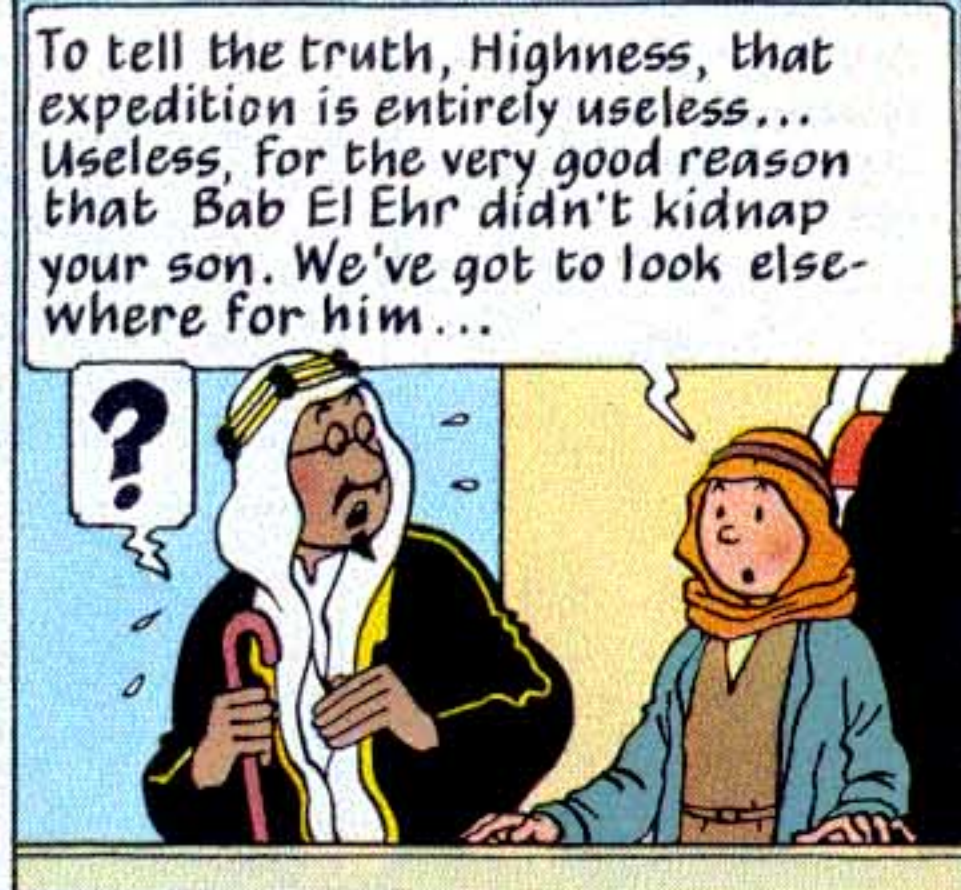
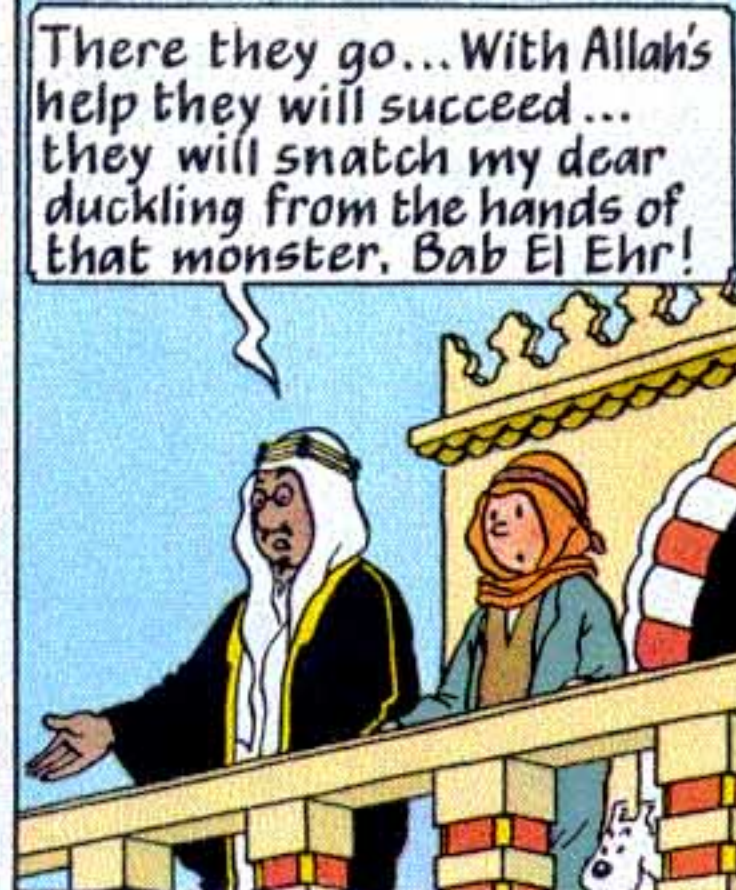
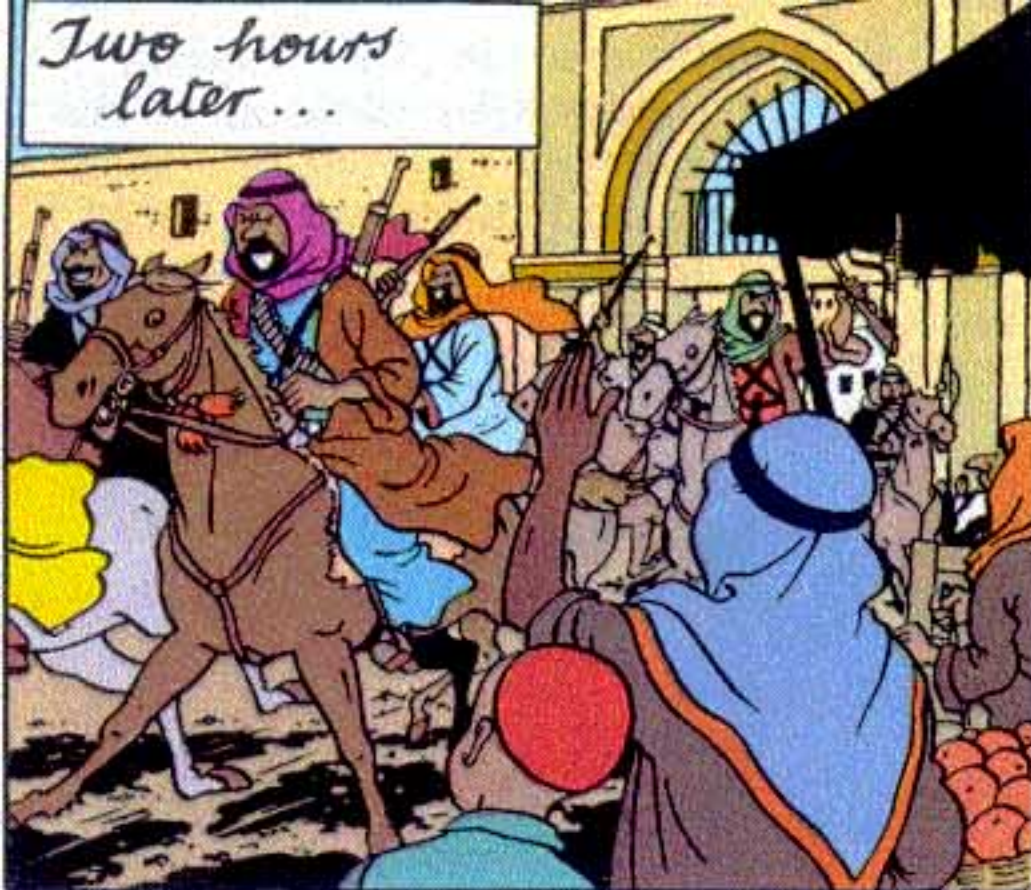
My one and only little chickadee!...

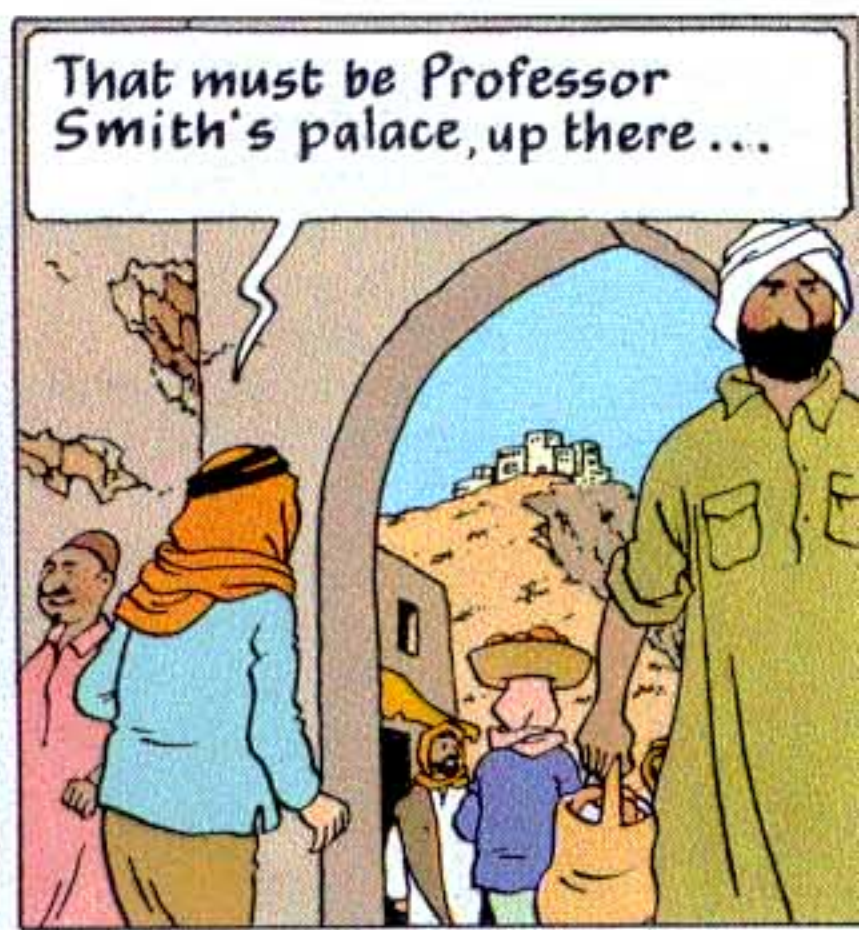
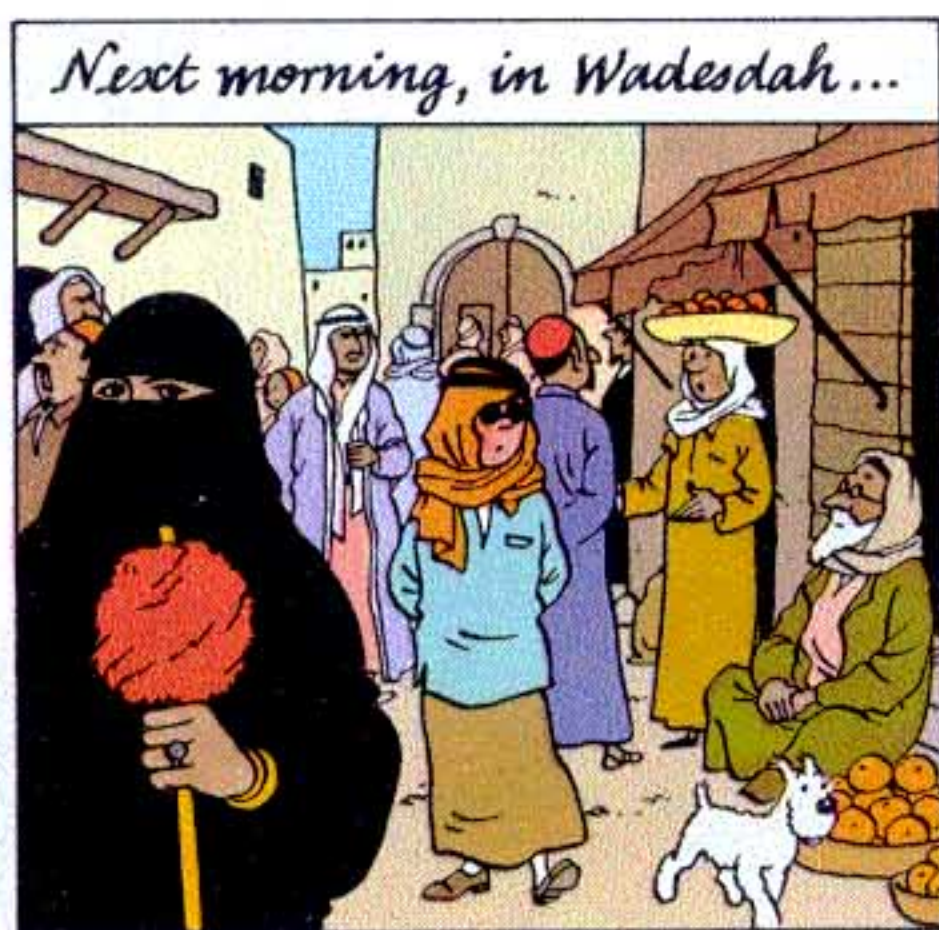
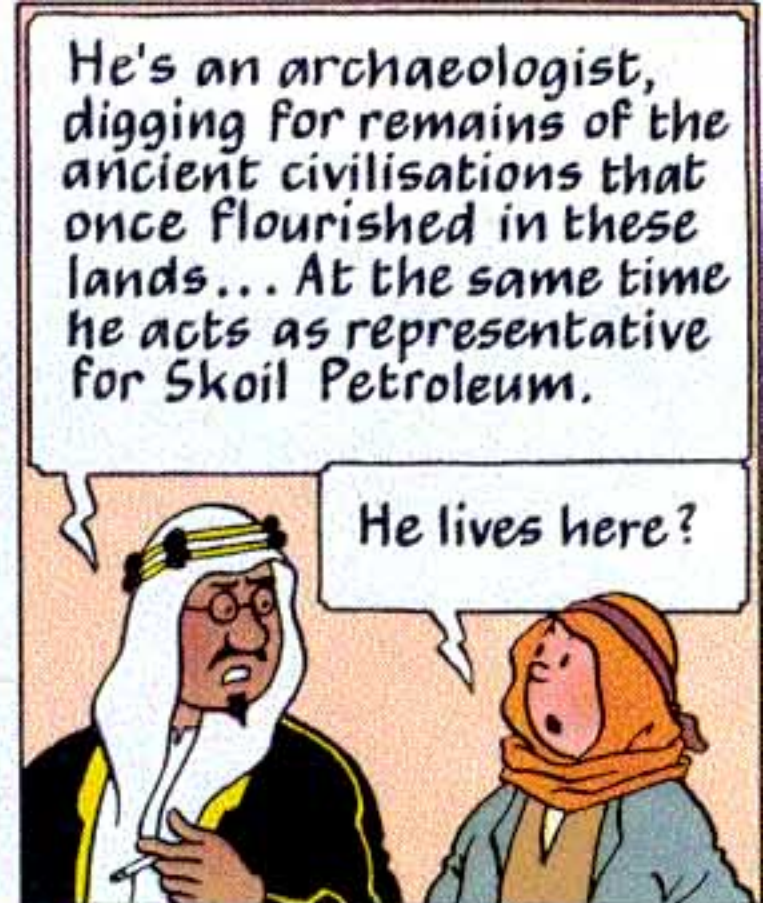
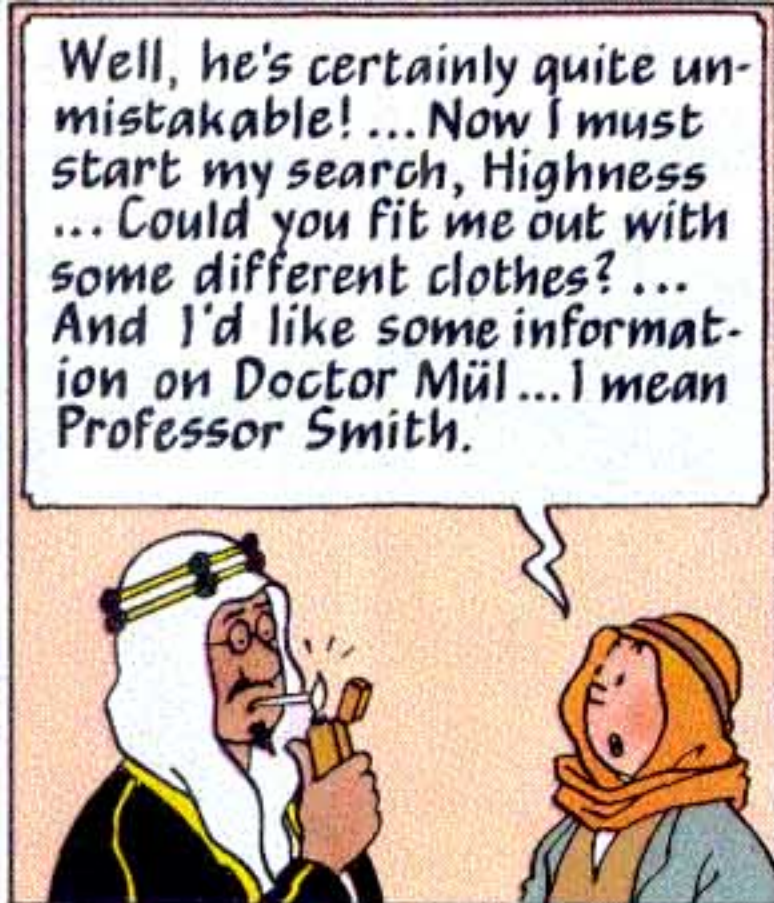


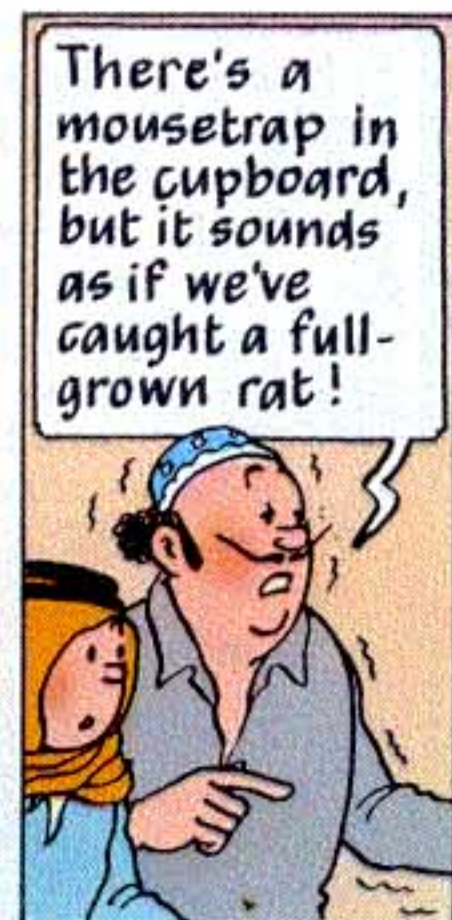
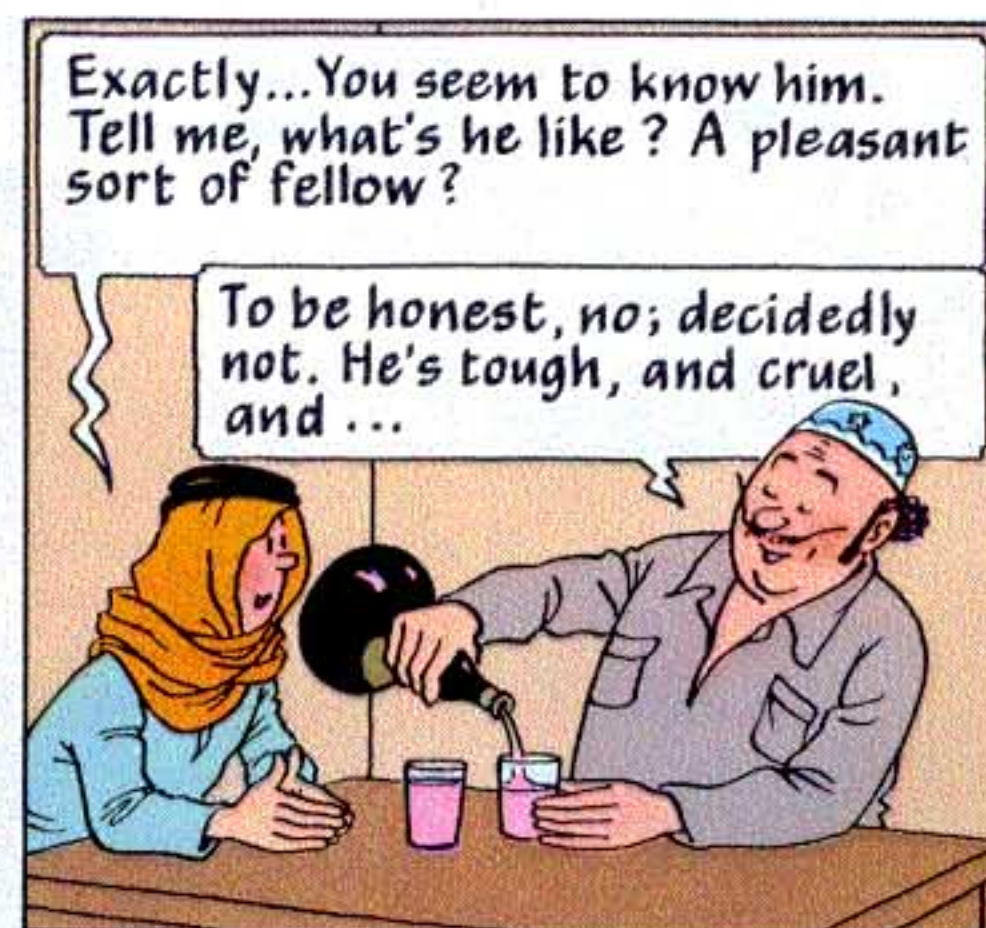
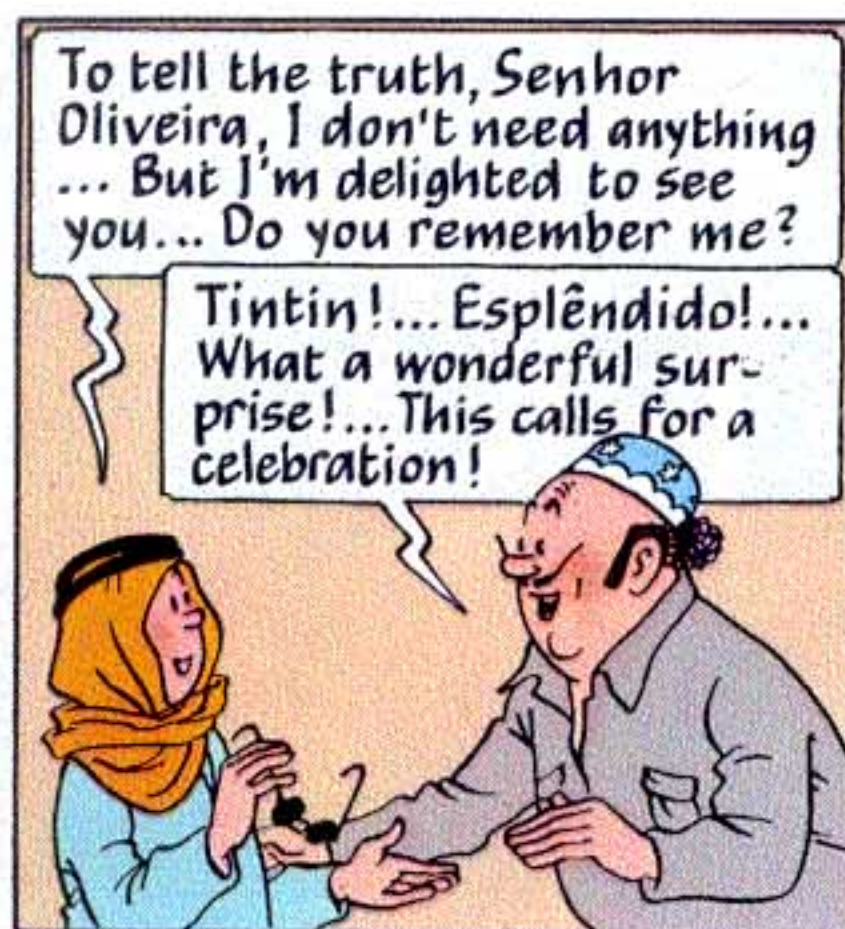
PCHTT



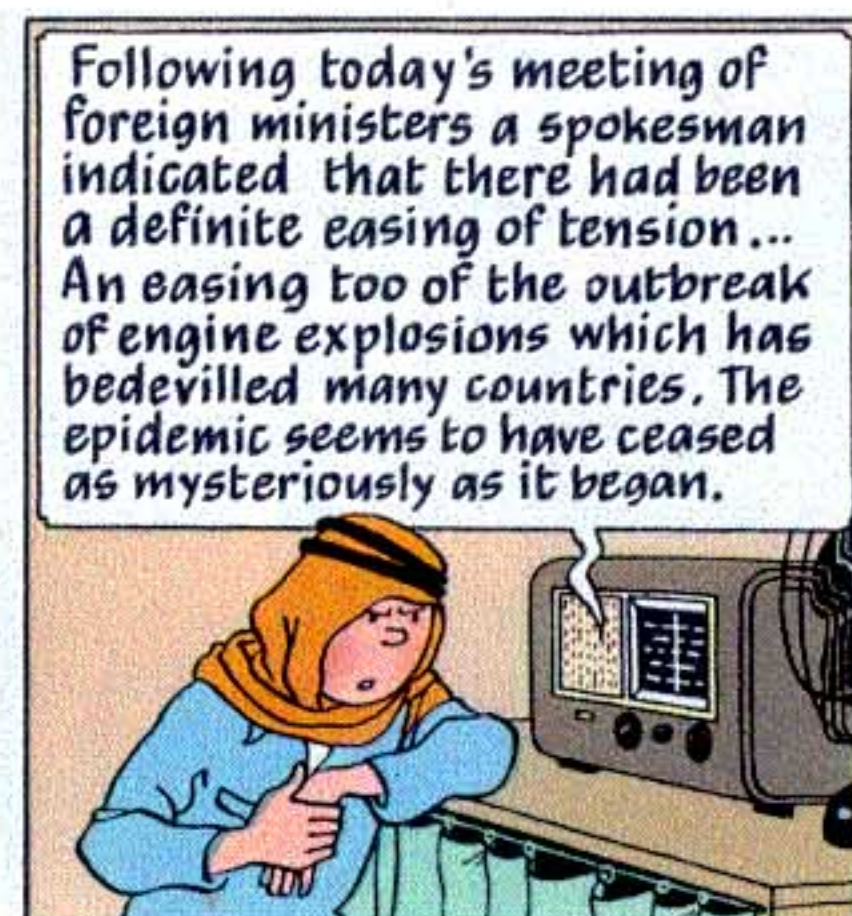
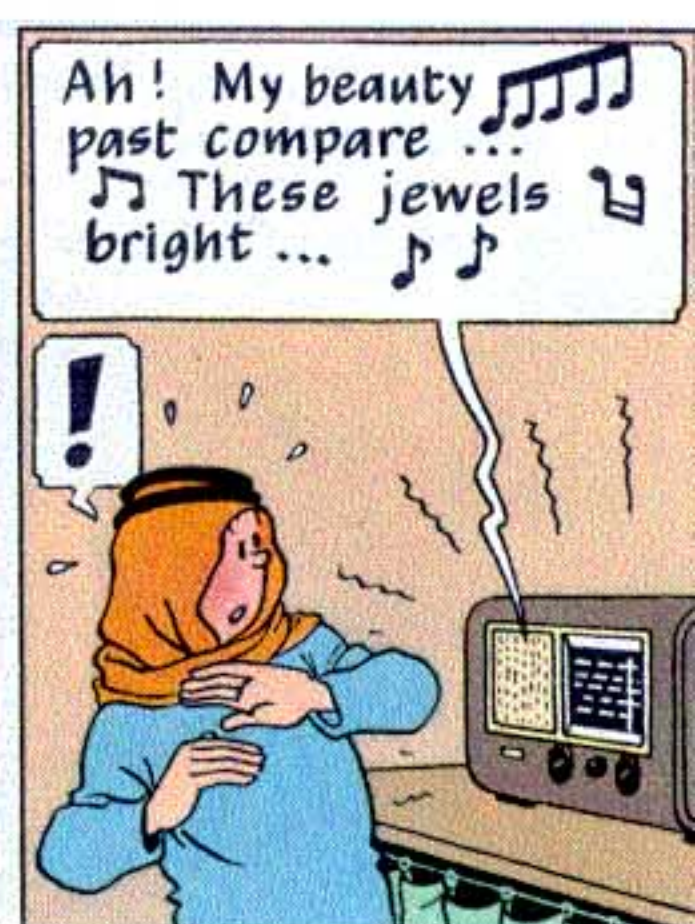
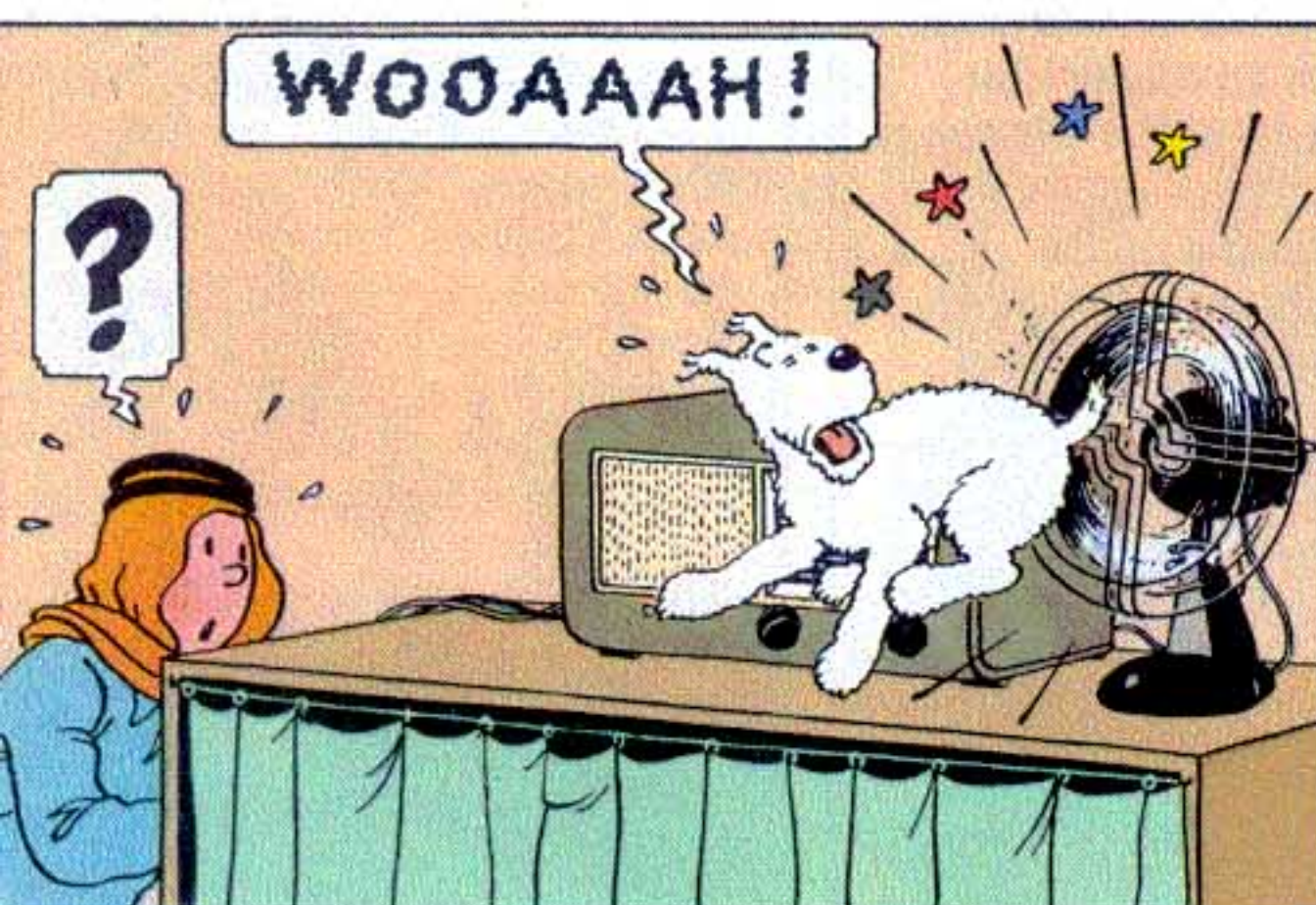
By the beard of the prophet! That wretched little centipede has changed all my best Sobranies for his filthy joke cigarettes! ...







(1) See Cigars of the Pharaoh



Here we are... Ah, you're listening to the news...



Now, what were we talking about?

About Professor Smith. You were saying that he isn't particularly likeable.



That's true... But he's extremely rich, and I'm his main supplier... So you see... My customers include all the top people in the area... At least, not quite all... Not the emir, alas!... What a man!... One of the best!... Which is more than can be said for his nasty little son... A real pest, young Prince Abdullah!... But you won't have heard: he's just been kidnapped!



Look here, Senhor Oliveira, would you like to be appointed official supplier to the Emir Ben Kalish Ezab?

Would I like it?... Of course!... It would be the crowning glory of my career... But... what would I have to do?



Help me recover Prince Abdullah... To do that, smuggle me into Professor Smith's house...

Professor Smith... What for?... Well, if you like... It's quite easy... I go there each morning...



The next morning...

Salaam aleikum, Murad!

Aleikum sala... Tchoo!!



Who is the young stranger?

My nephew Alvaro... I want him to meet the palace servants.



My friends, let me introduce my nephew Alvaro, just arrived from Portugal... He's an orphan, poor lad... I've taken him into my family...



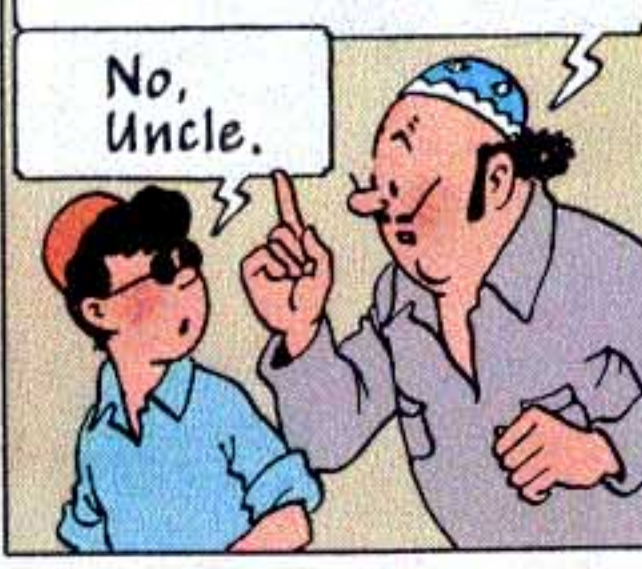
Just between ourselves he's a little... well... a bit simple... Not surprising after what's happened to him... A dreadful story... Just imagine, his father, who was a well-known snail-farmer... Excuse me, just a minute...



Be a good boy, Alvaro... While I'm busy with the gentlemen, you run and play in the garden... I'll call you...

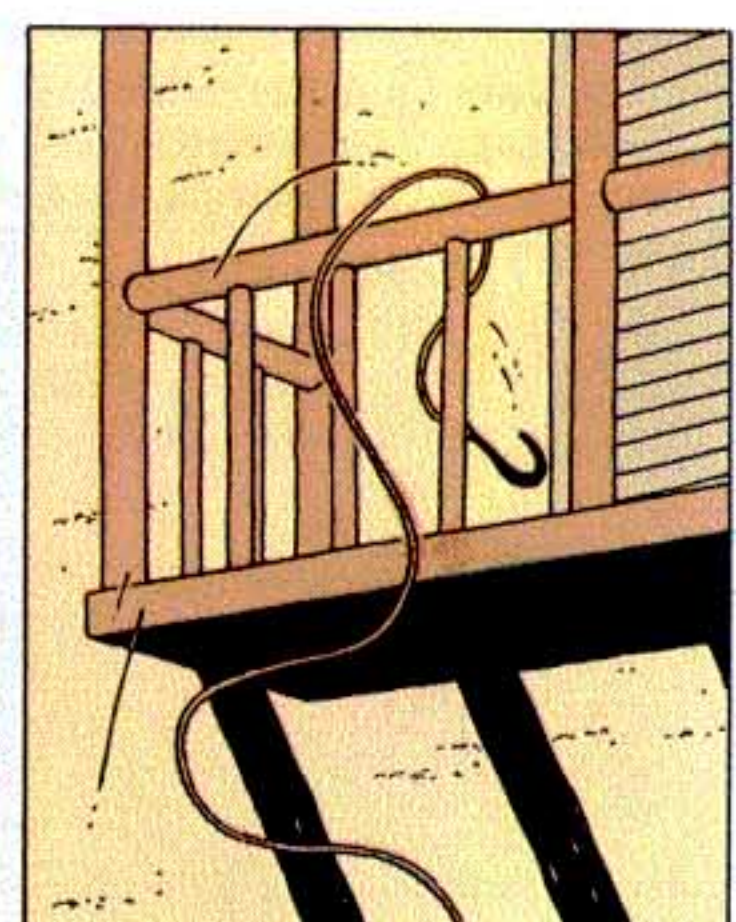
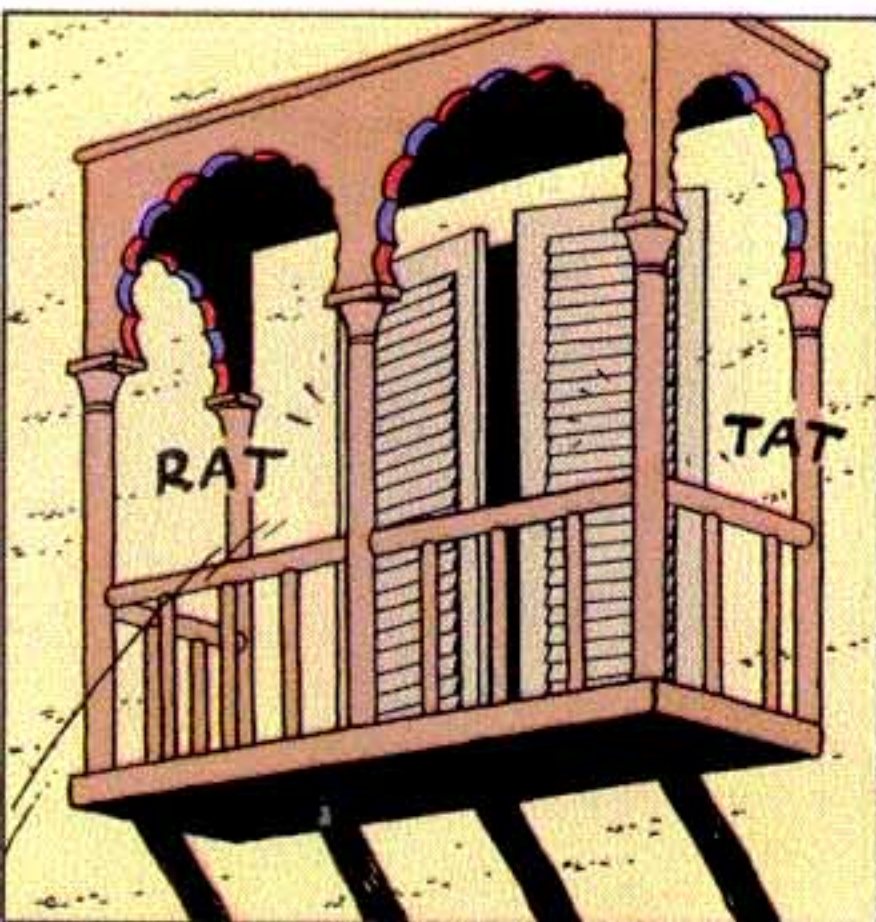
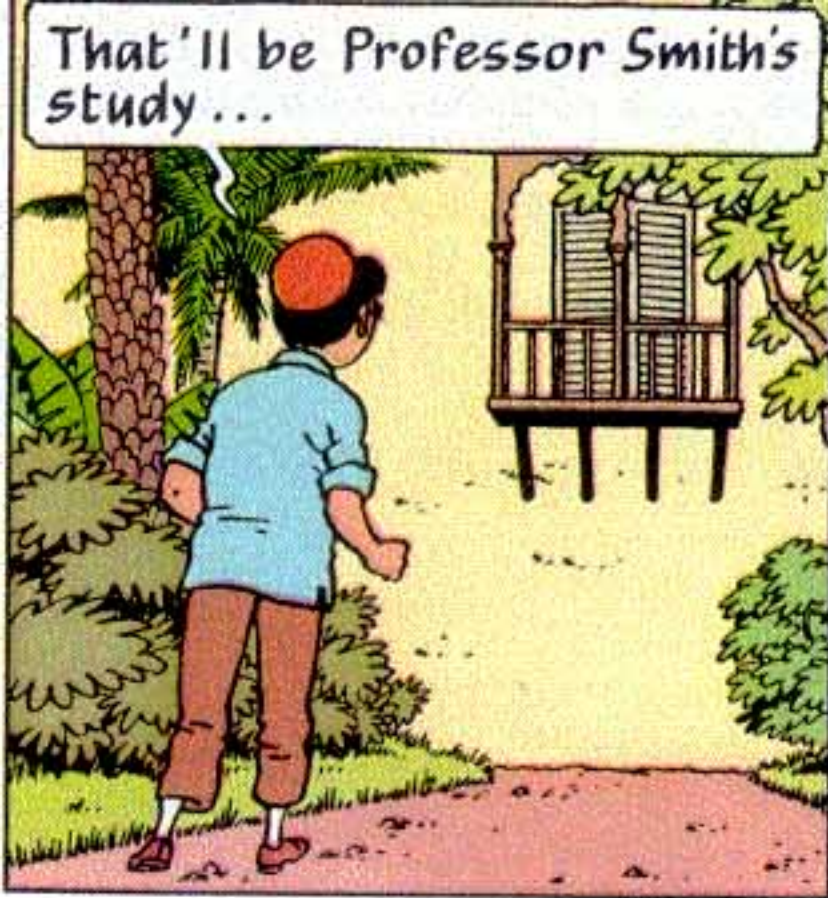


But listen carefully, Alvaro... Don't make a noise. Professor Smith is working in his study upstairs. You're not to disturb him...



That's fine... He'll keep them safely occupied with one of his endless stories... but I mustn't waste time...





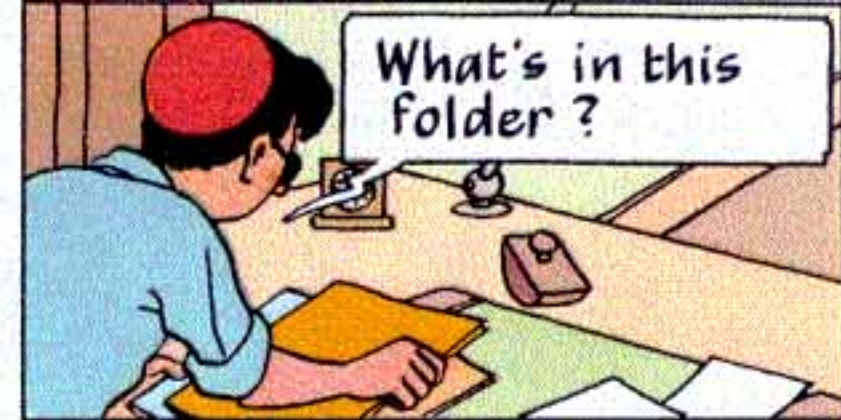
The key's in the door... And the door's locked from the inside!... But there's no-one here... It doesn't make sense...



I'll work that out later... First, let's have a look at the papers on his desk...



What's in this folder?



Hello... A file of newspaper cuttings...



SCIENTI
BAFFL

MORE PETROL BLASTS
by our Motoring Correspondent
... motorist in the
... feet h
... cope
... risk
... warnin

WORLD'S AIRCRAFT GROUNDED
LONDON, Monday
Heathrow Airport
stande
tod
Airl
almo
depa
BOA
and o
spoke
Dassen

FUEL MYSTERY
What's gone wrong with our petrol?
An outbreak of mysterious automobile explosions is terrorising the world's capitals. Car engines
... up without warning.

Now why should Dr. Müller be interested in that petrol mystery? ... I wonder if ...



ATCHOO!

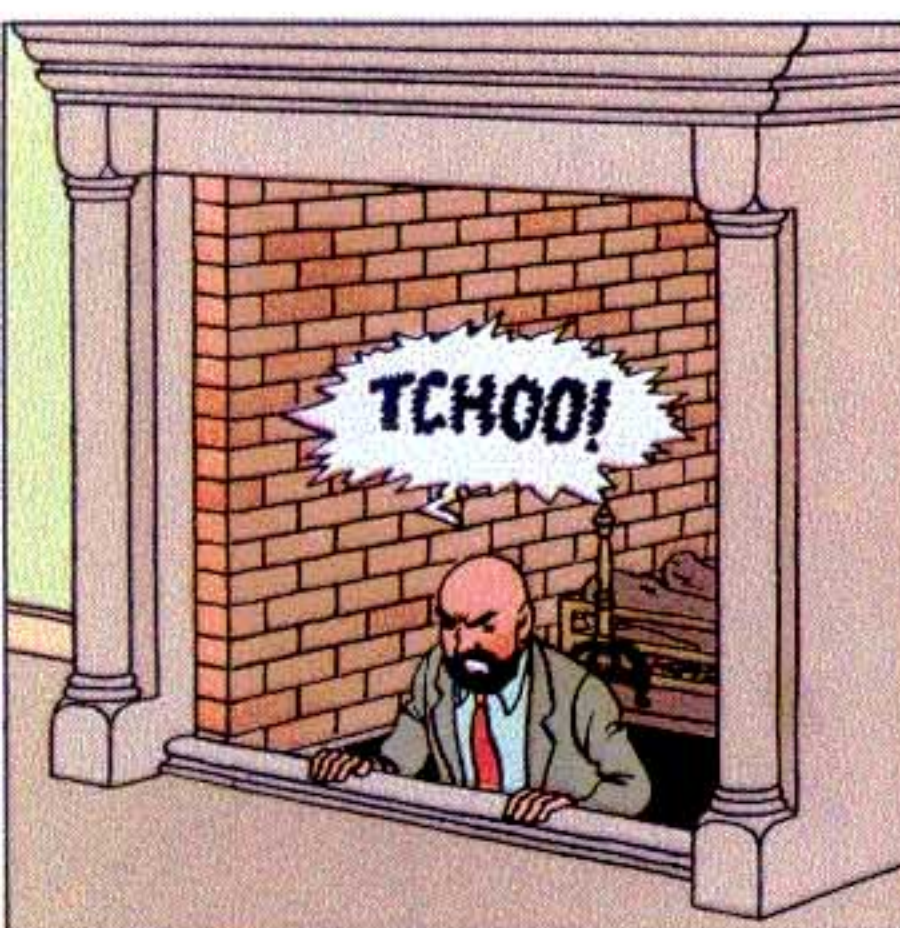
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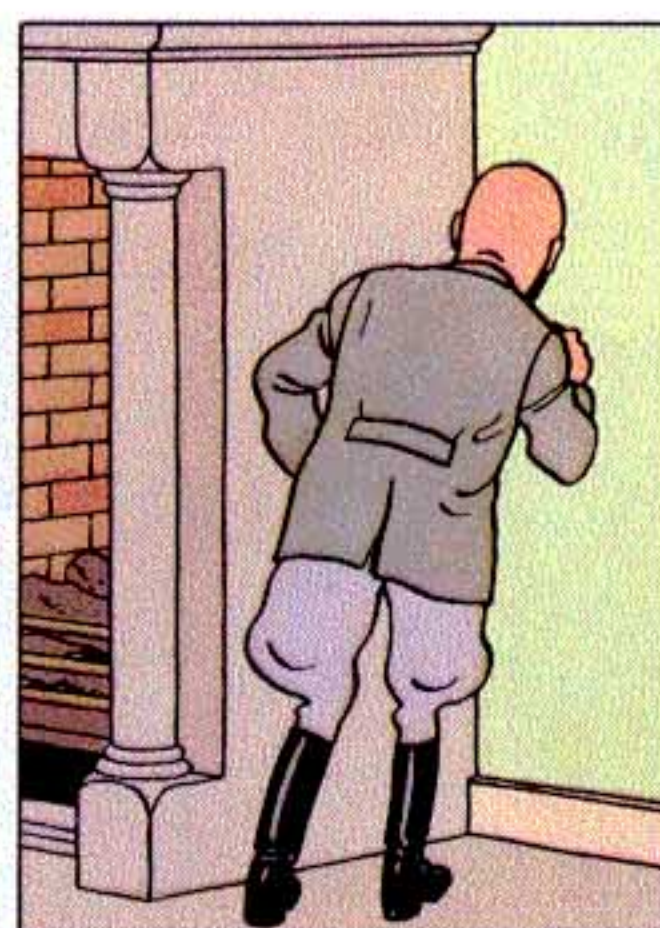
Great snakes! The hearth is opening! ... I must hide! ...



Aaah...



TCHOO!



What's he doing in that corner?... Ah, I see... That's where a secret button for the trapdoor must be hidden.



Aaah... Aaah... TCHOO! ... Aaah... TCHOO! ... Ach, that little pest! ...



Lucky I persuaded him to swap his confounded box of sneezing powder for a pair of roller-skates...



There... I'll burn it in a minute...

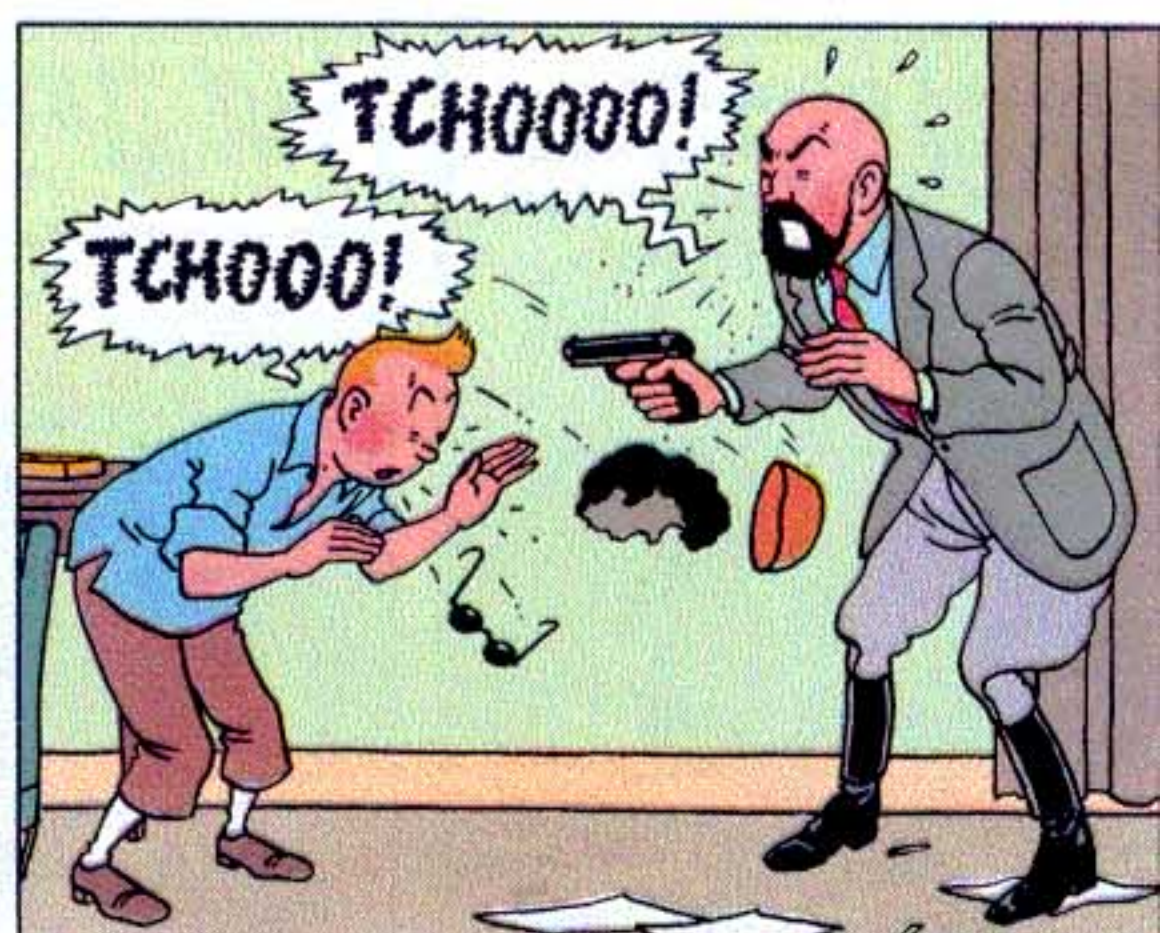
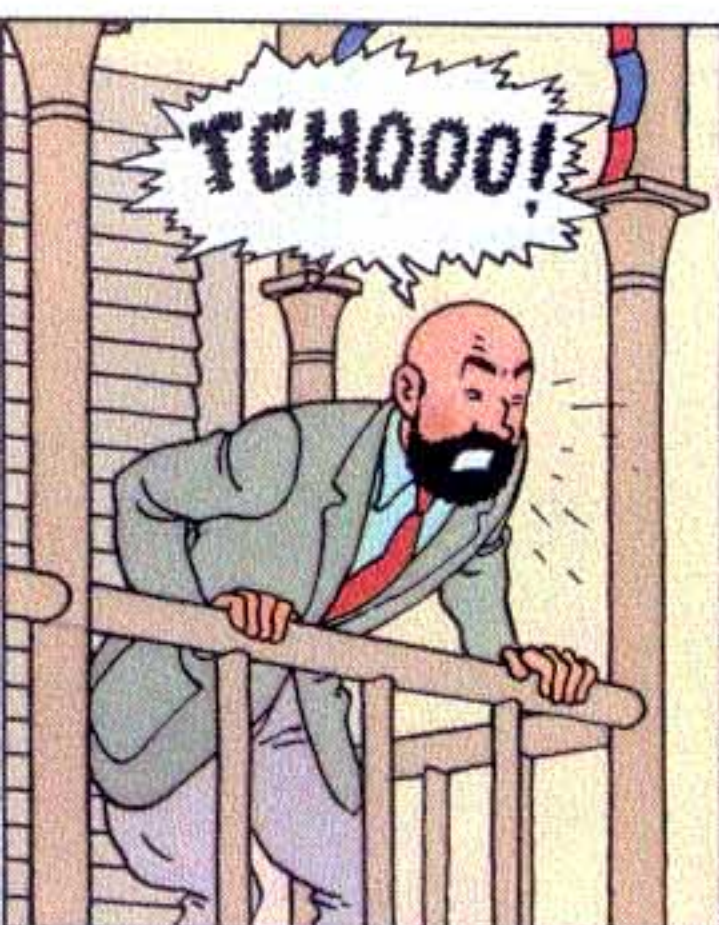
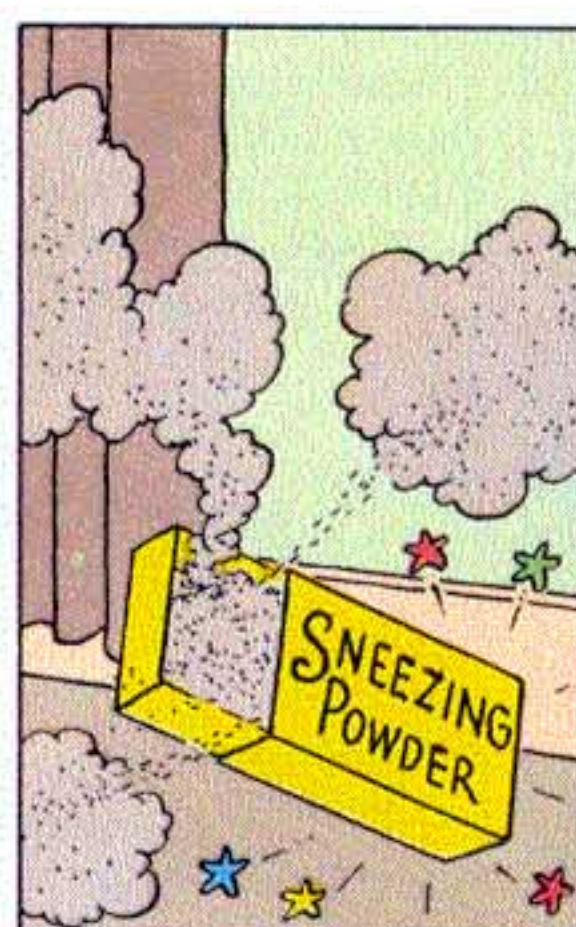
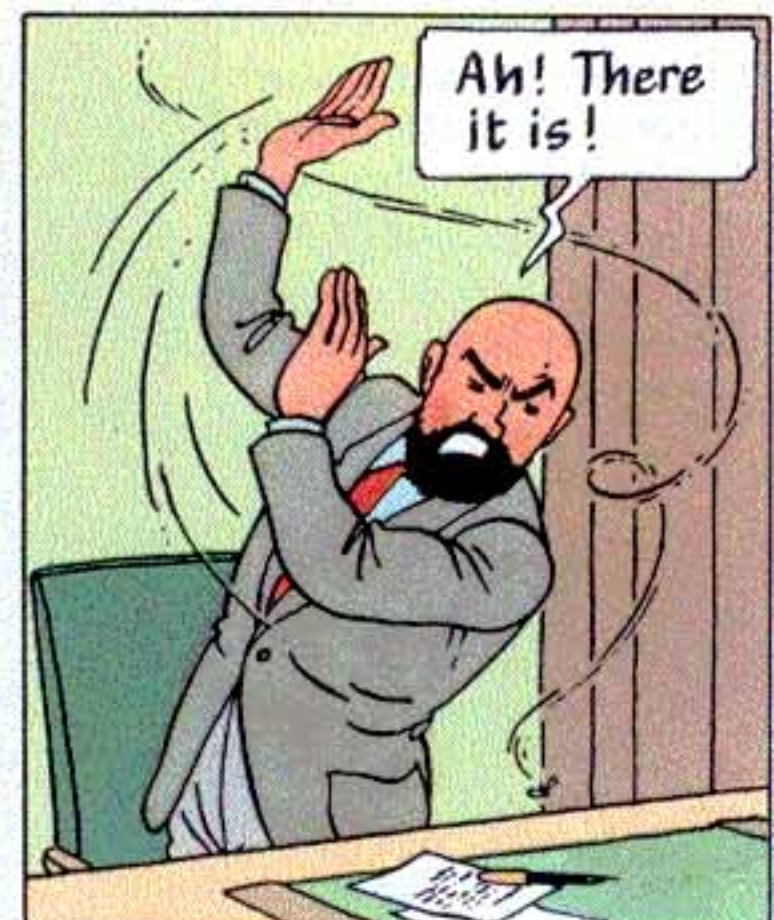
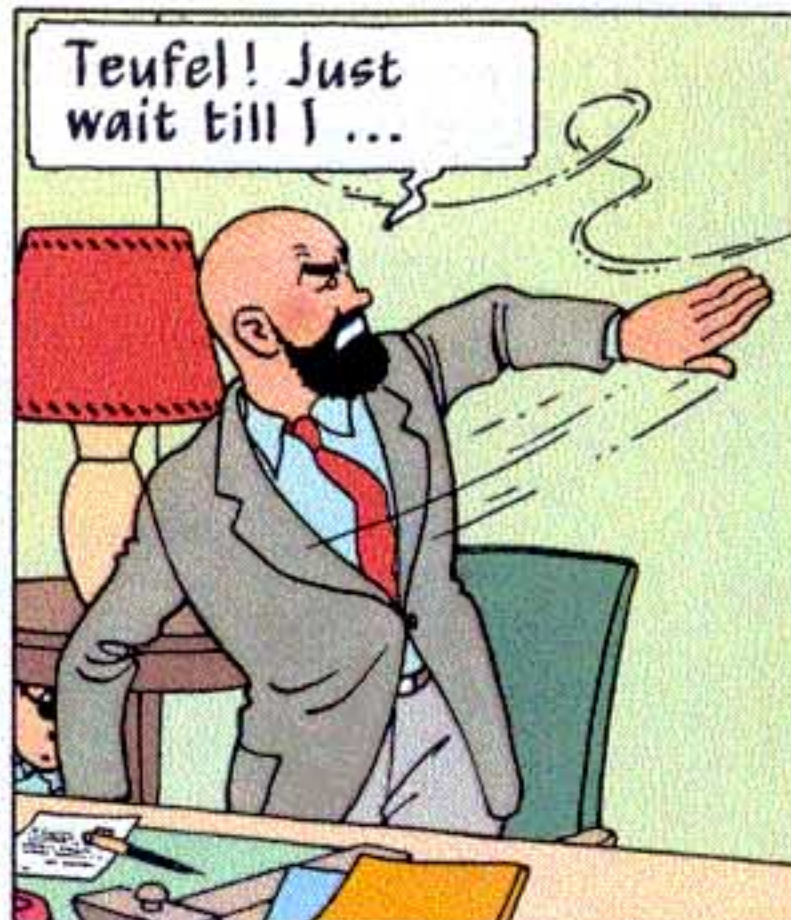
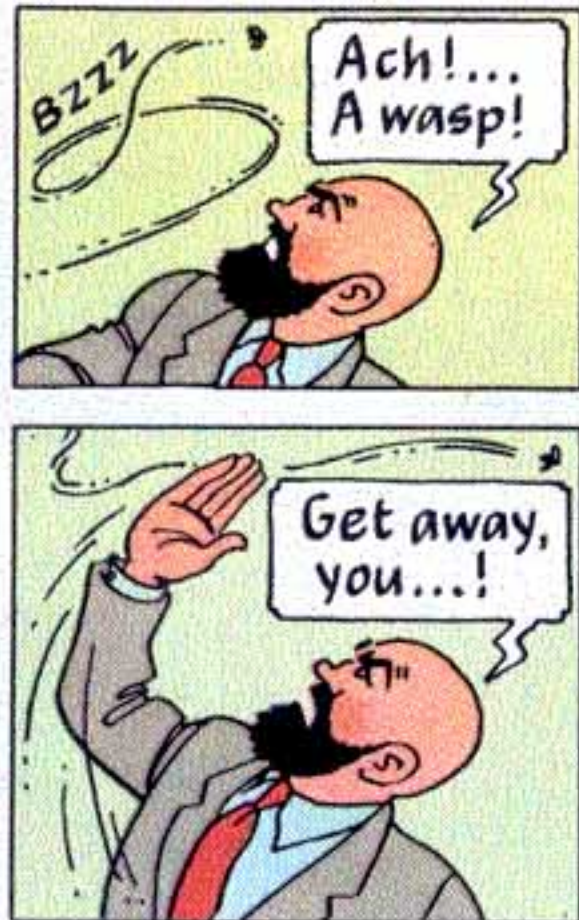


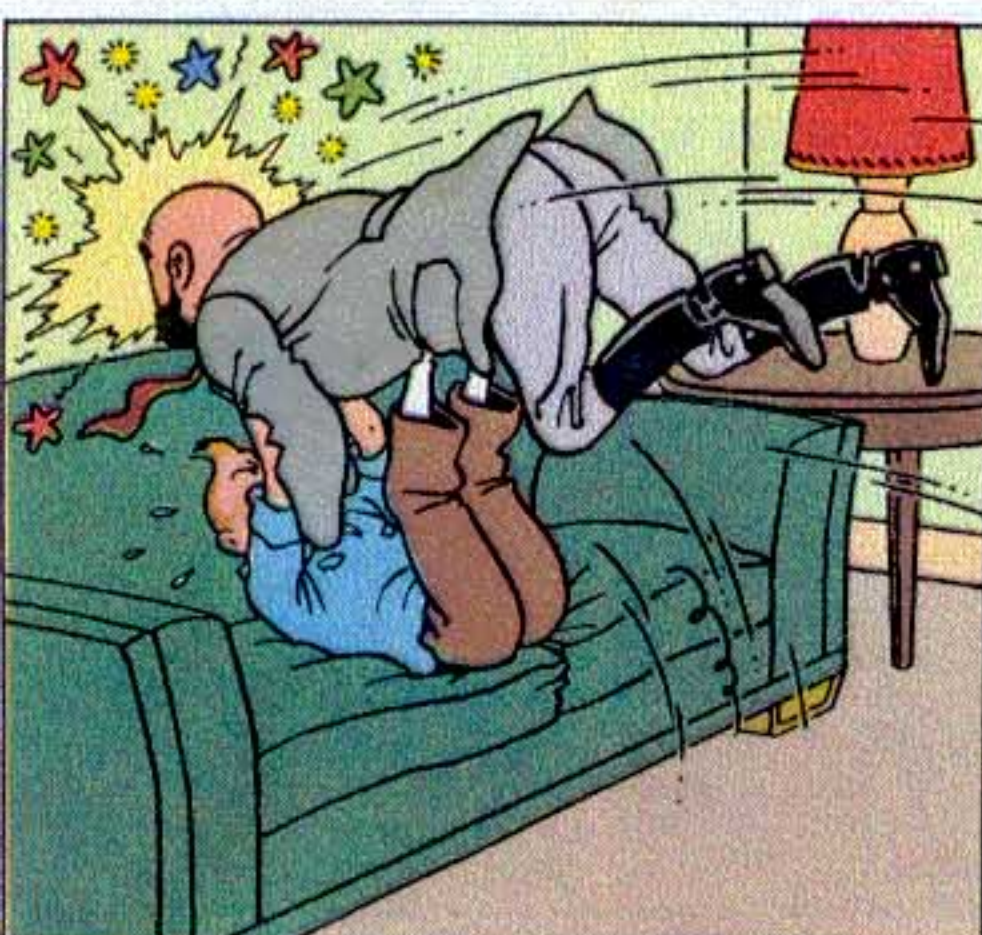
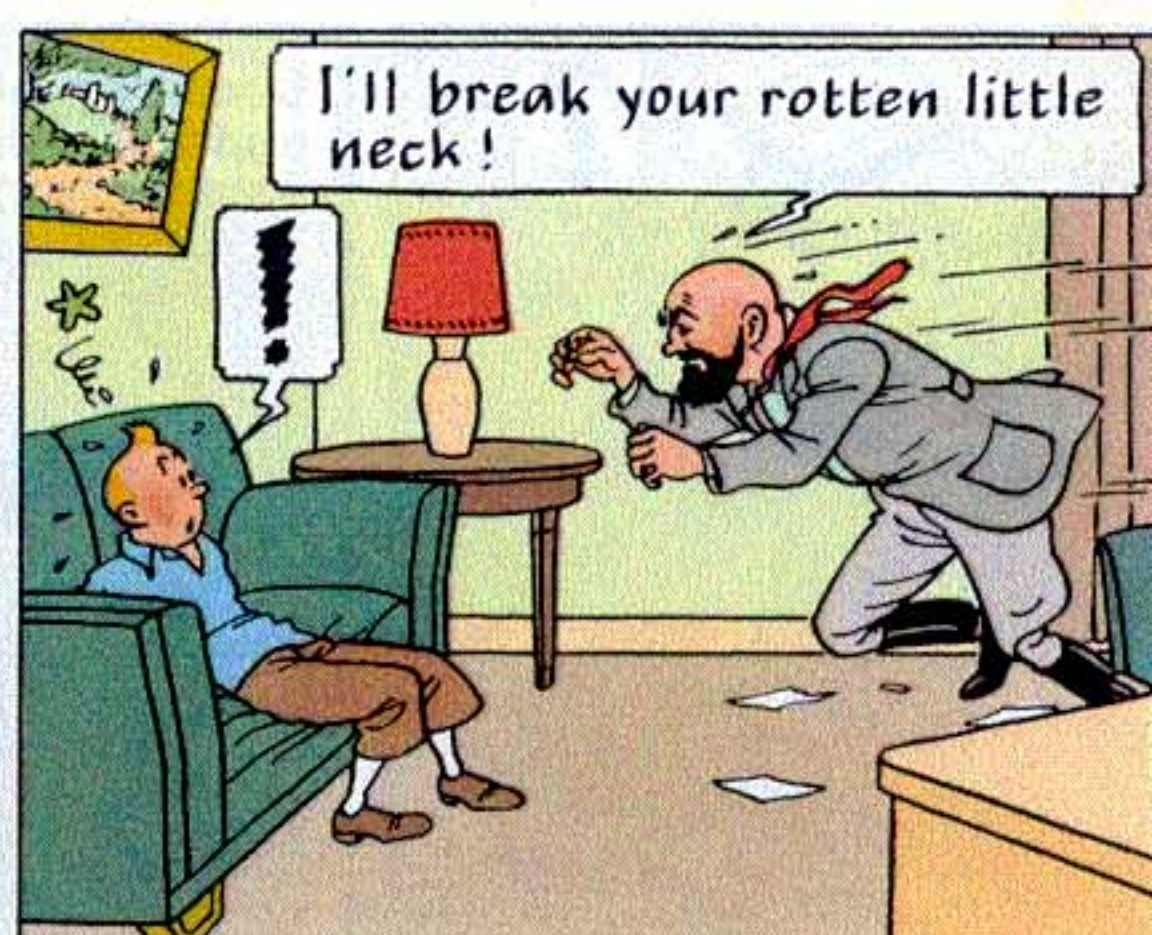
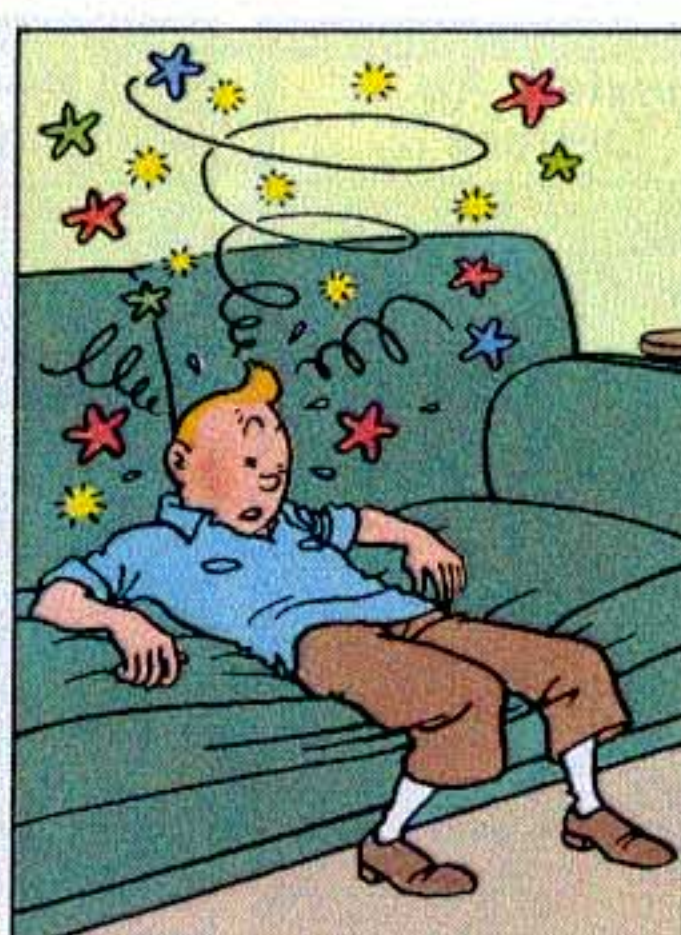
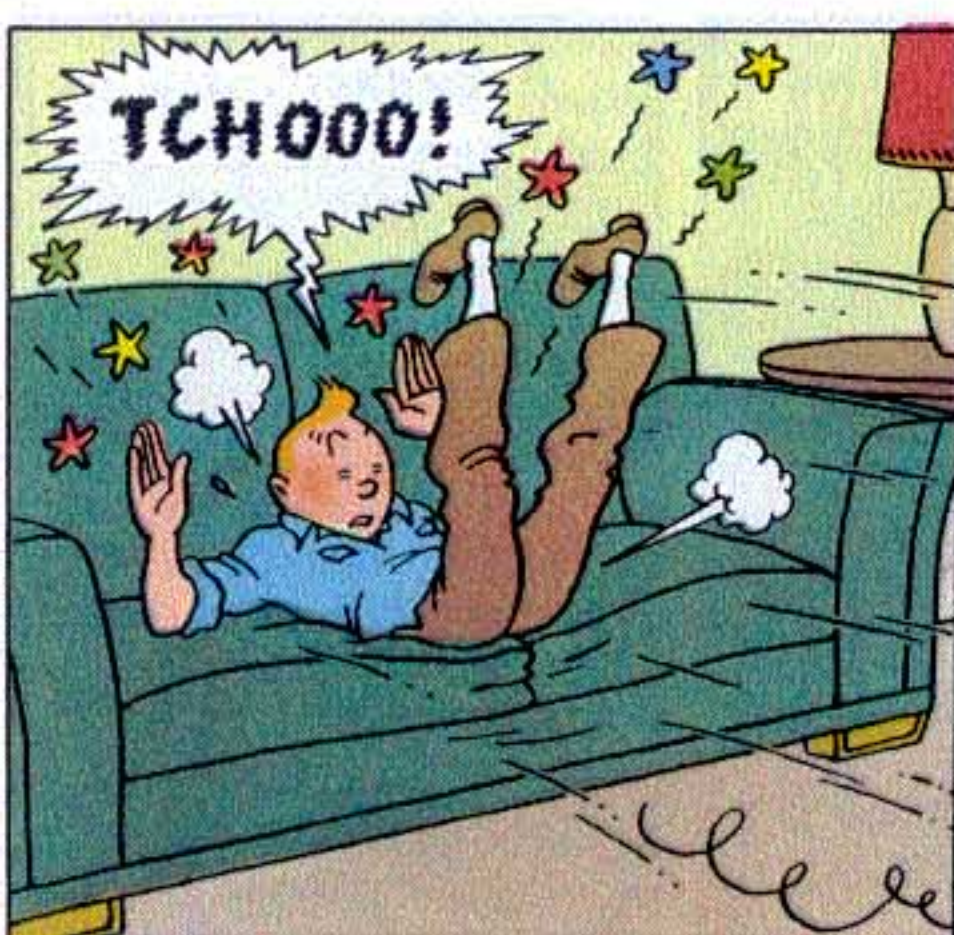
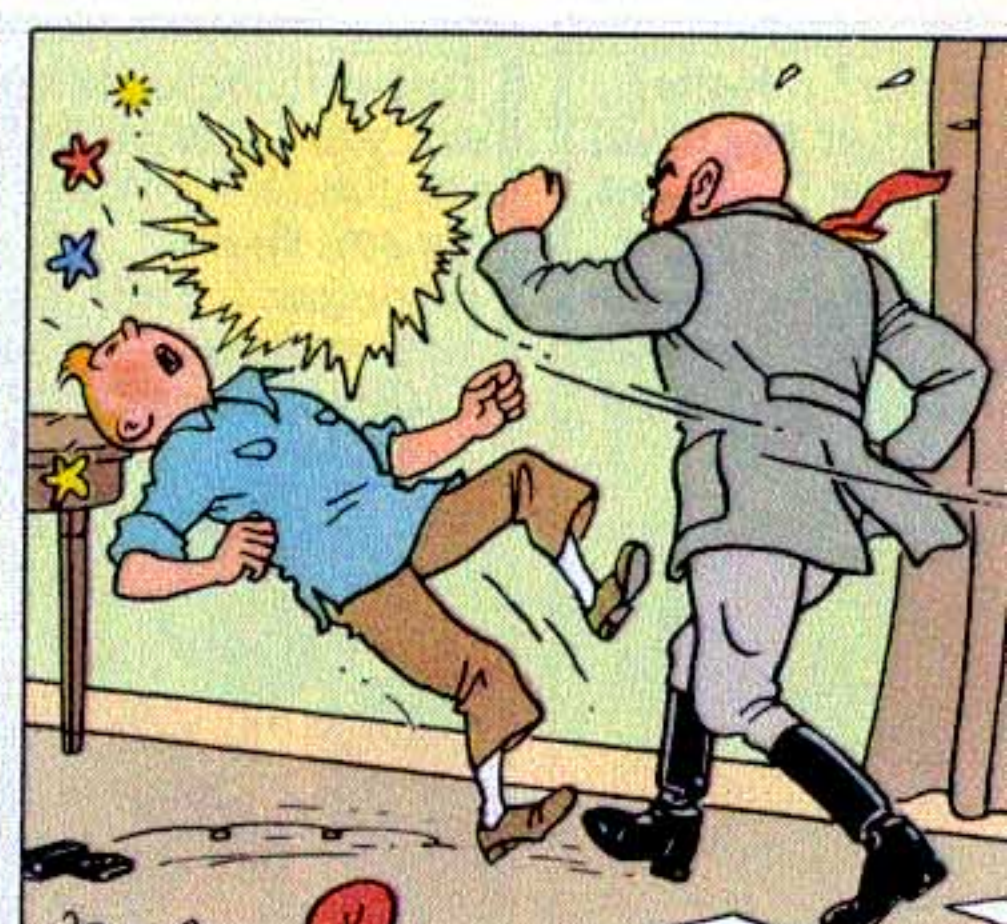
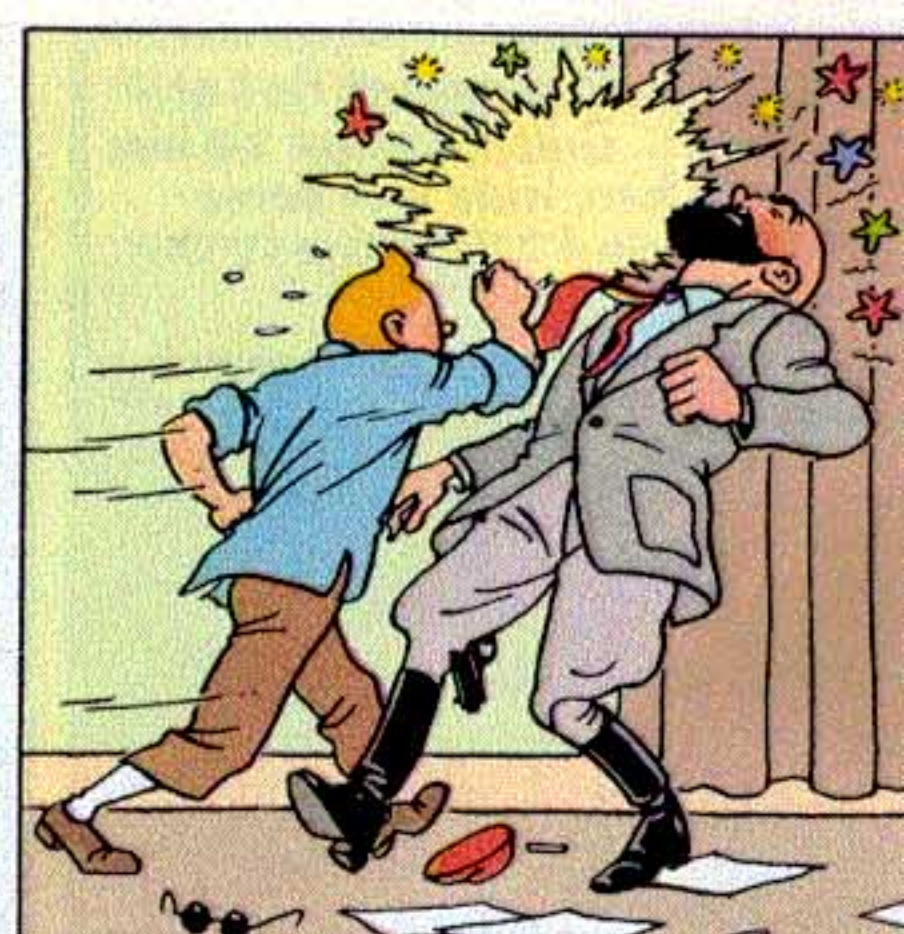
Drat! He's starting to write!



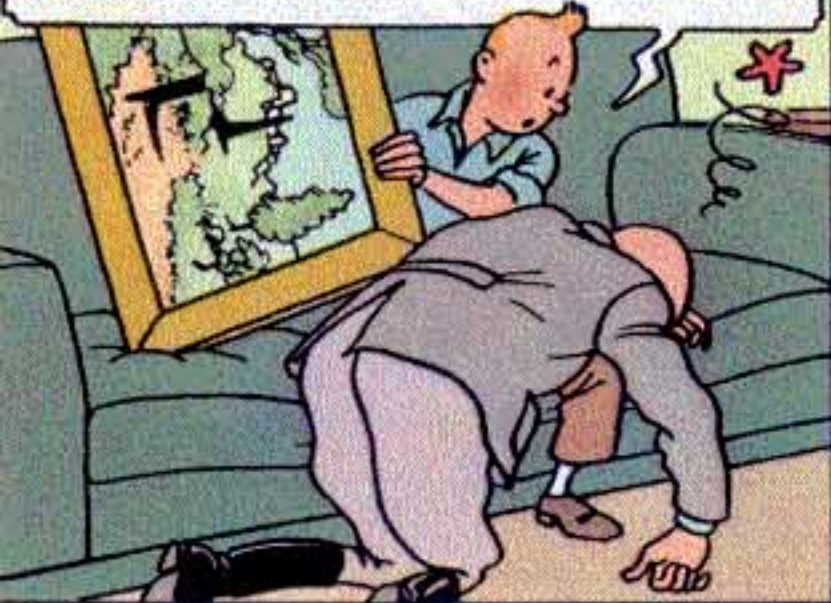
Let's hope he won't be long... I'm beginning to get pins and needles...







Whew! Saved again! He's still out cold... Quick, I must tie him up, gag him, hide him somewhere... and telephone to the emir...

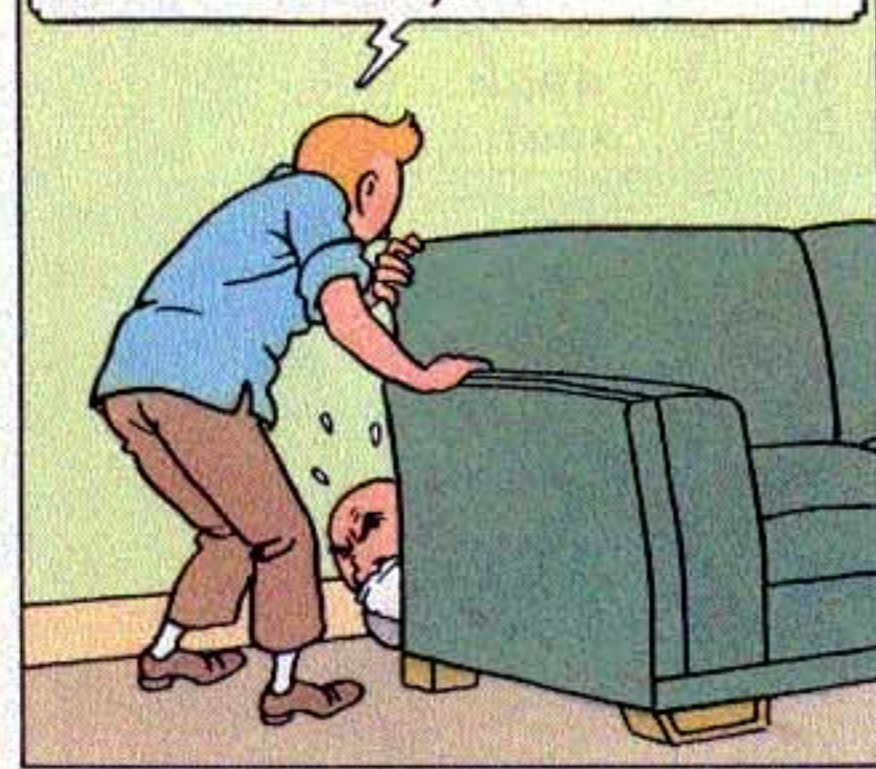


Meanwhile, in the kitchen...

...Alas! The poor woman never got over it. She died of grief and shame, at the age of ninety-seven. Her husband, broken-hearted, soon followed her to the grave. But that wasn't the end of the terrible tragedies this unhappy family had to suffer... One day, their son...



There, Doctor Müller... That's taken care of you!



Hello?... Hello?... Is that the royal palace?... I want to speak to His Highness... Tintin... Hello? is that you, Highness?



Tintin?... Yes... Where are you?... With Professor Smith?... What?... My son there?... A prisoner?... What's that you say?... What?... Oh! You sneezed! Bless you!



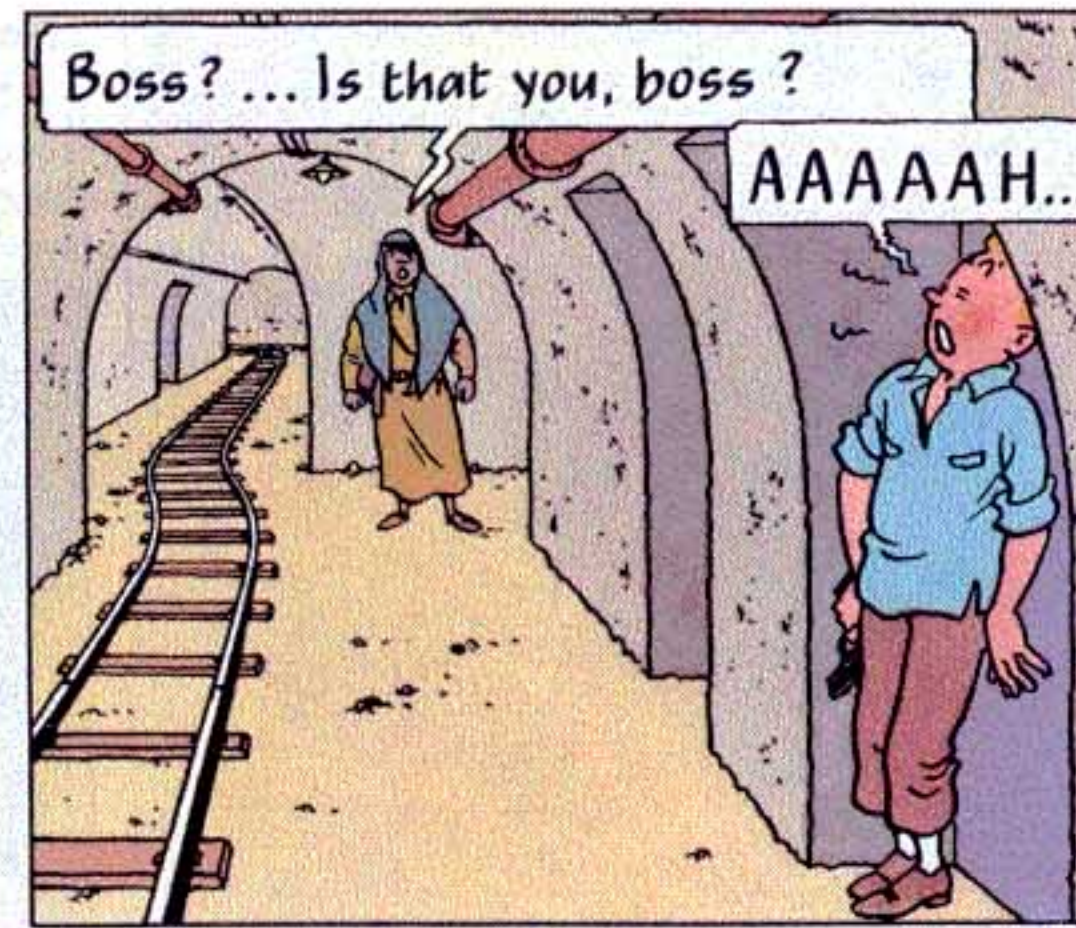
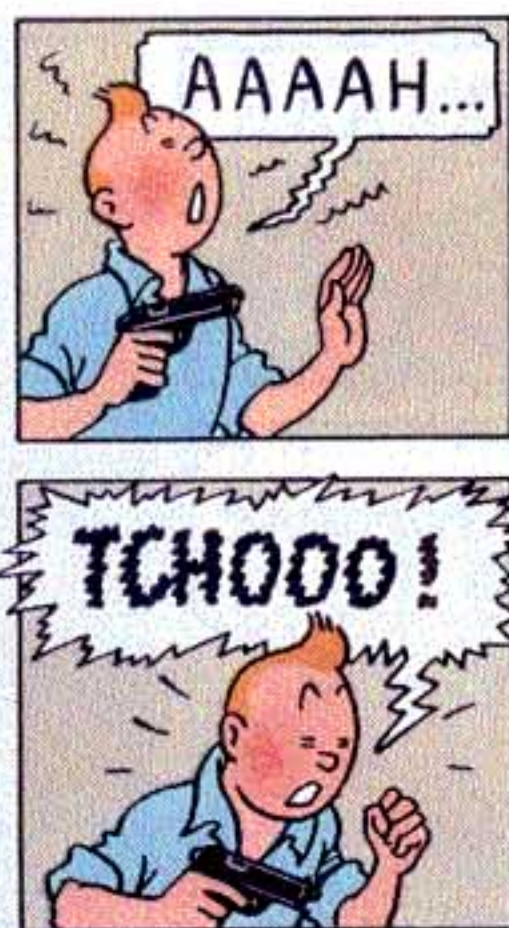
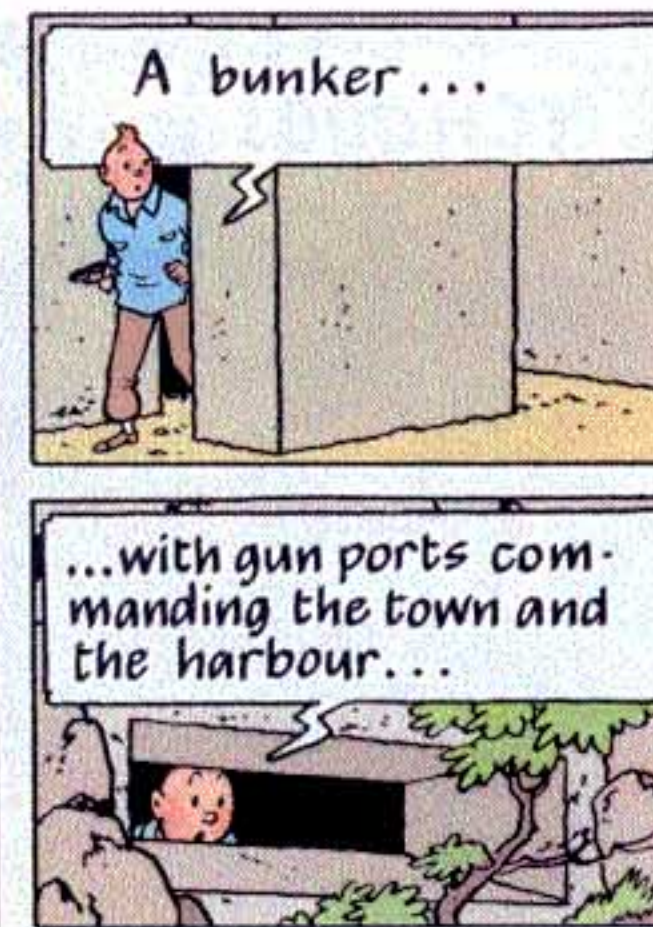
You must send men to Wadesdah... Have the palace surrounded... Meanwhile, I'll try to rescue the prince...

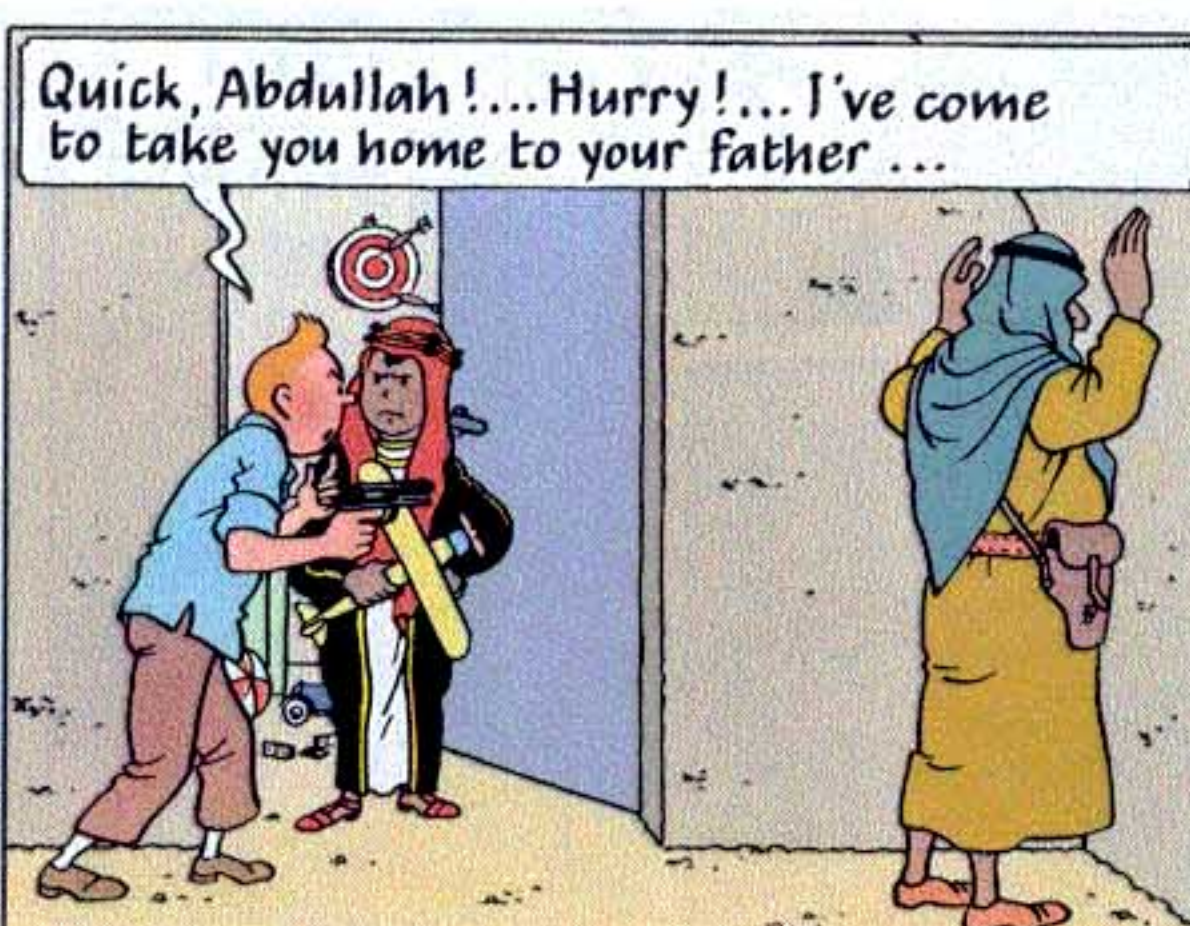
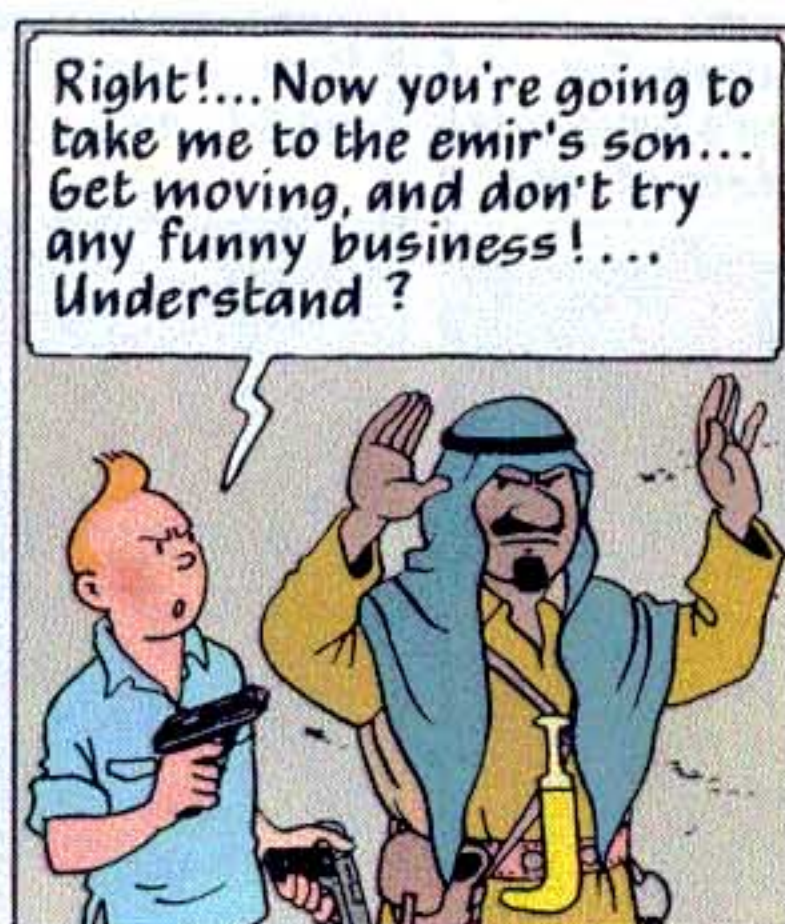
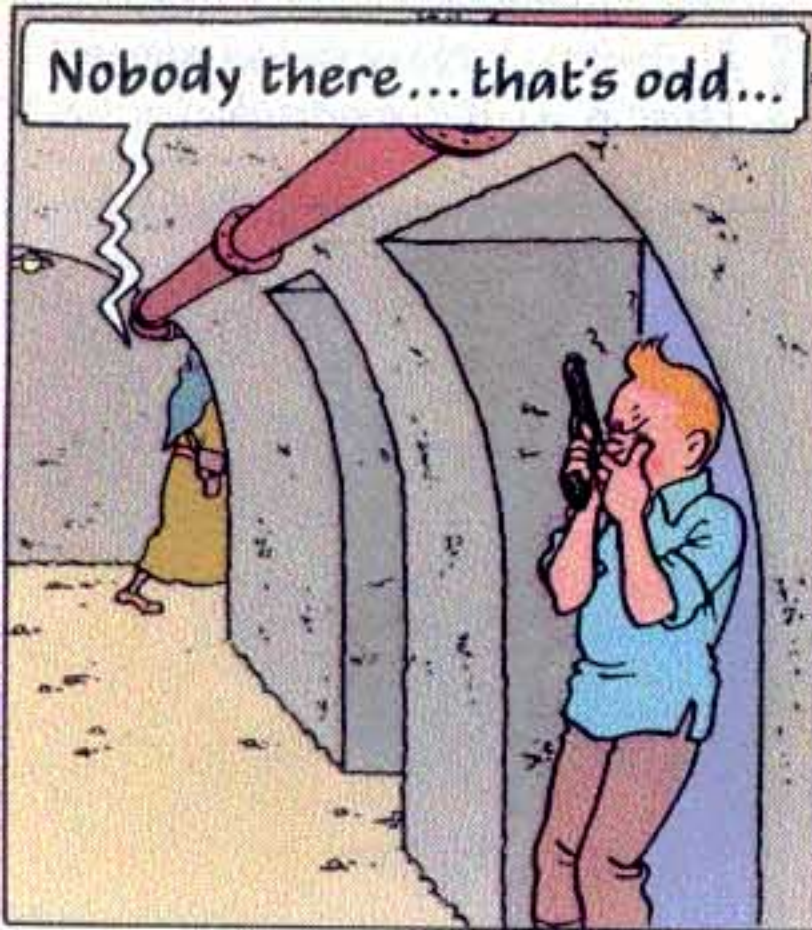


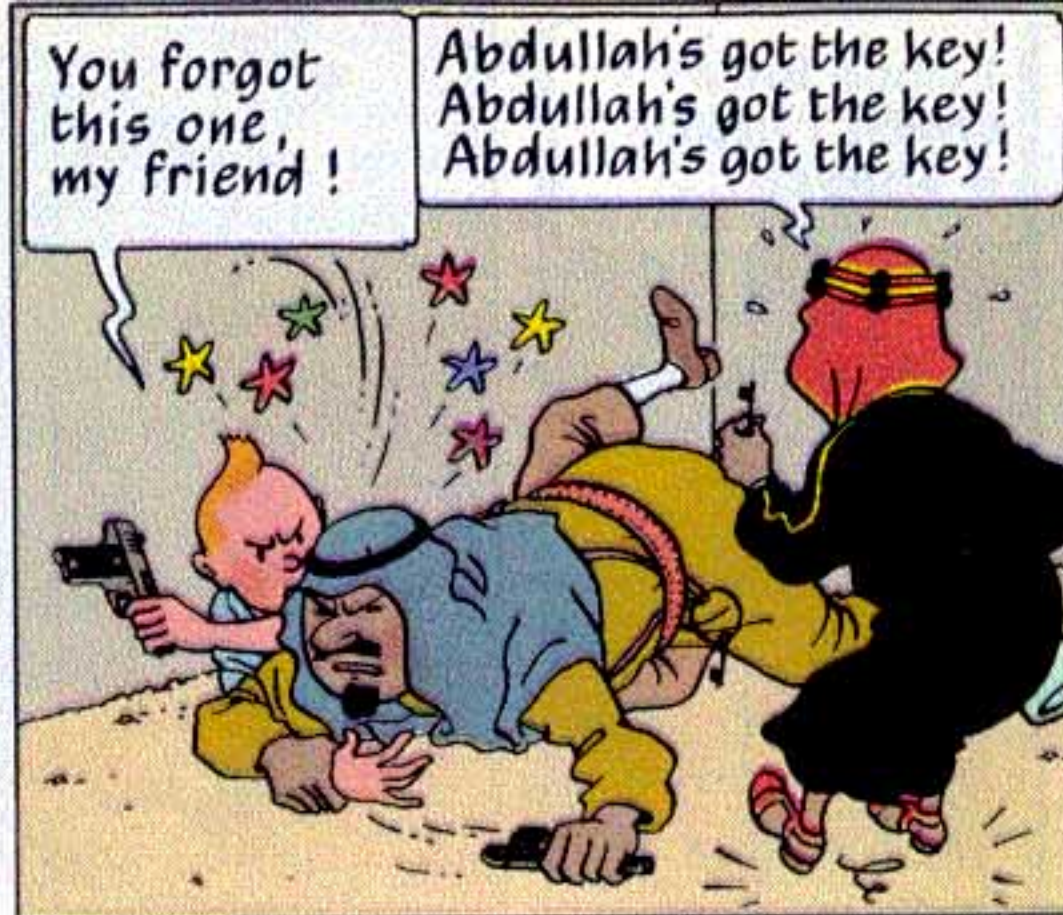
I can't say I like these toys, but this time I'd better be armed.



Now let's have a closer look at this...







Poor Tintin! What will become of him?



Hello, what's that?... It can't be... Why, yes, it's Snowy!



But we left him shut up in my house... How did he manage to get out?



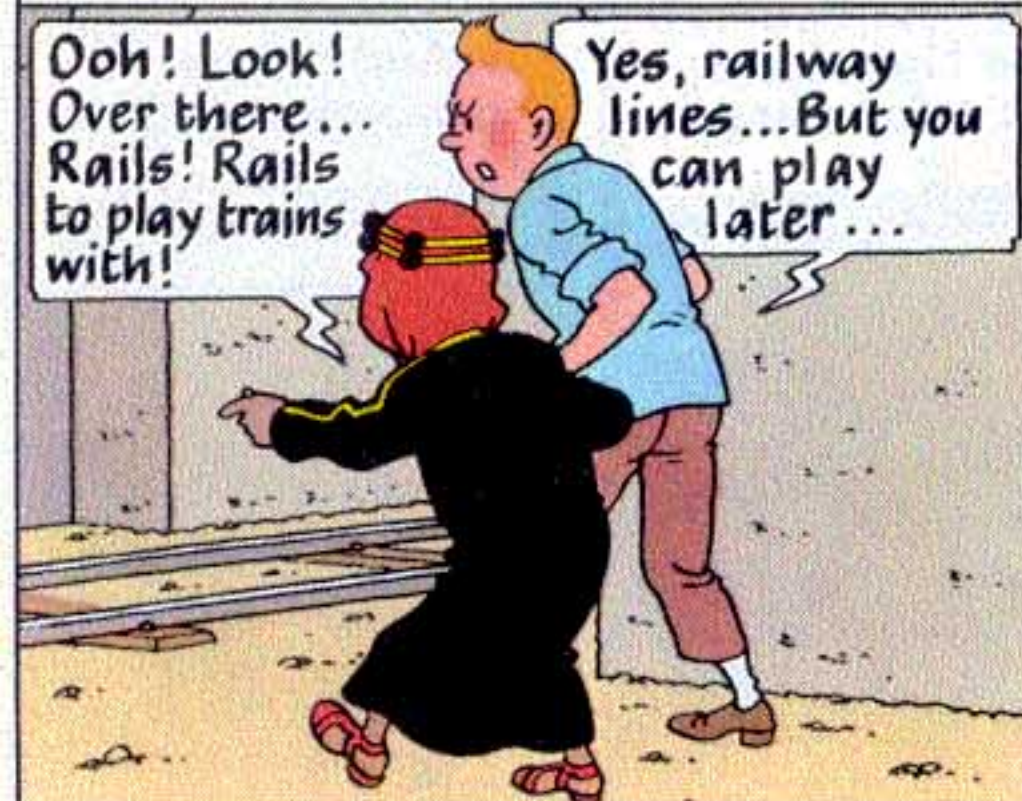
Snowy! ... Here, Snowy!



Meanwhile ...

Ooh! Look! Over there... Rails! Rails to play trains with!

Yes, railway lines... But you can play later...



No! ... Now! ... I want to play trains!



Chuff-chuff chuff-chuff ... Abdullah!



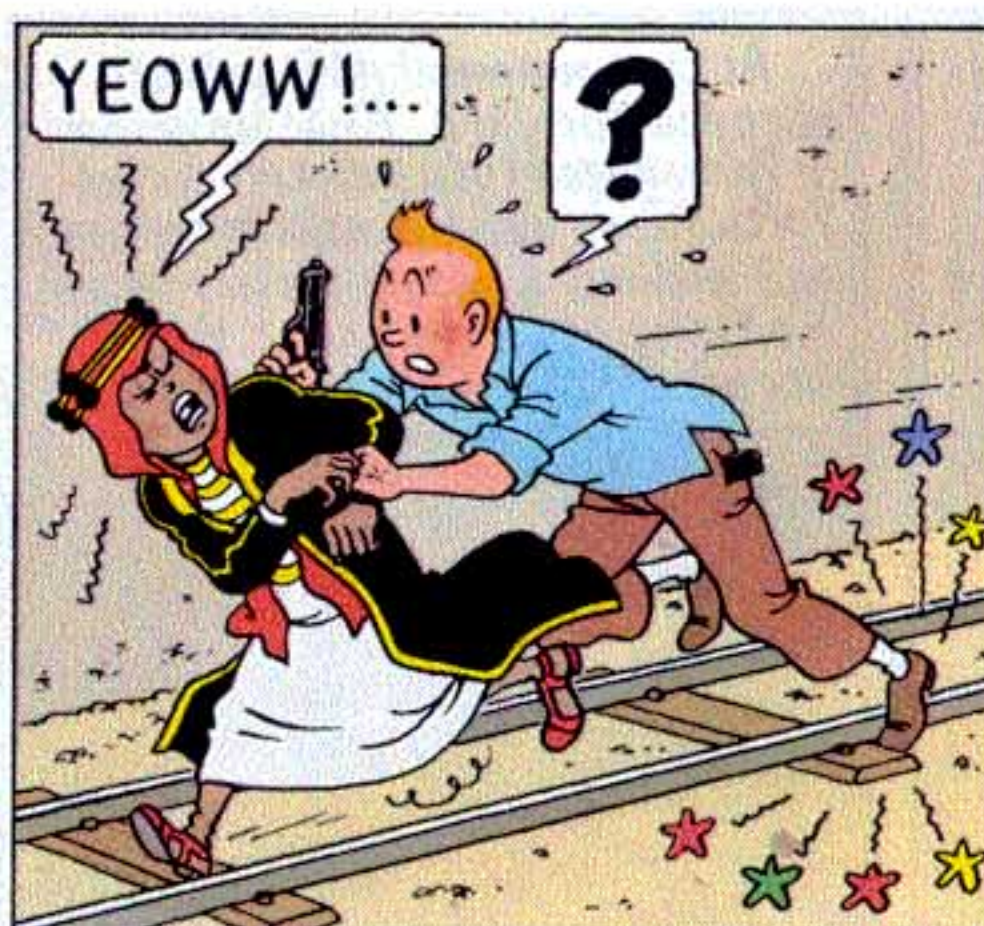
Abdullah! ... Stop that! ... Come here!

YEOWW!...



YEOWW!...

?



Chuff - chuff chuff - chuff ...



Abdullah! ... For heaven's sake, come back!

TOOOOT!



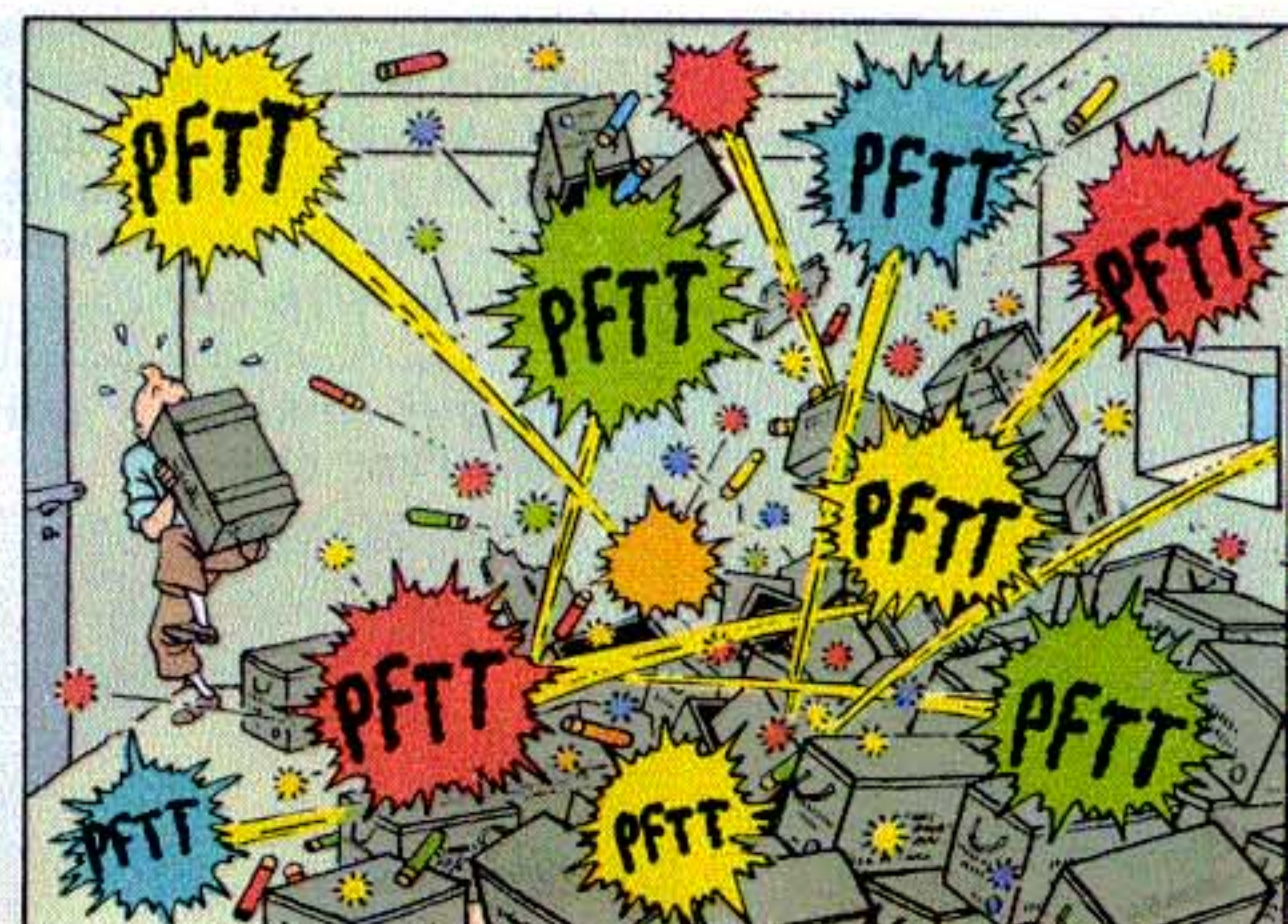
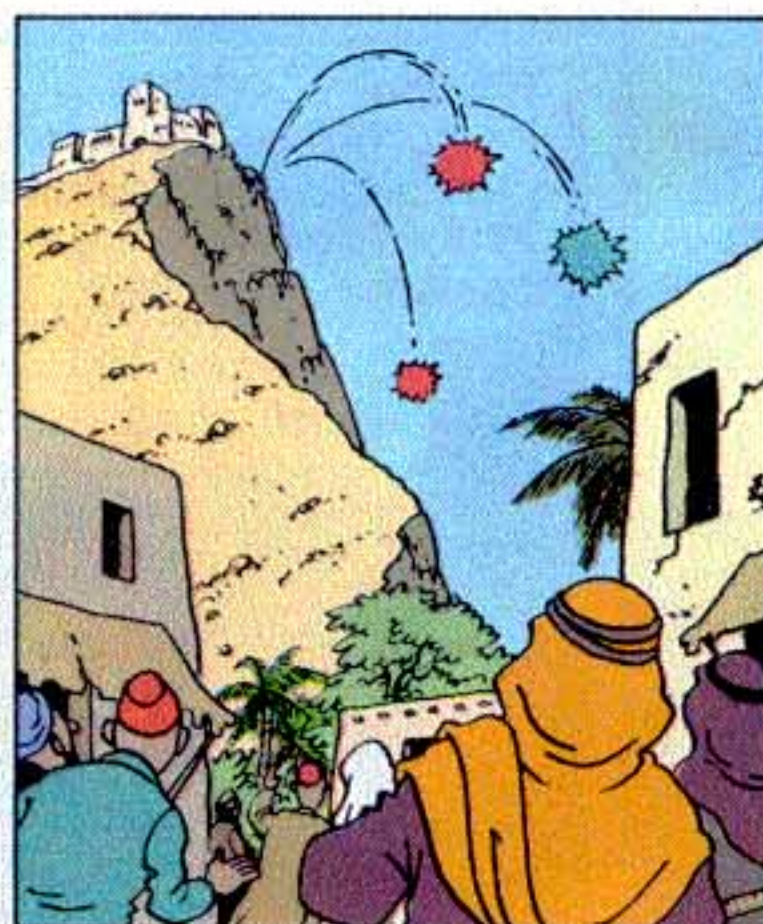
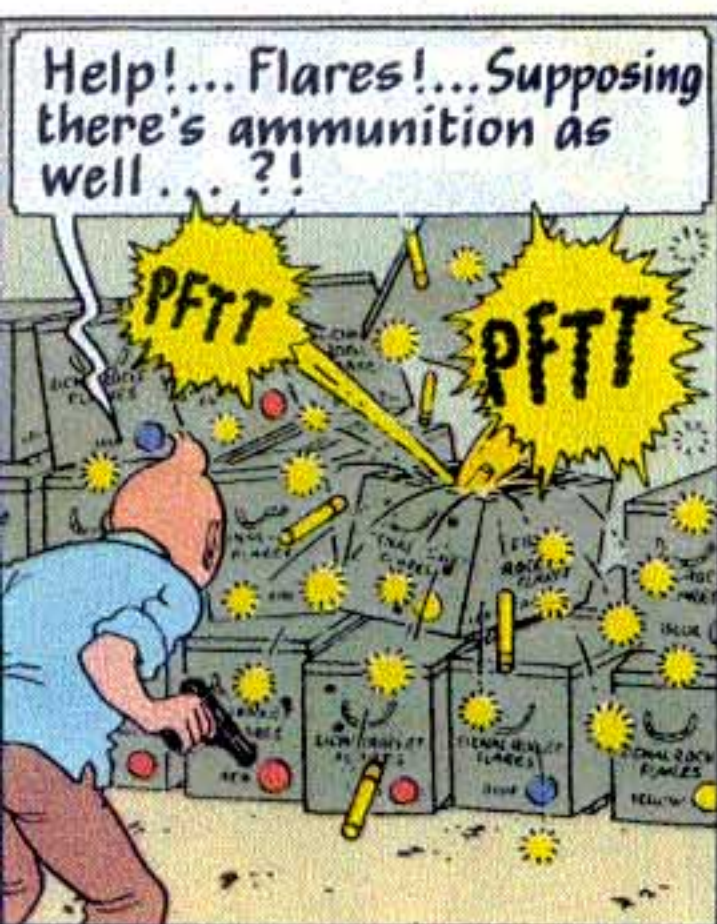
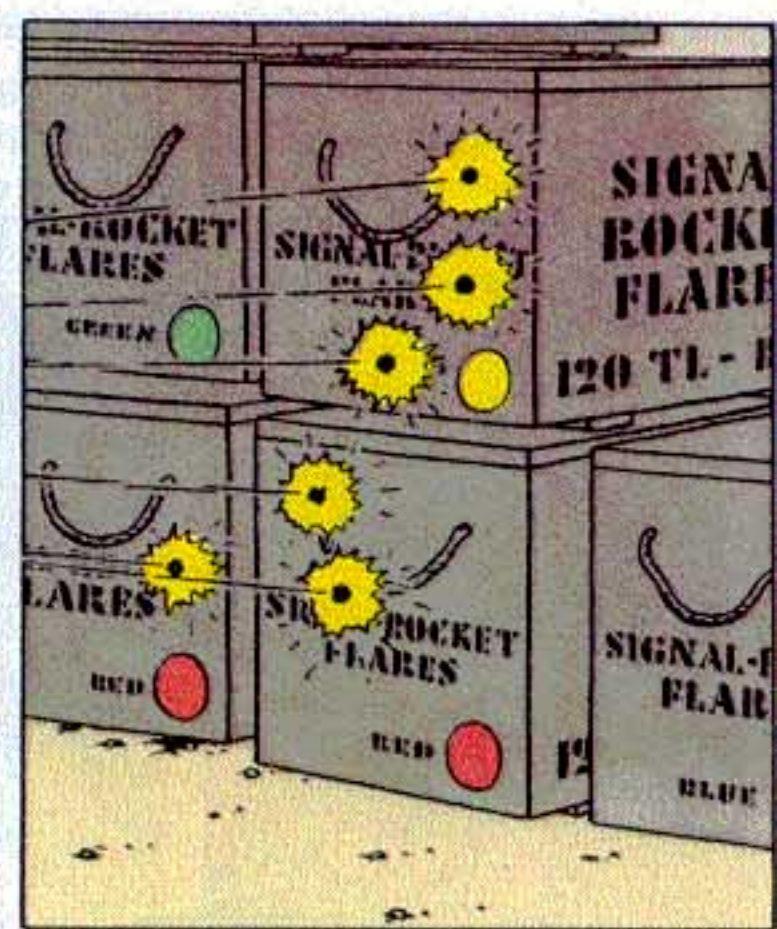
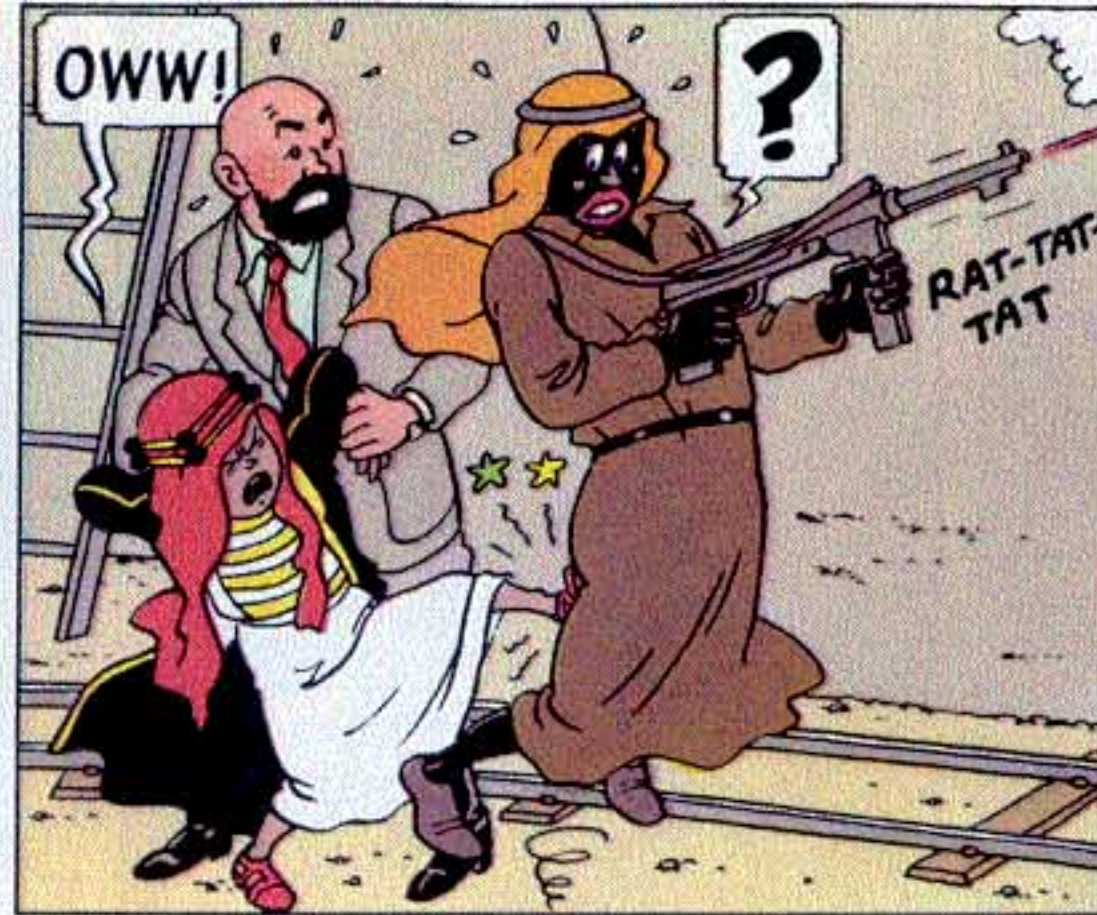
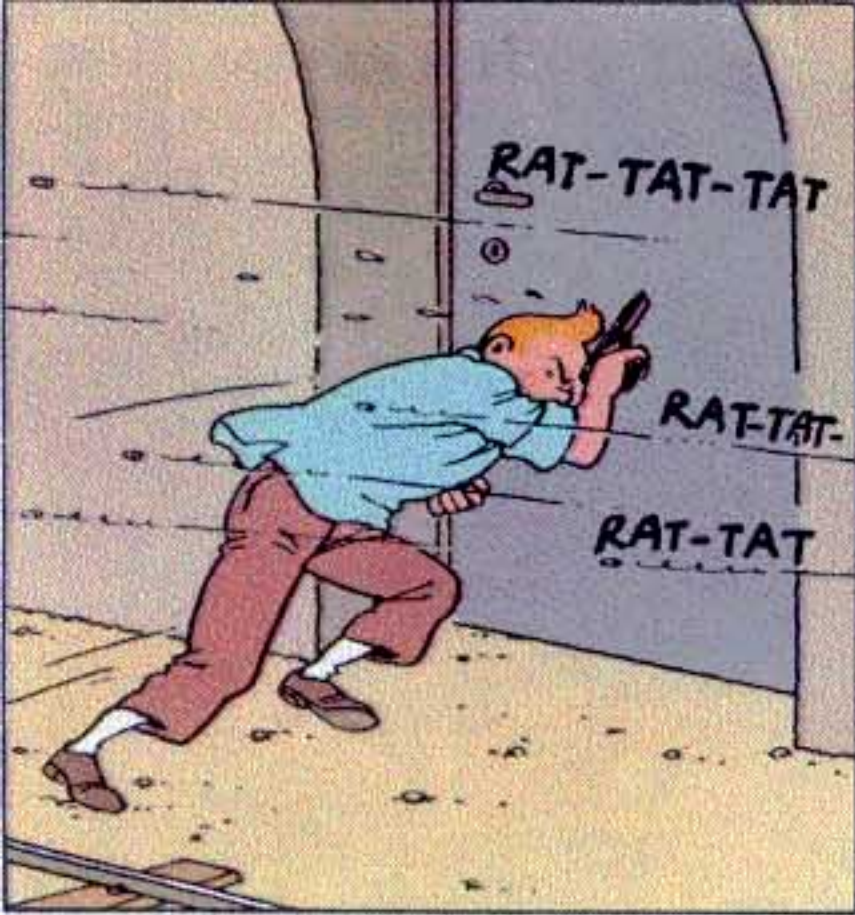
Get him, Abdul!



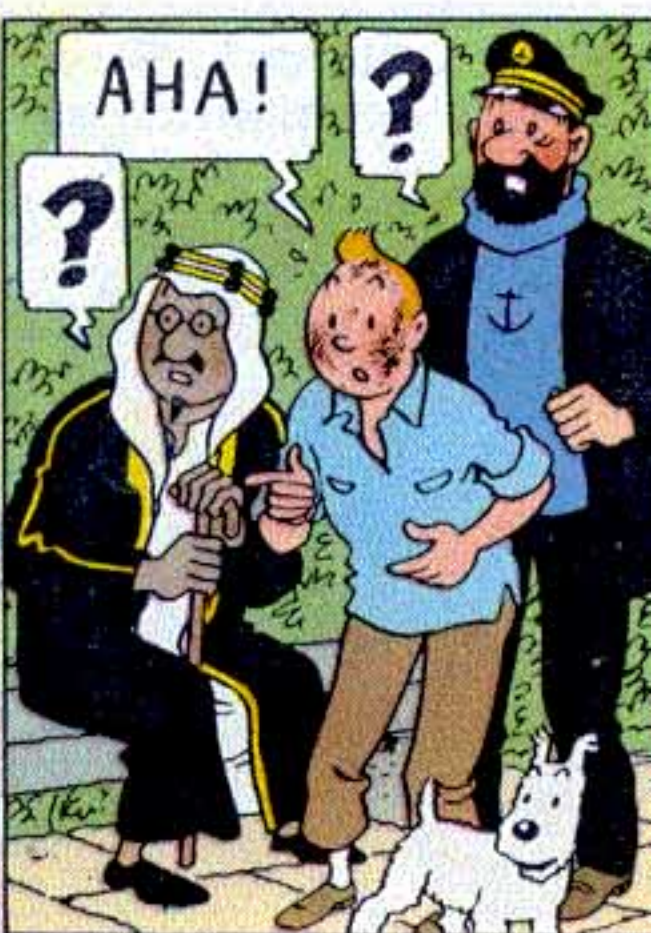
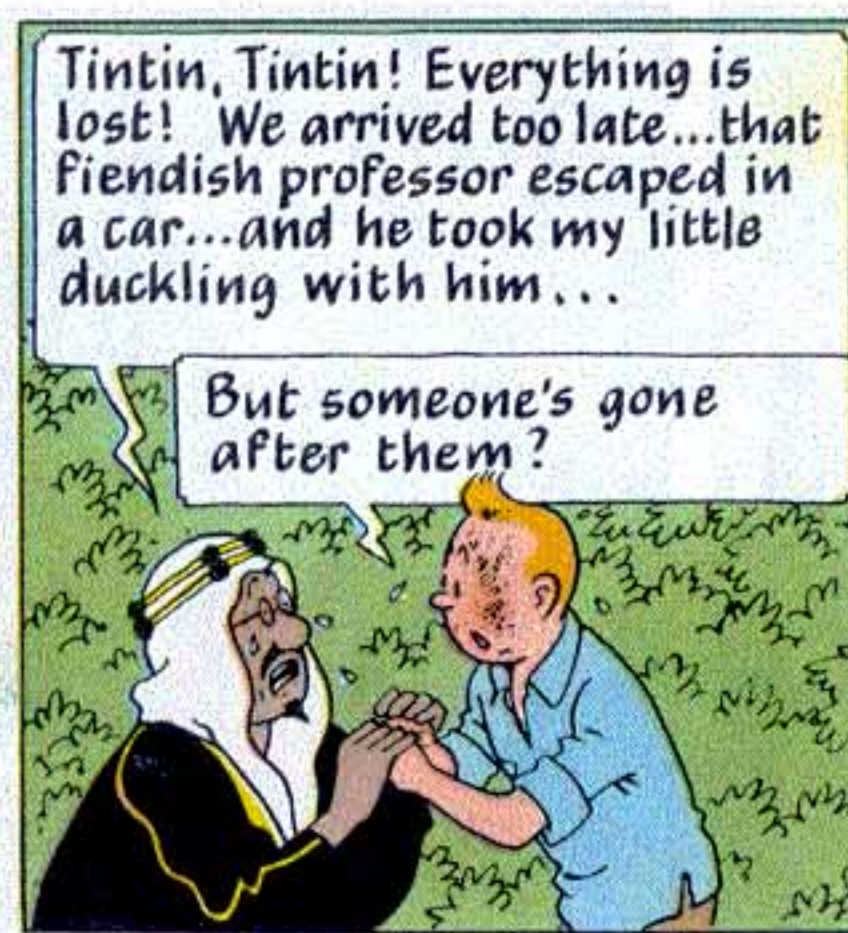
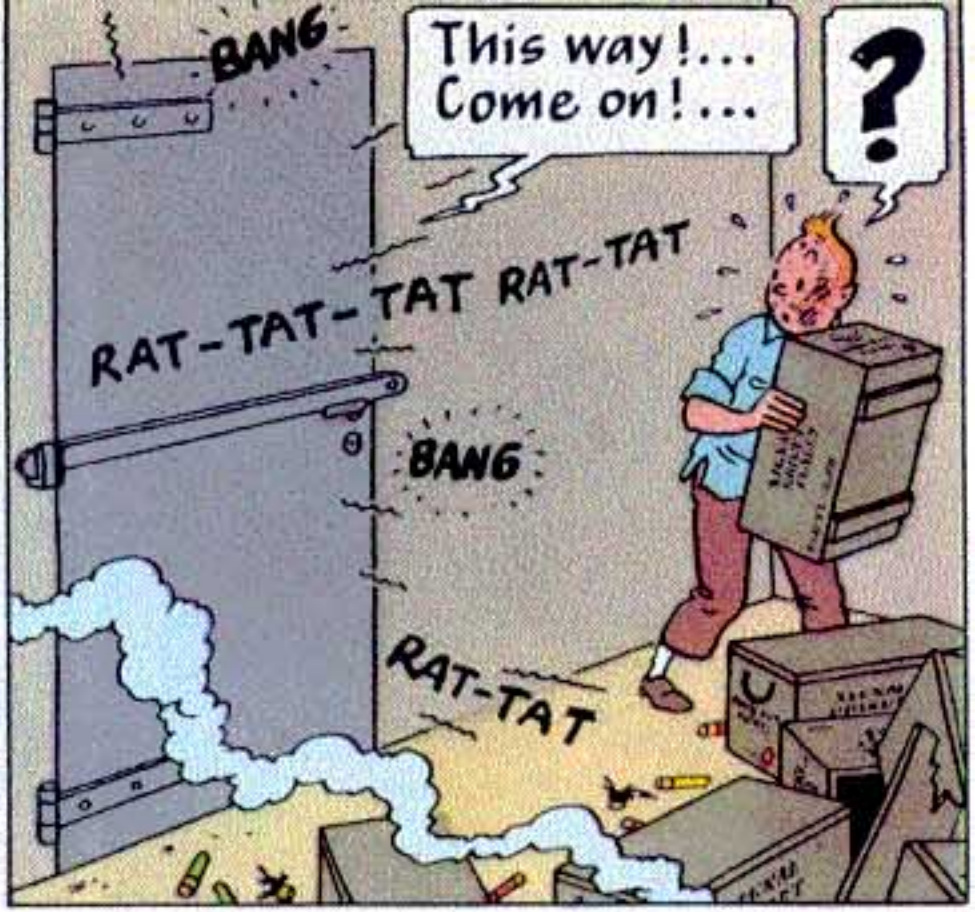
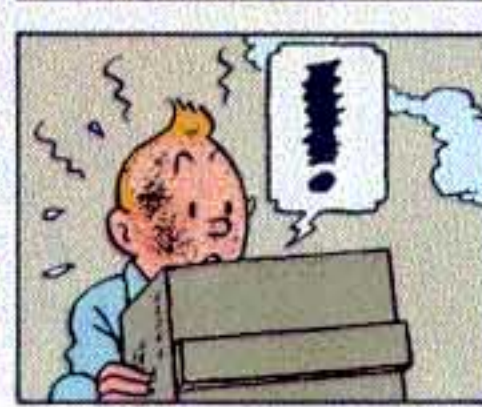
YEOWW!

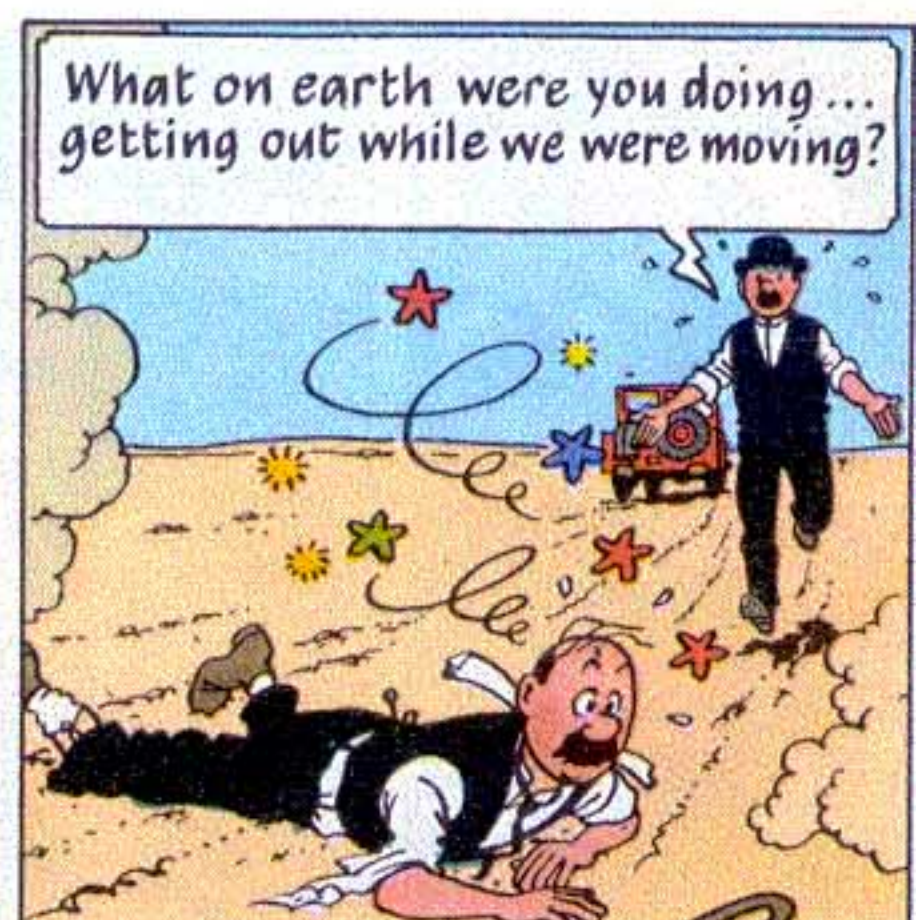
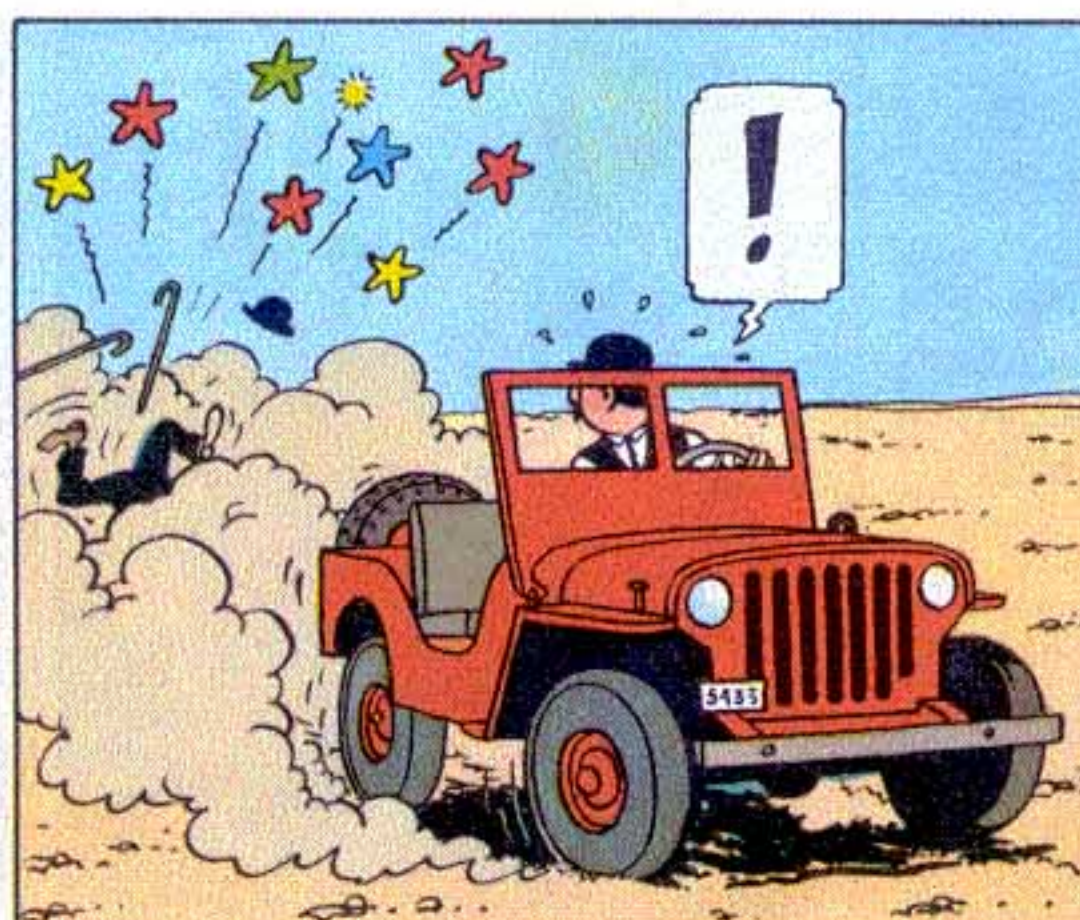
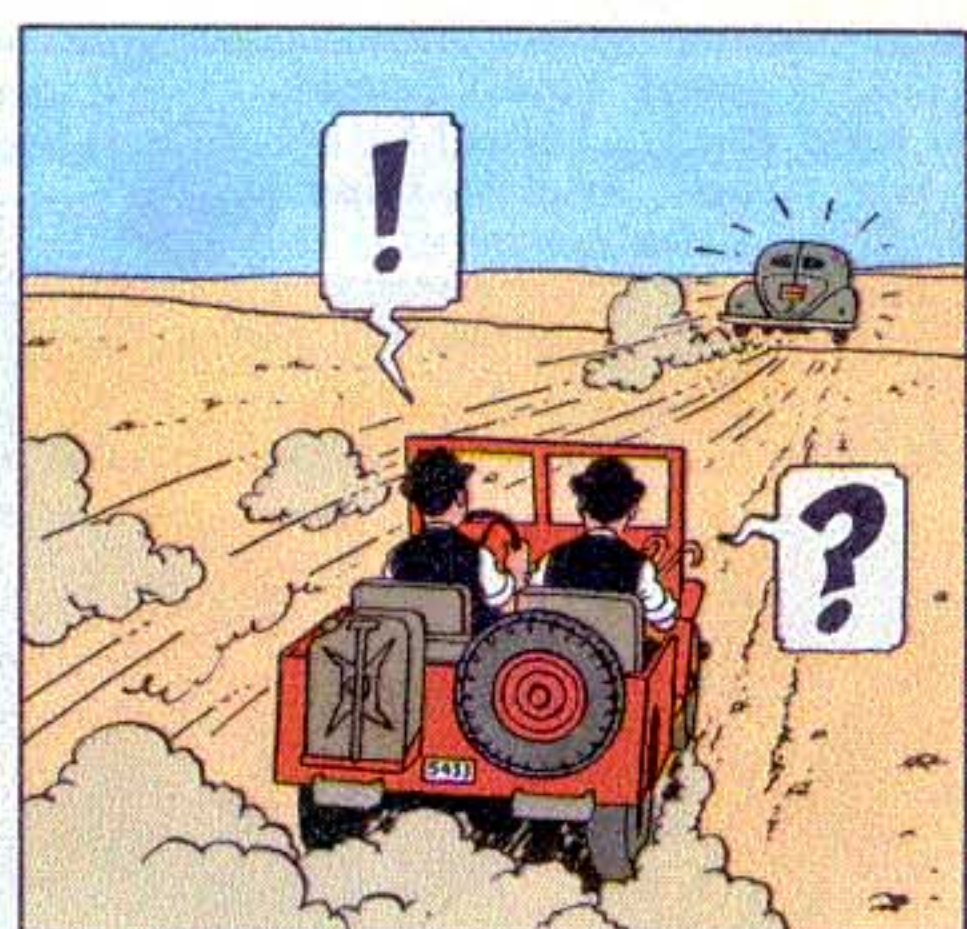
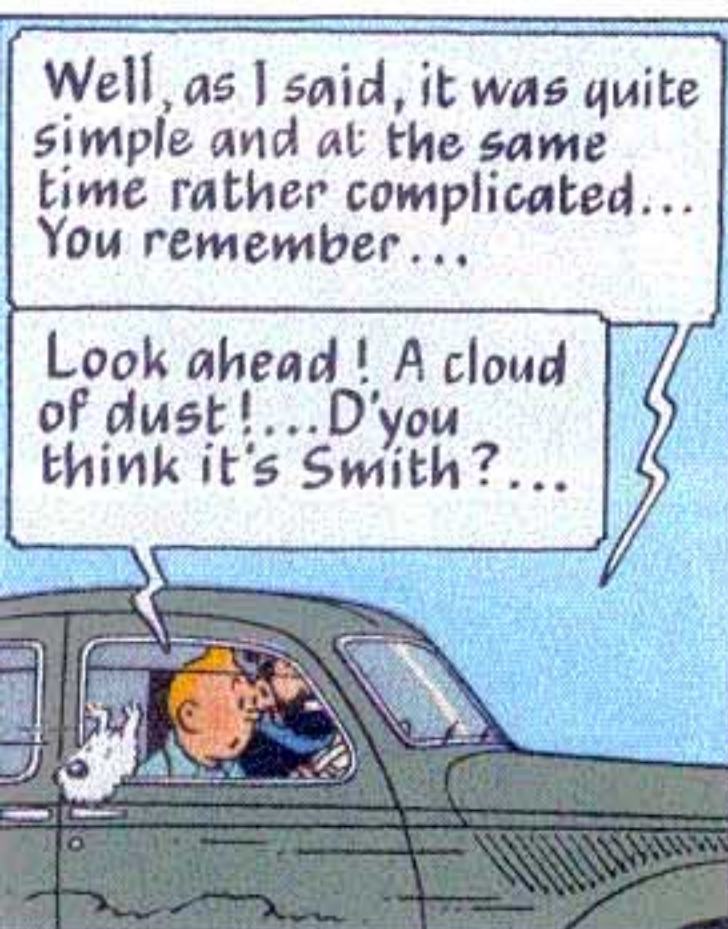
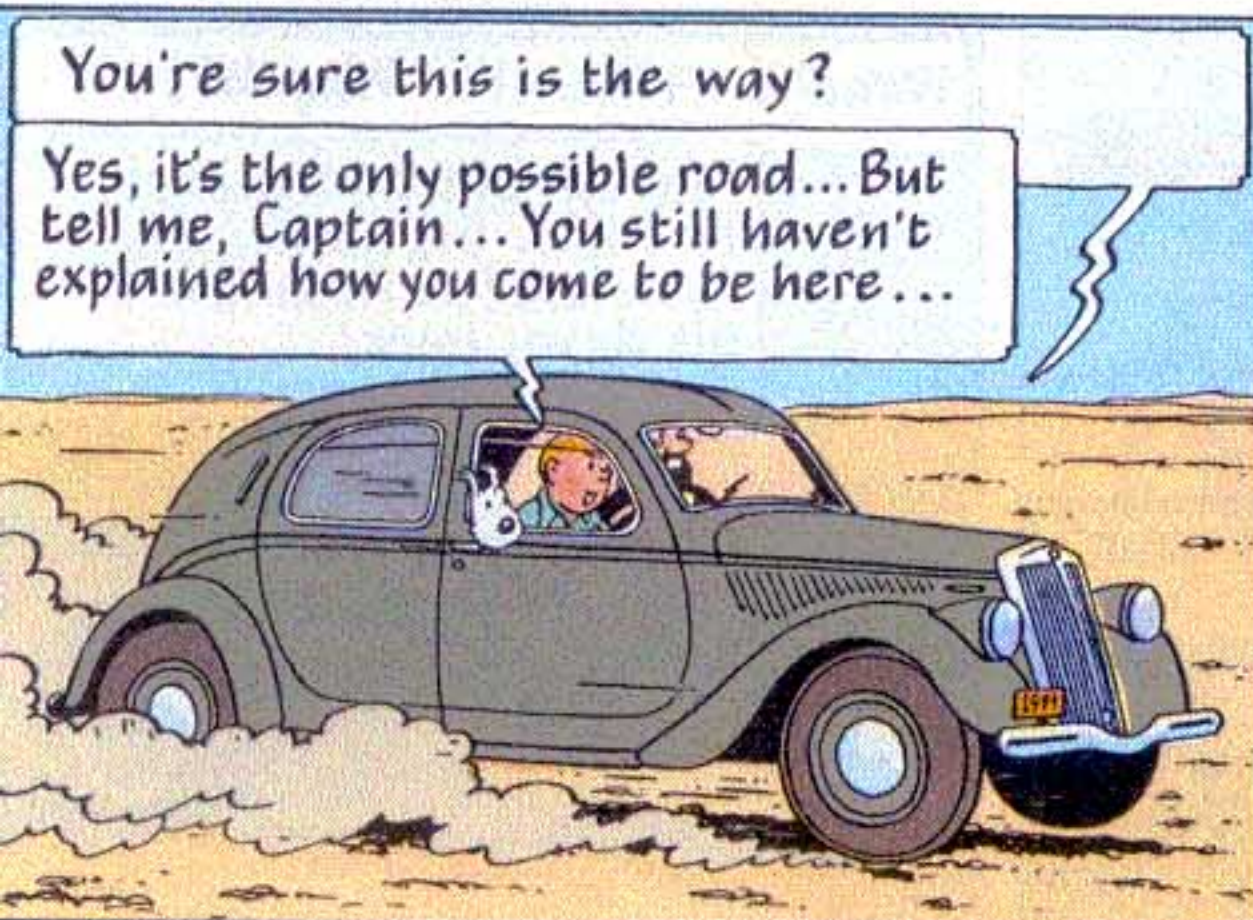
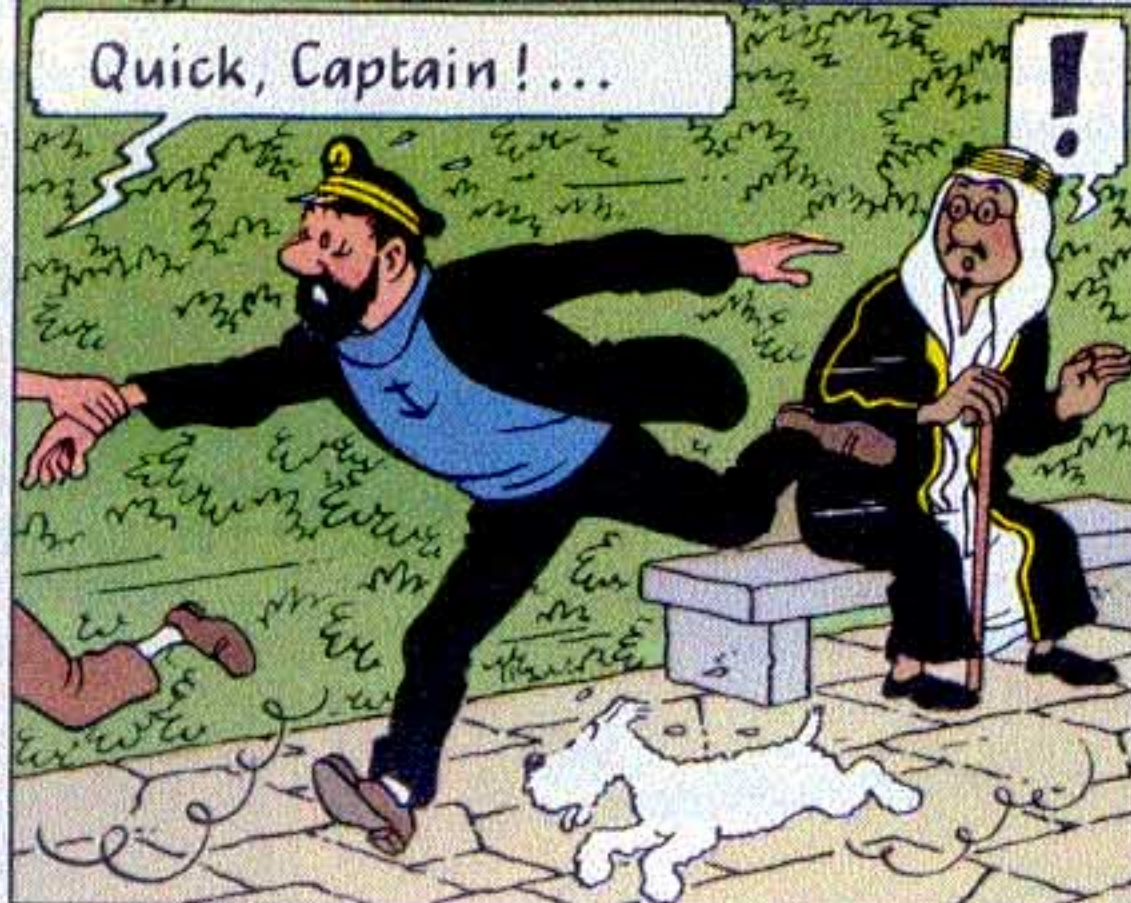
RAT TAT
TAT TAT TAT
RAT TAT



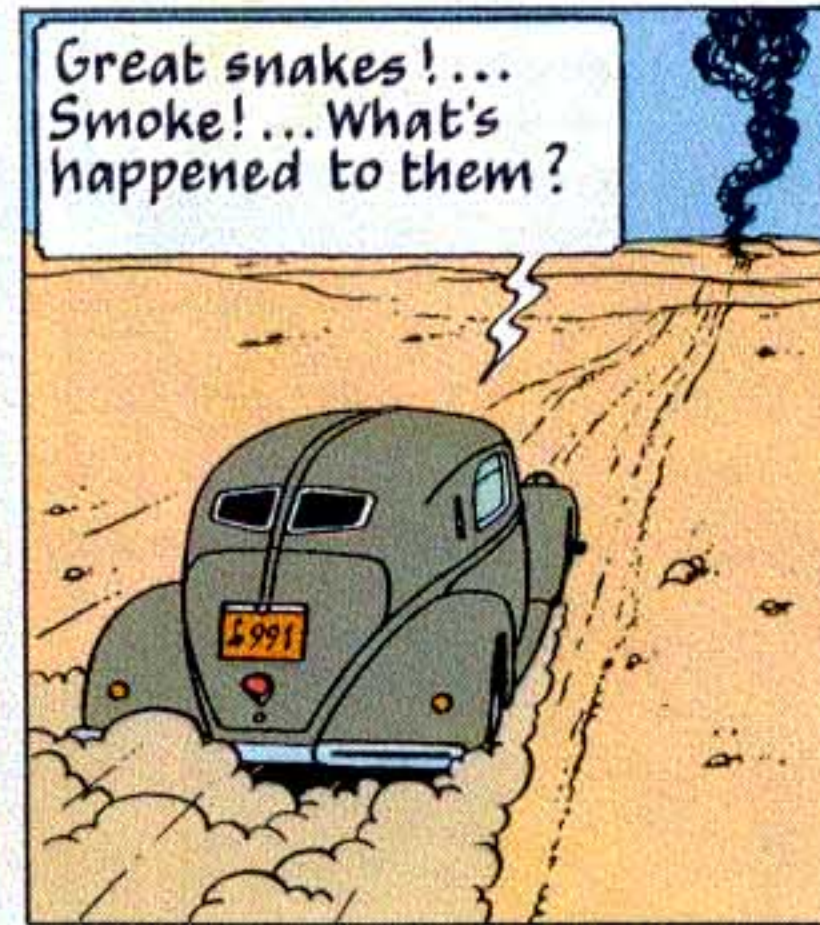
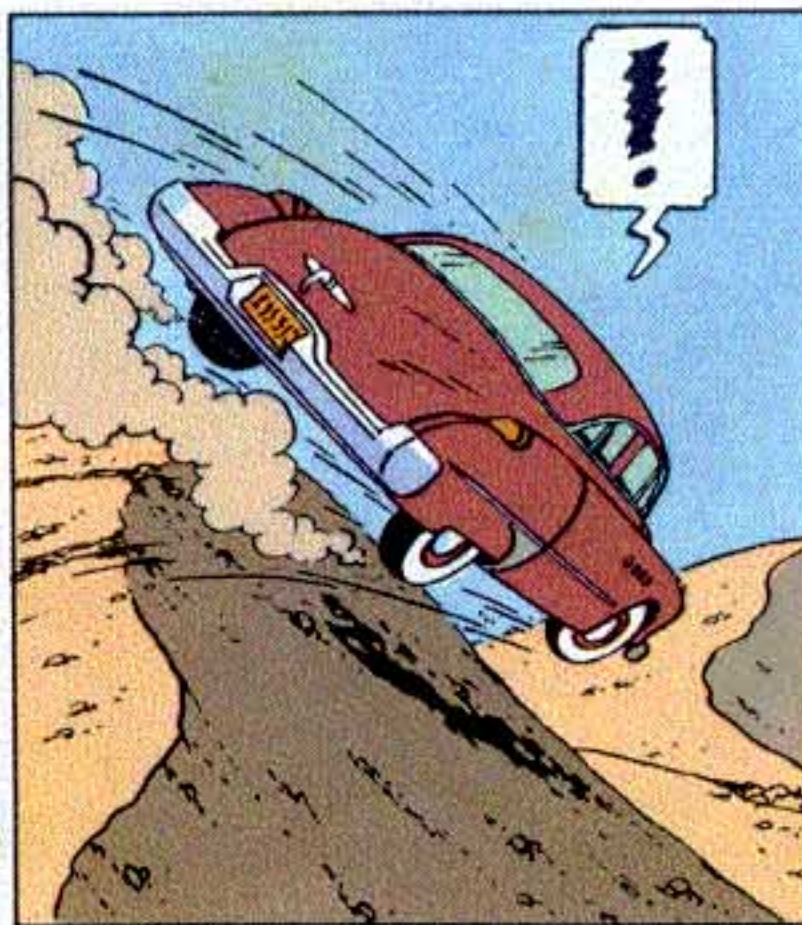
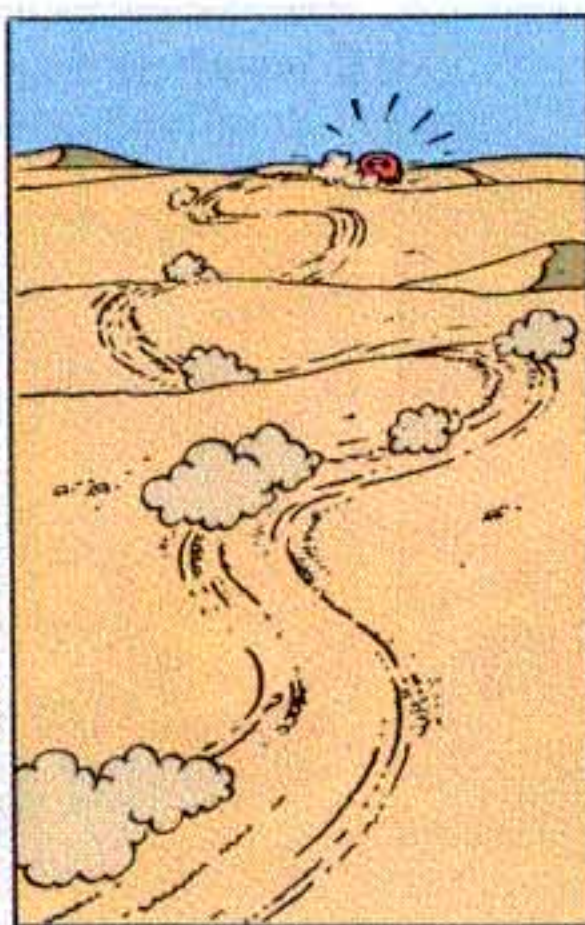
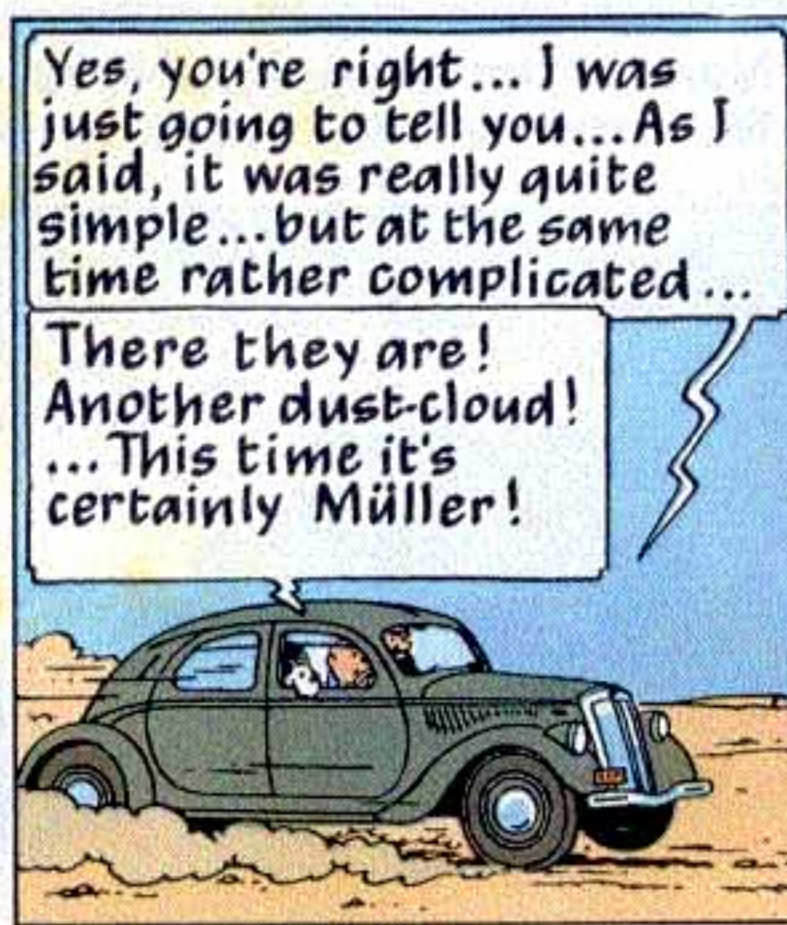
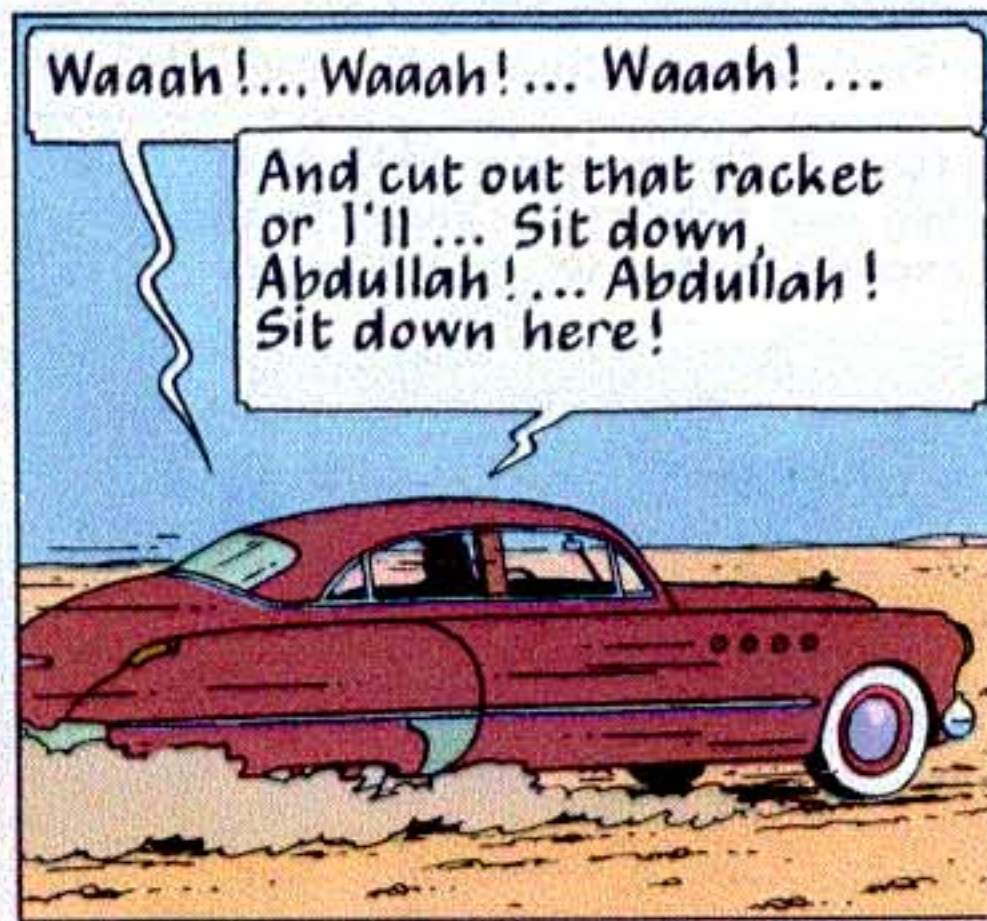
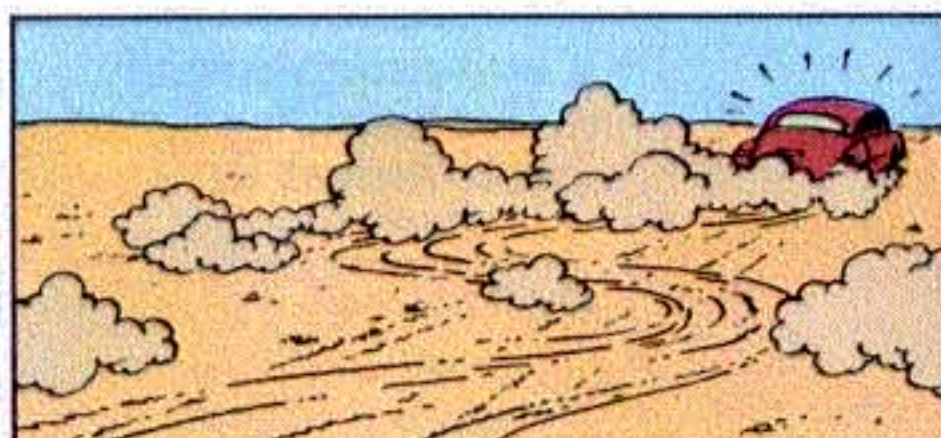
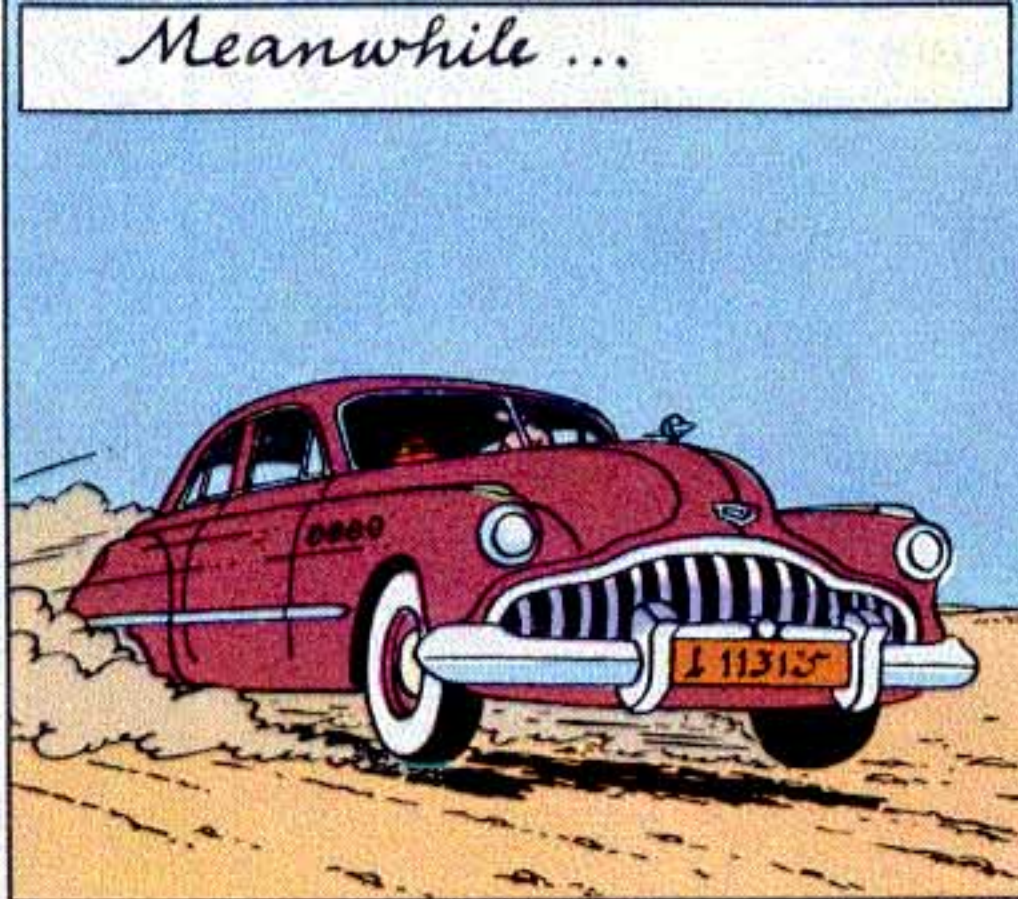


Seems to be
calming down...

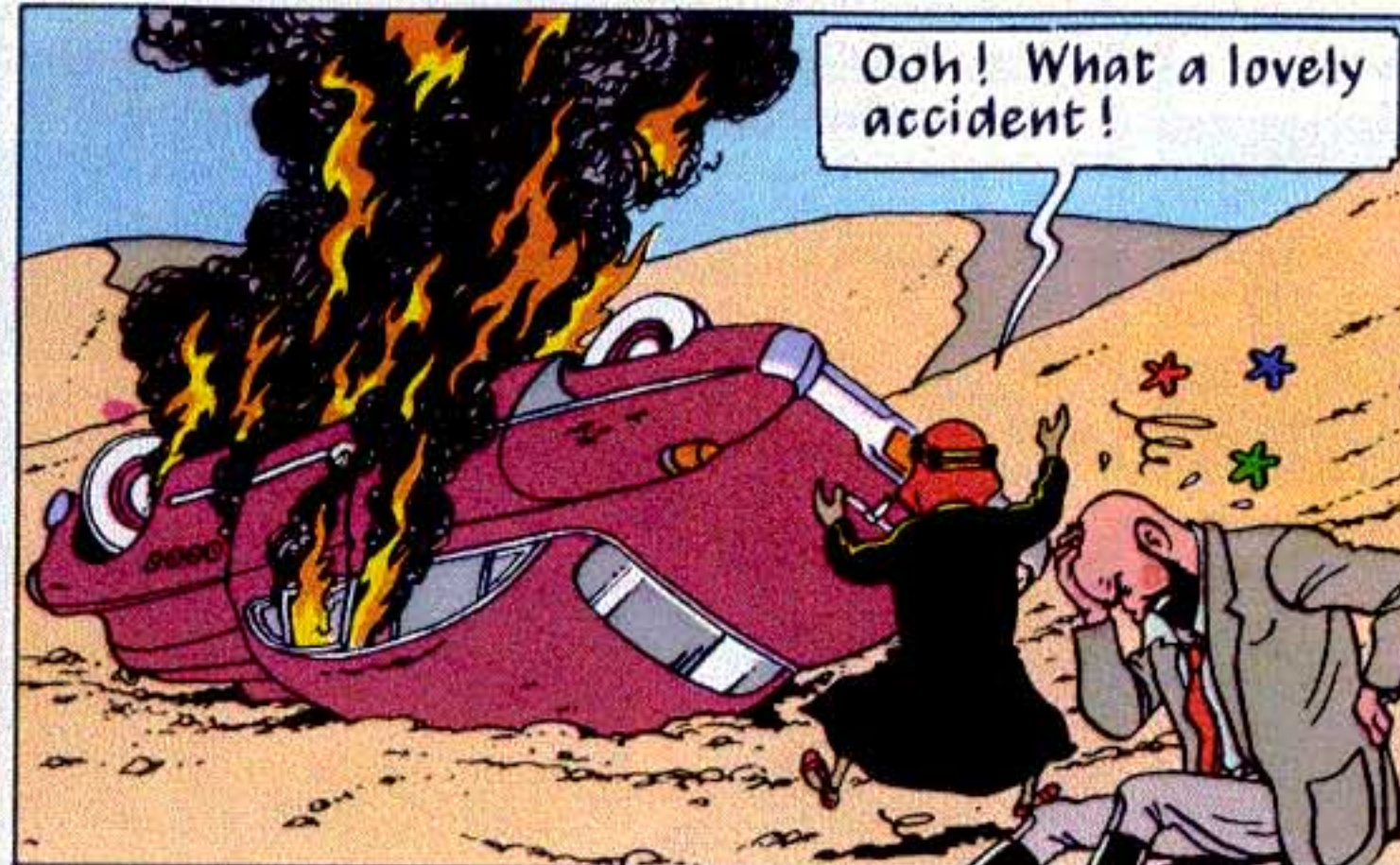
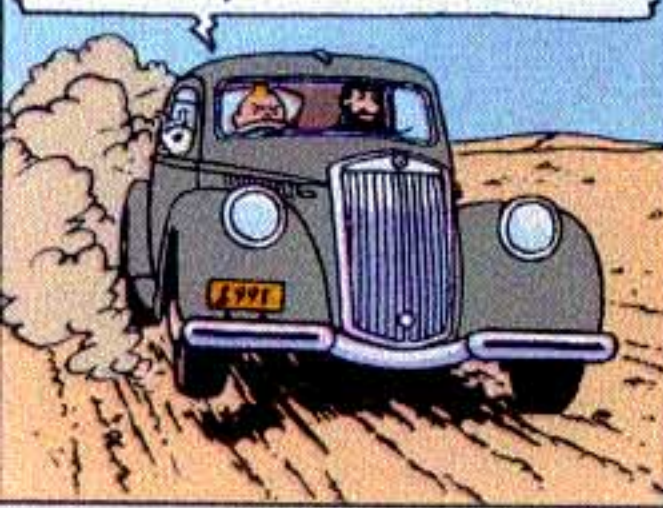




Moving? ... Were we moving? ... Oh, now I see... It must have been that other car... It passed us so fast I thought we were standing still ...



Look at their tracks!
... Müller must have
lost control of the car...
it went over, and
caught fire... Let's hope
nothing's happened
to the prince ...

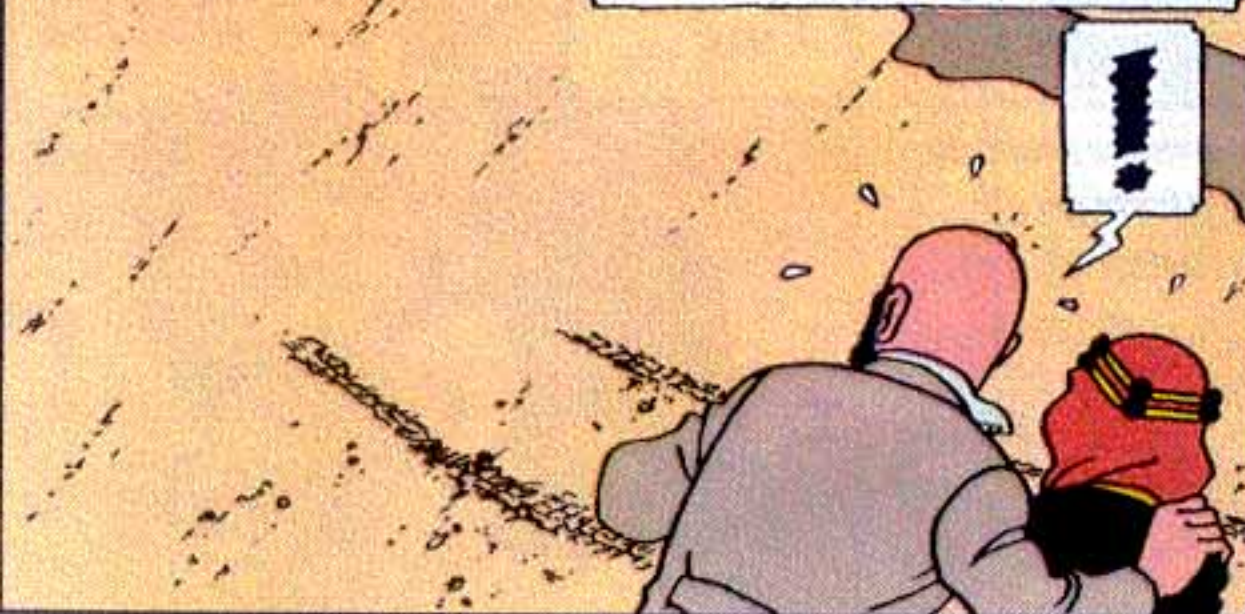


Ooh! What a lovely
accident!

Can we have
another one?
Ssh!... A car's
stopping...
Doors banging
... Wait! ...



All right, Müller... We've got you!
Aha! I've got a score
to settle with him!



Got me?... Not yet!...
Take one more step
and I'll shoot the boy!
Whoopee! Just
like a real gang-
ster film!



Look! Another gun to shoot
them with!
Thanks, Abdullah! You!
Throw down your guns!



So you can shoot us down like
rabbits?... No! We're keep-
ing them!



Just as you like! ...
But watch it! ... One
false move and the
child's had it!...
Now, move away!...
Go on, move back-
wards...



Aha!... Excellent!... Another car ready and
waiting!... Go on! Keep moving back!
Ooh! Papa's car! That's Papa's car!
Are we going to play another accident?



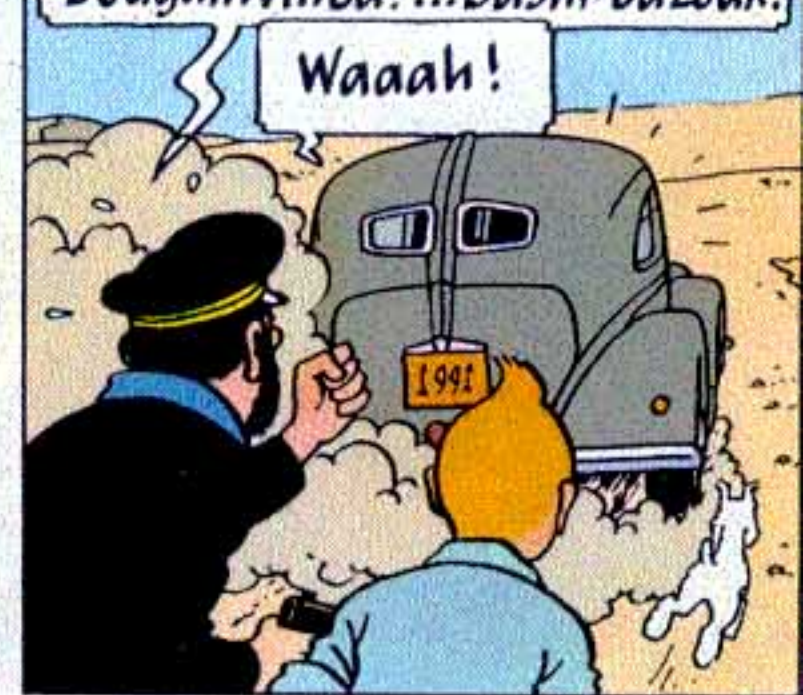
Get inside, you!
And keep your
mouth shut!

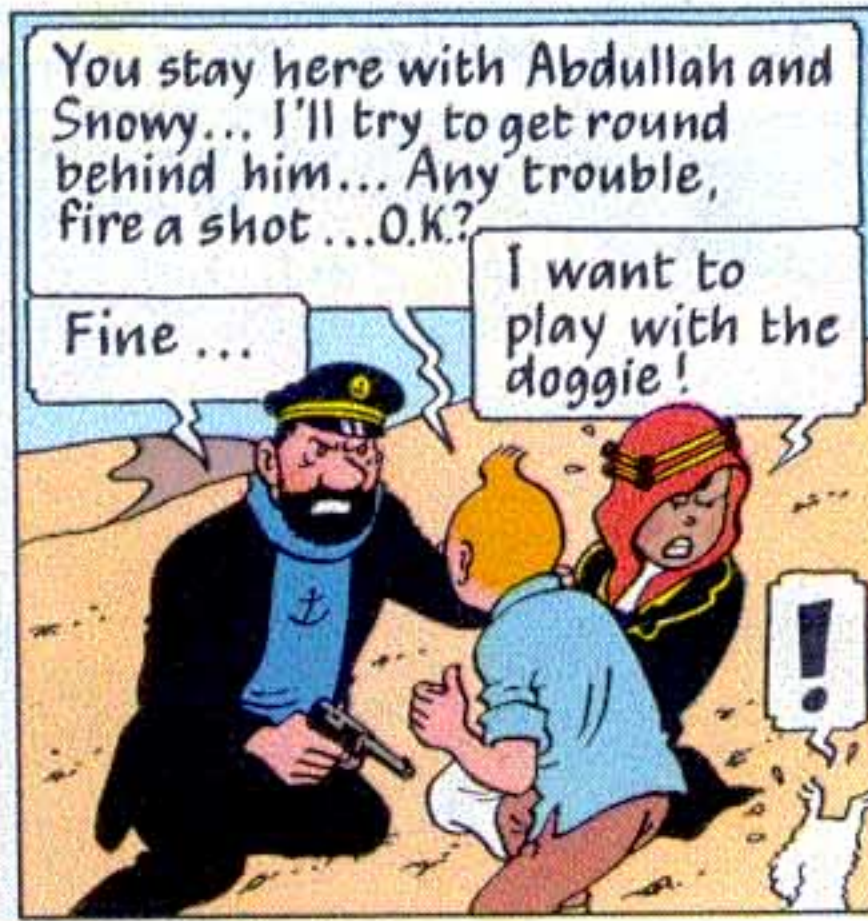
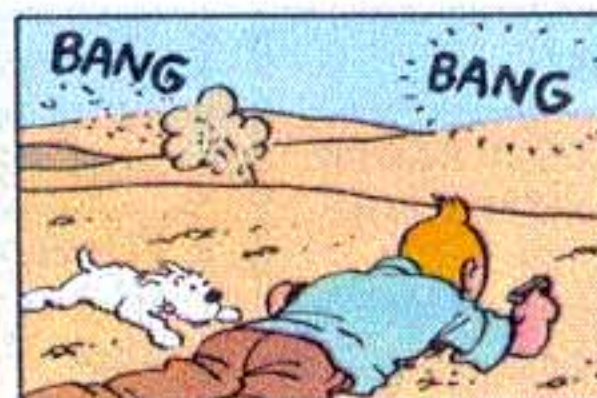
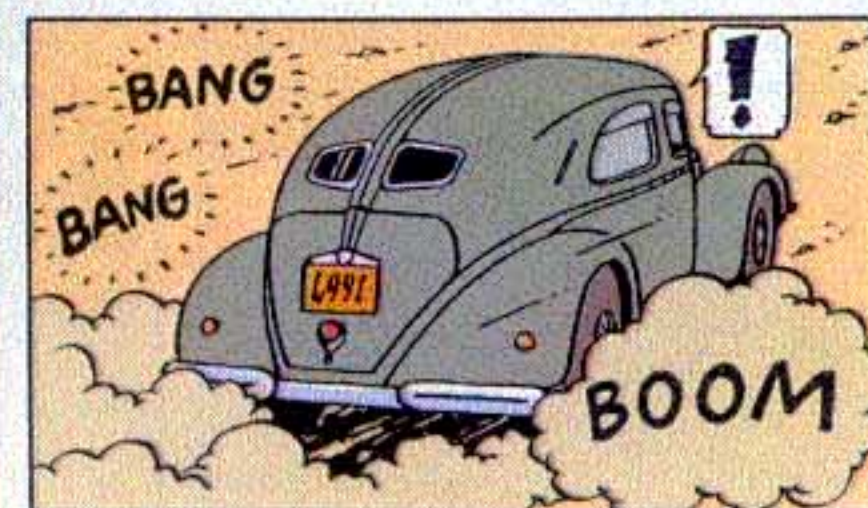


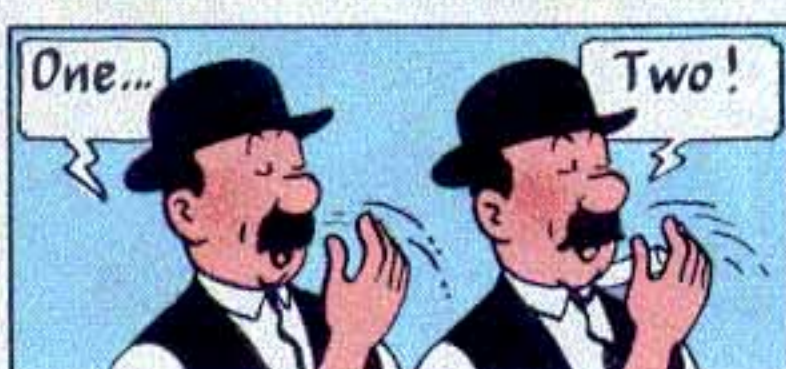
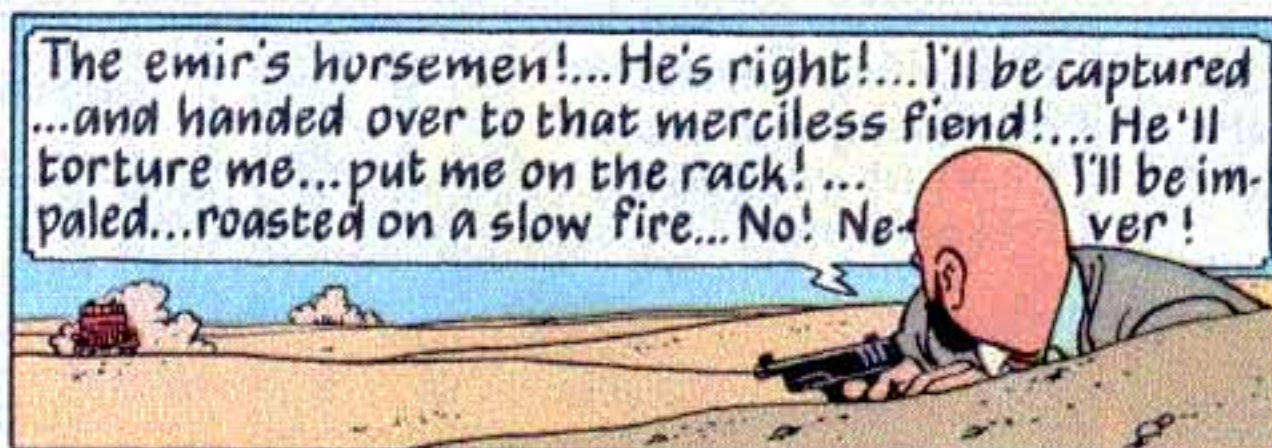
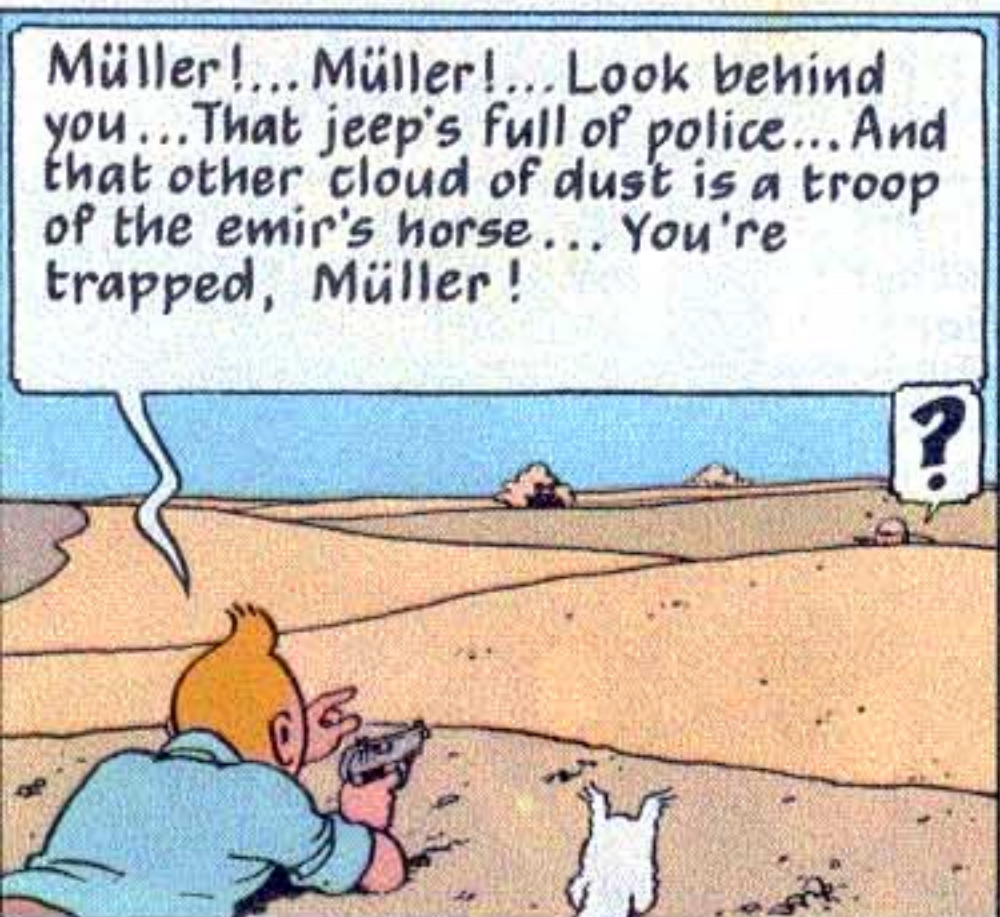
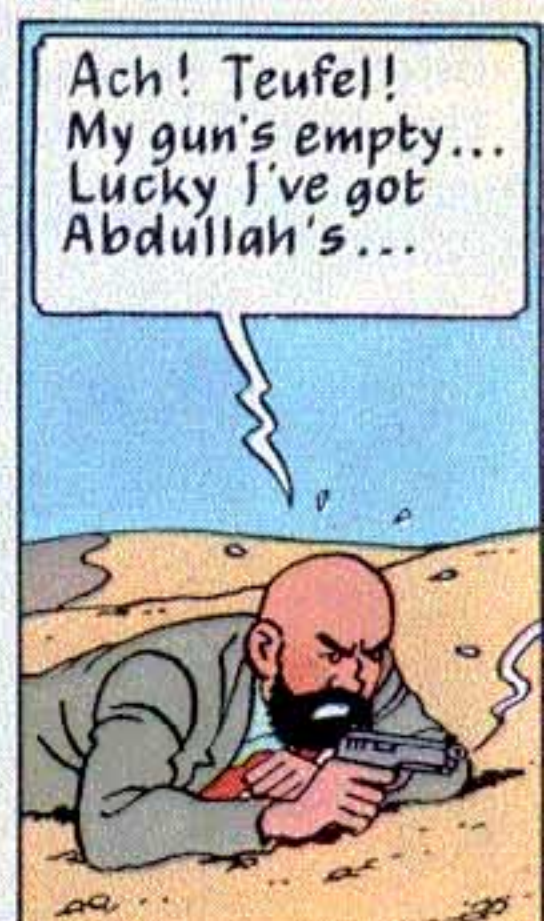
All right... One bullet at
the car when I go and
I'll wring this repulsive
little monkey's neck!...
Understand?... So, auf
wiedersehen!

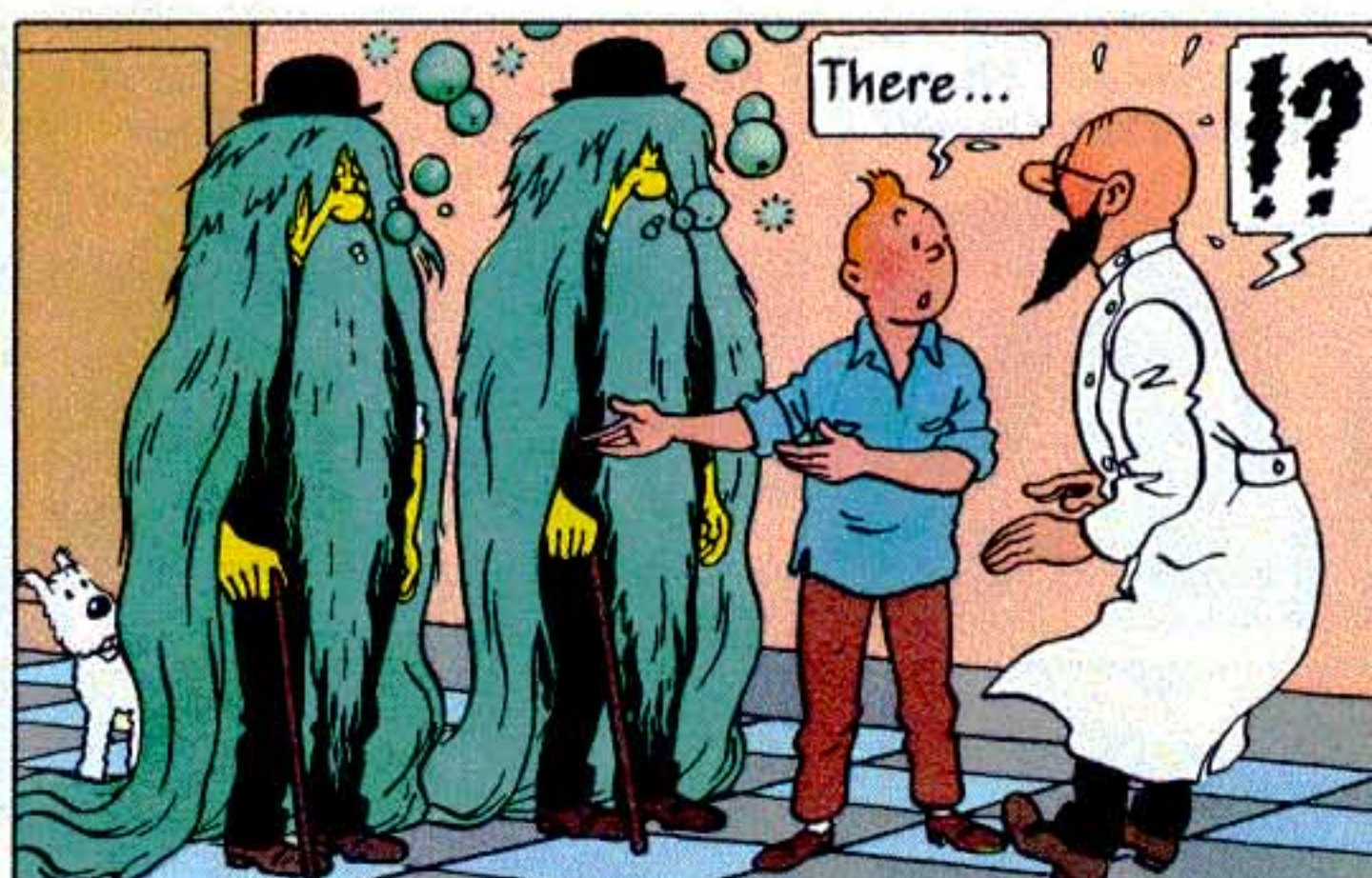
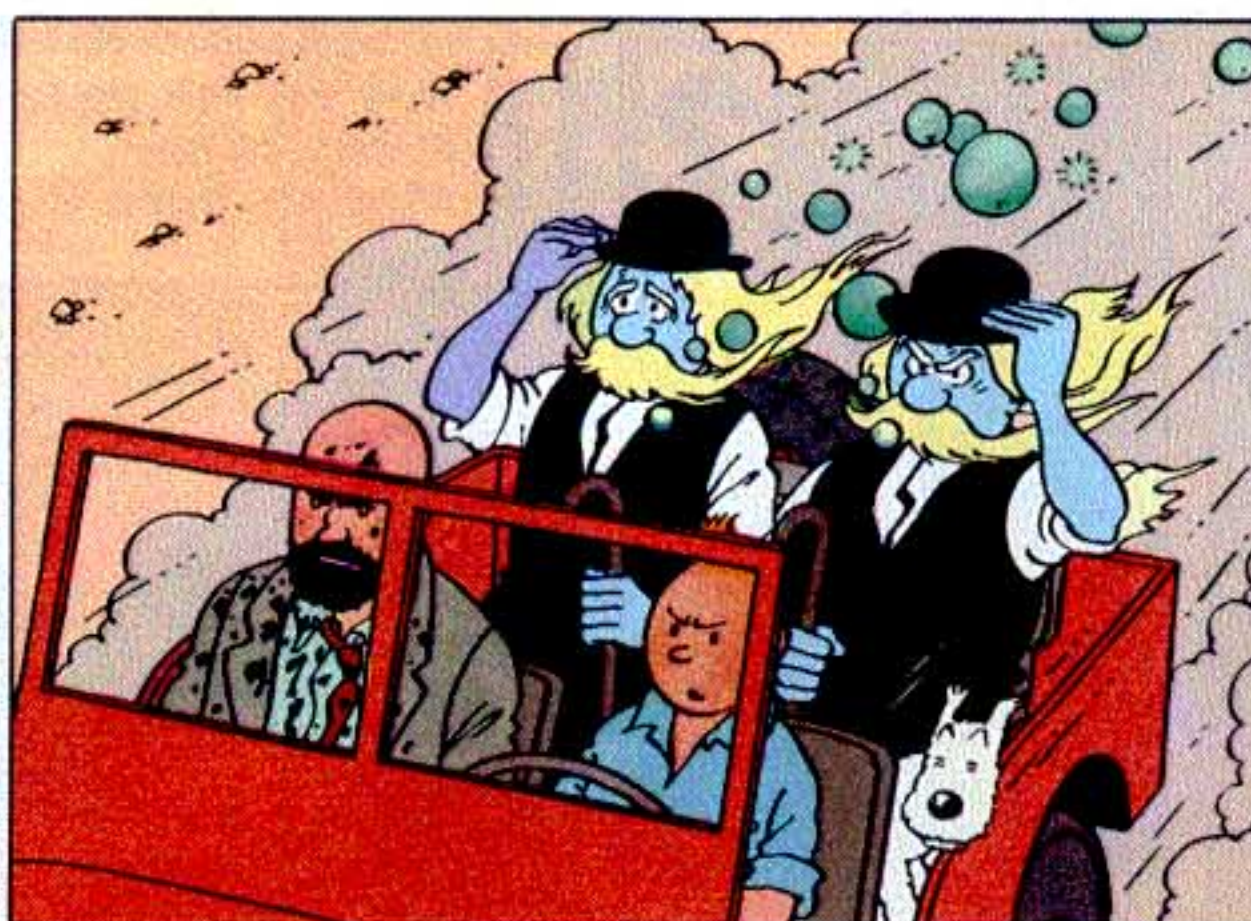
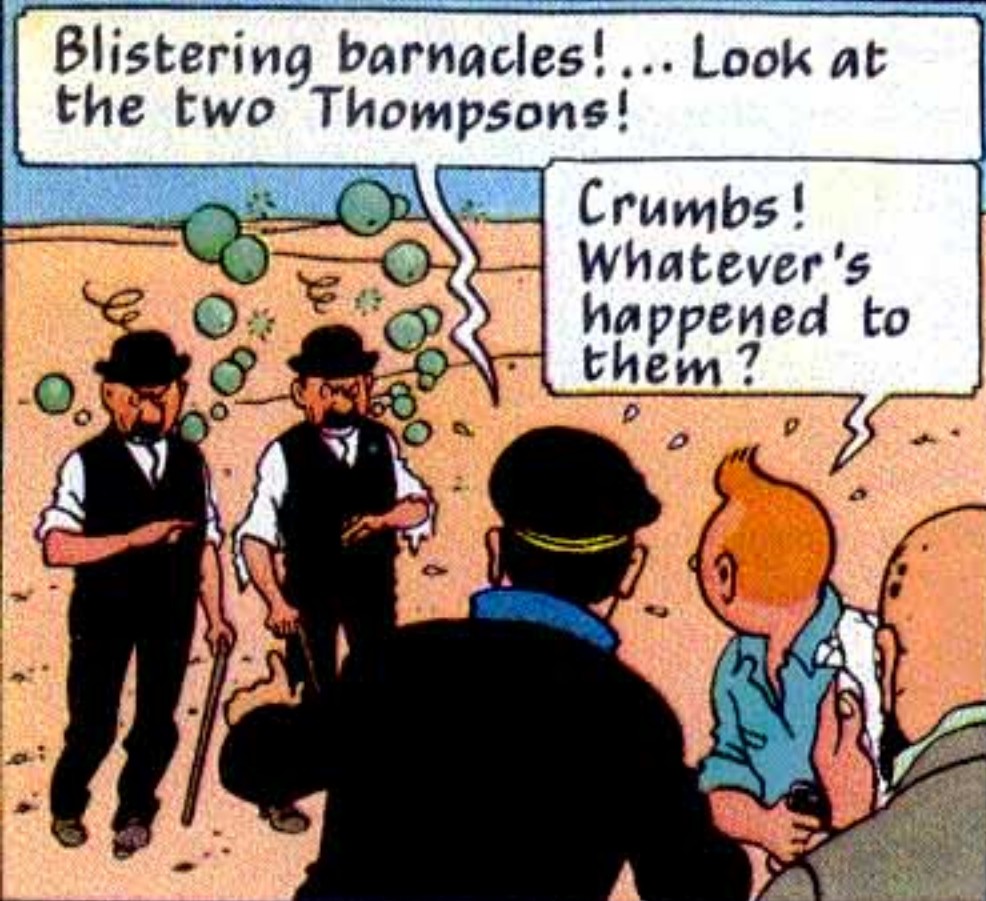


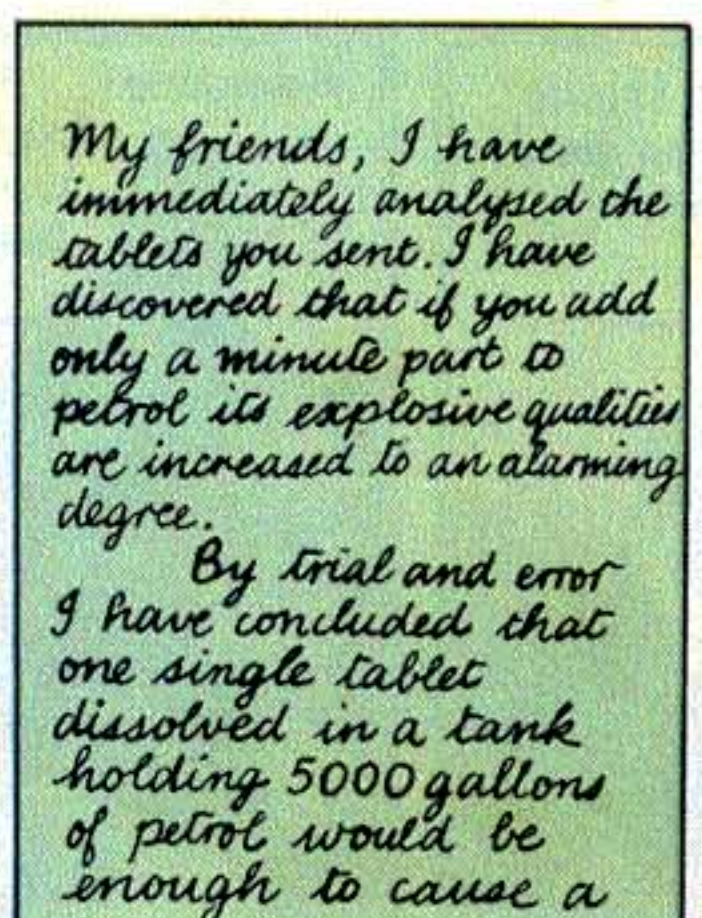
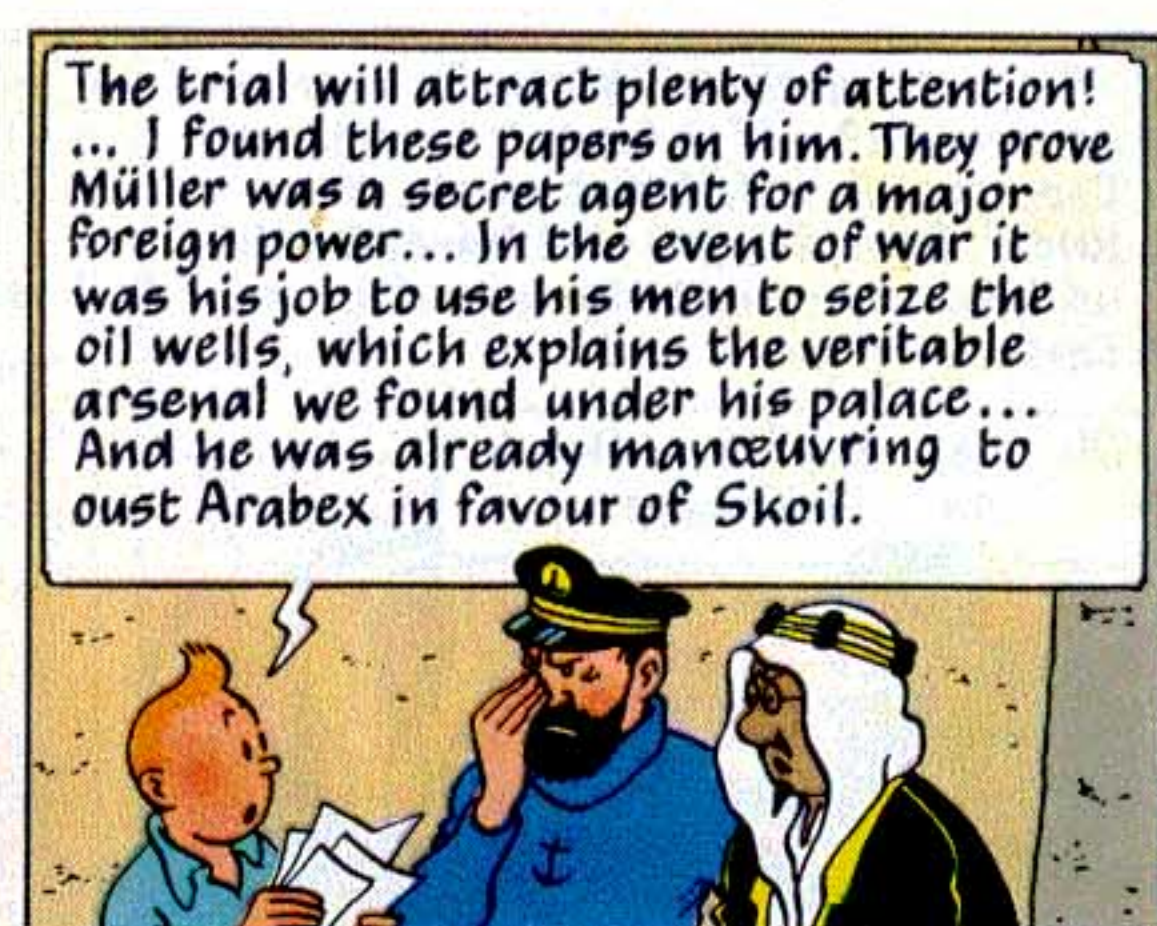
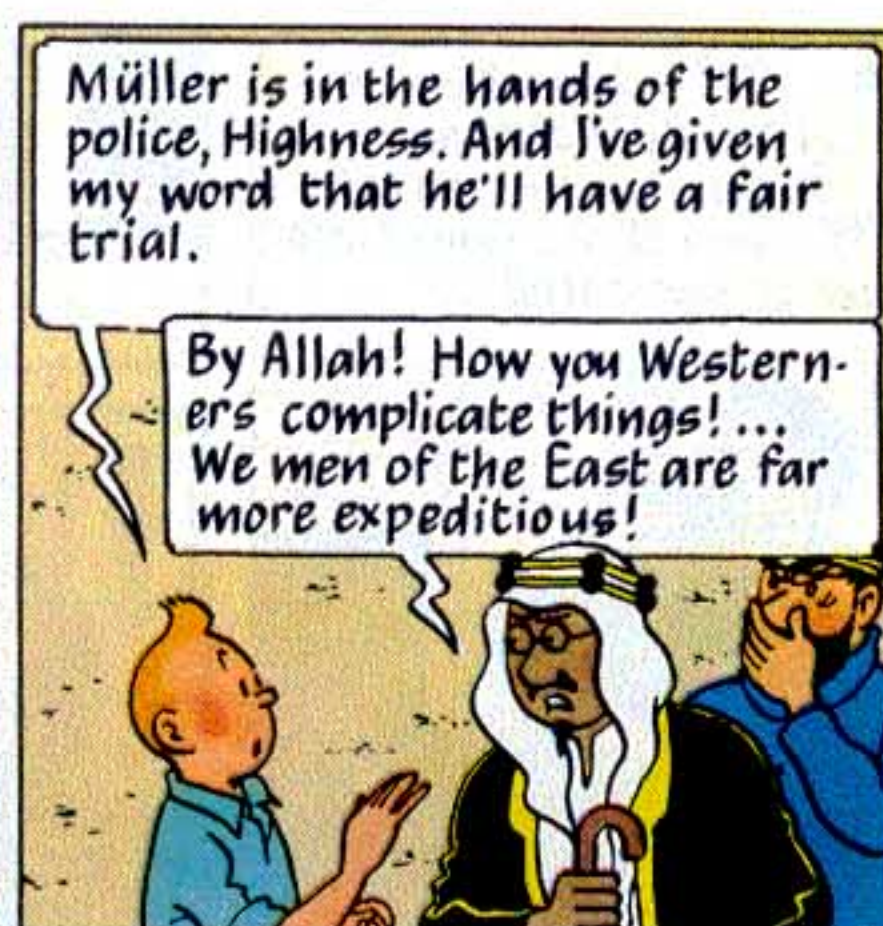
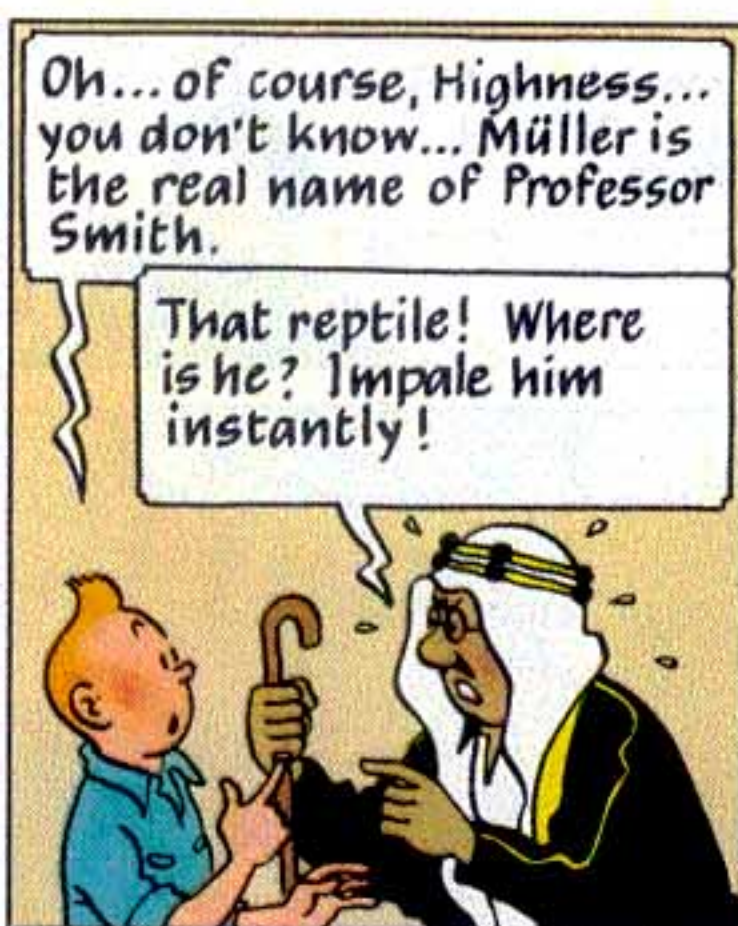
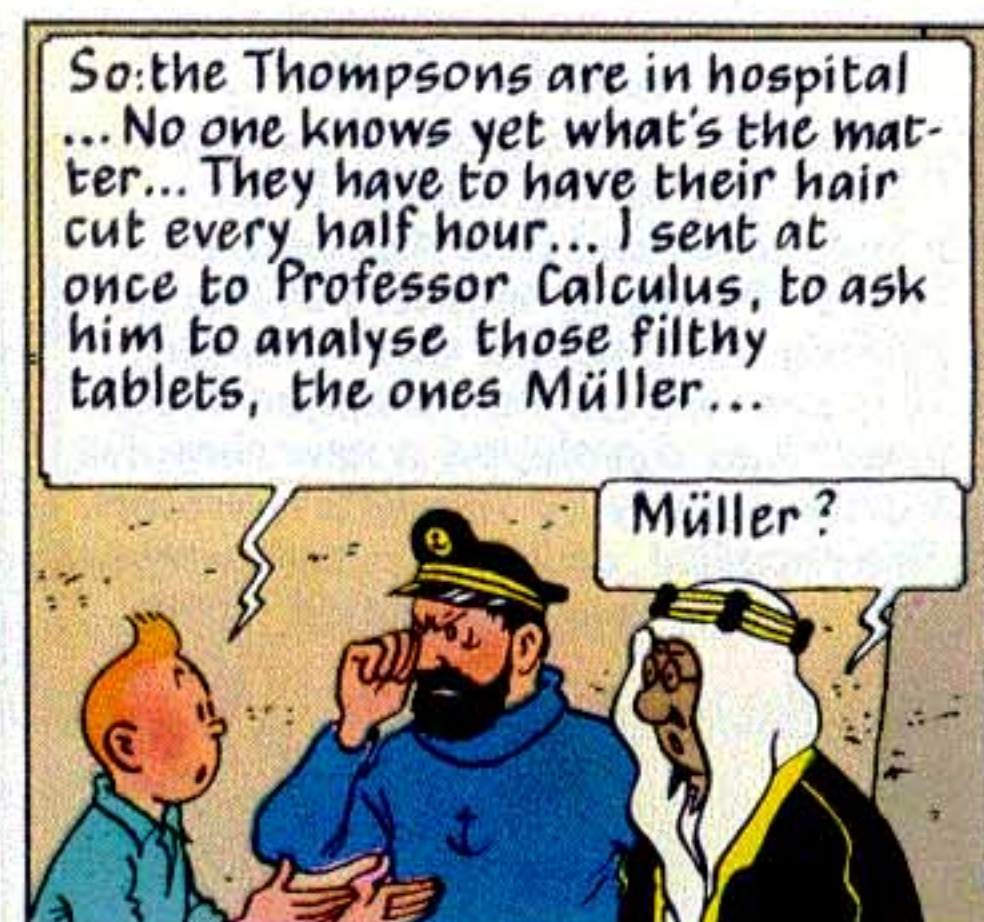
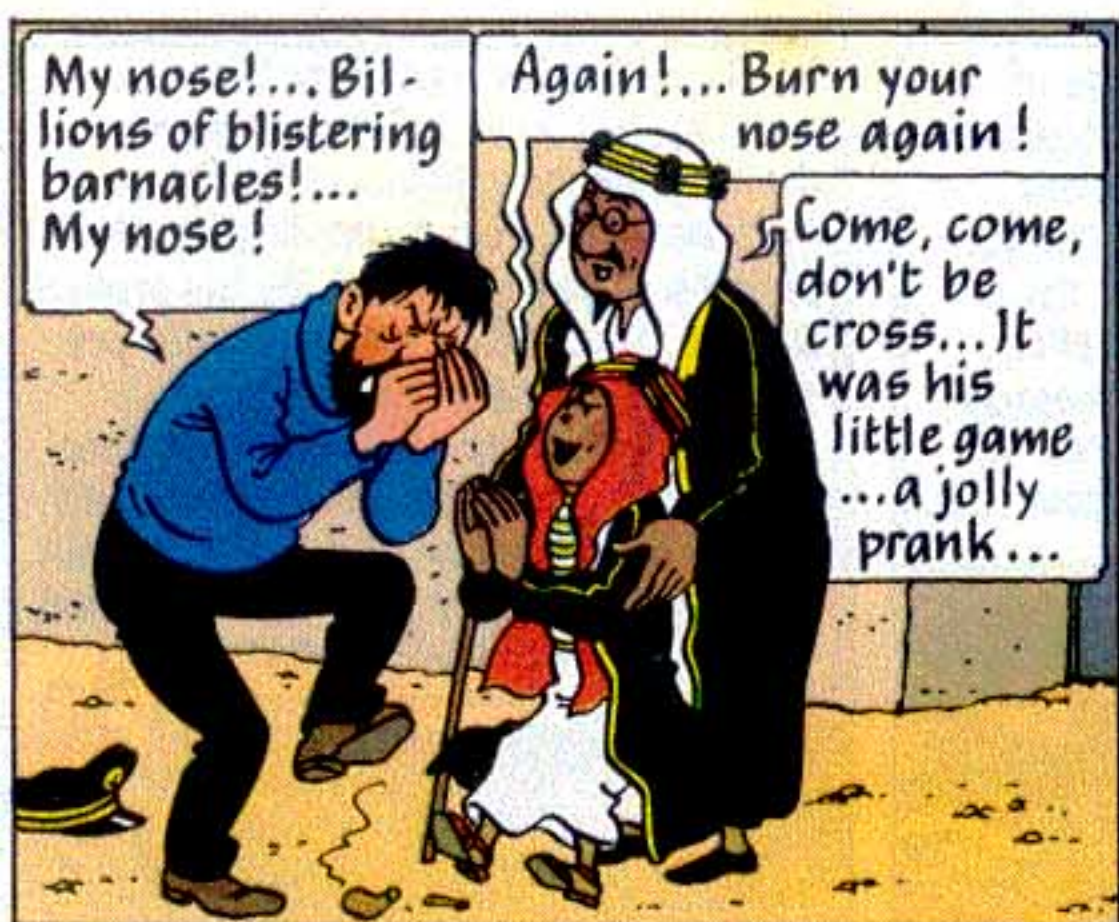
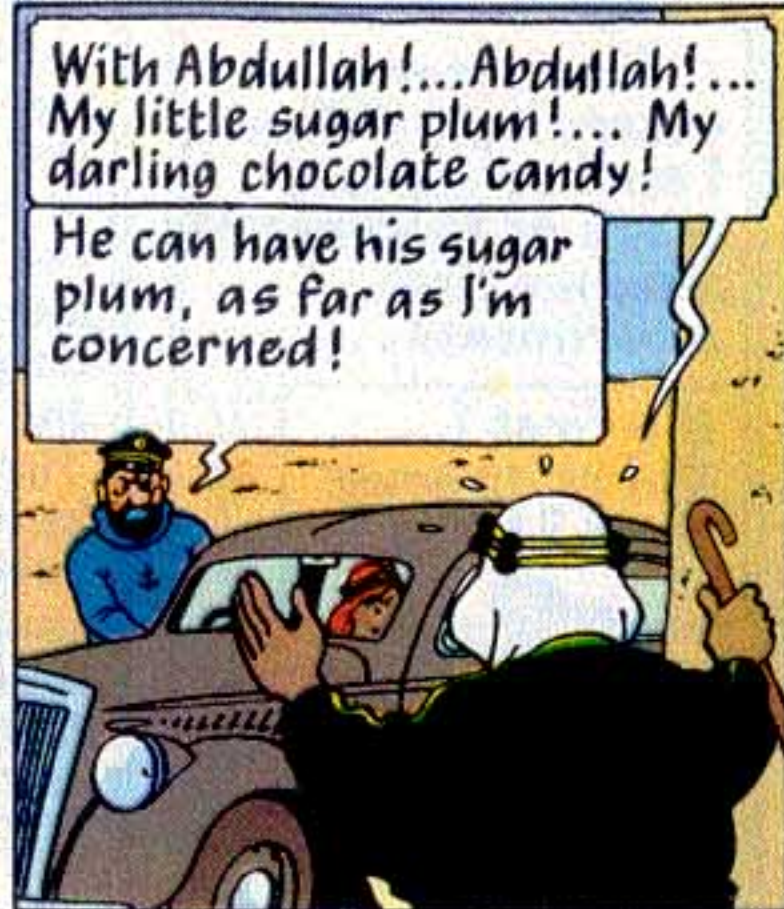
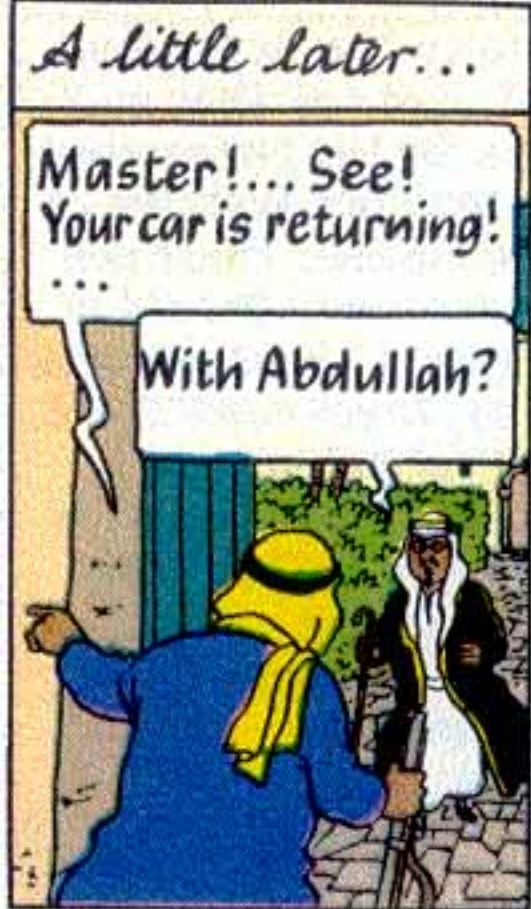
Beast!... Baby-snatcher!...
Brigand!... Baboon!...
Belemnite!... Bully!...
Bougainvillea!... Bashi-bazouk!

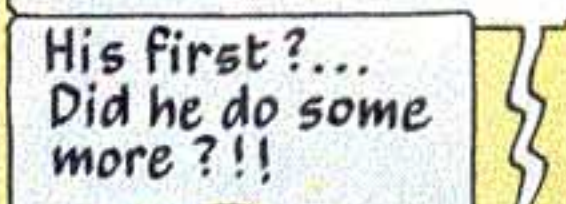
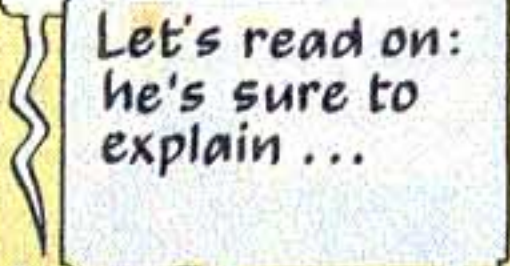
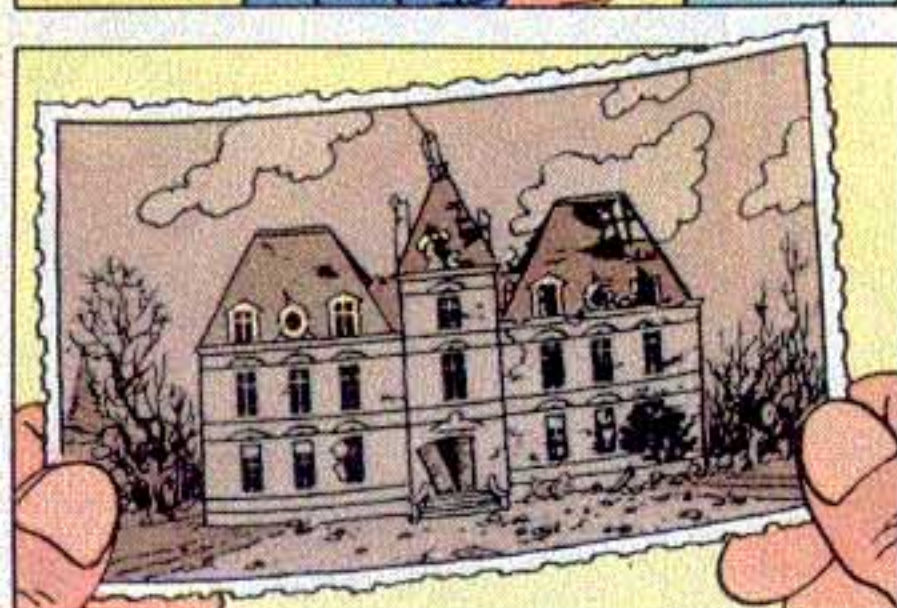
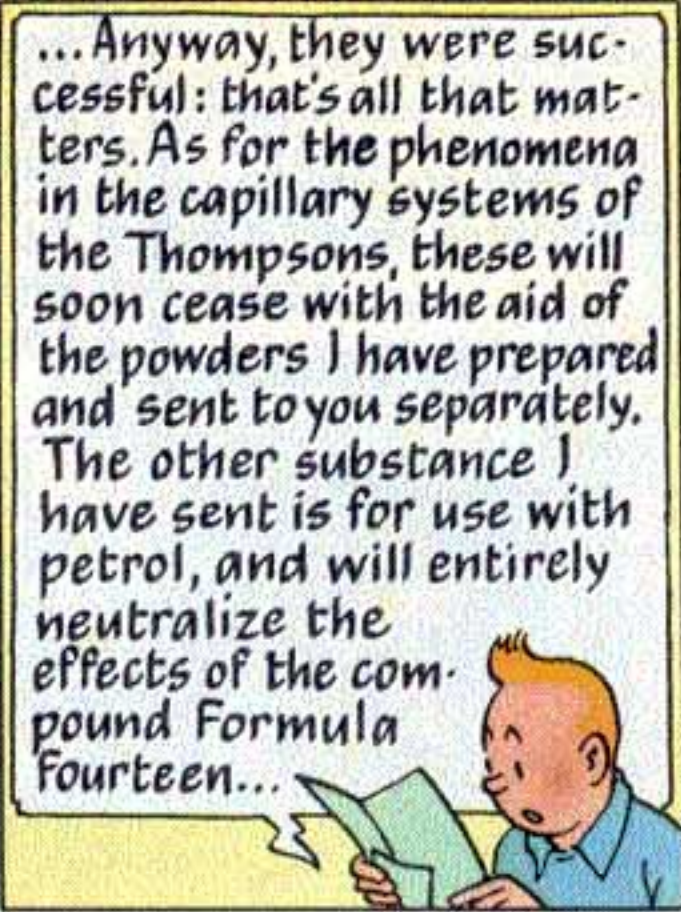
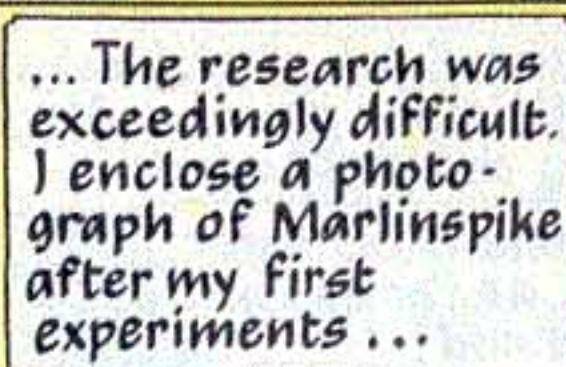
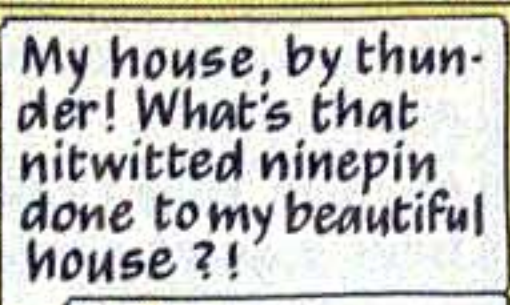




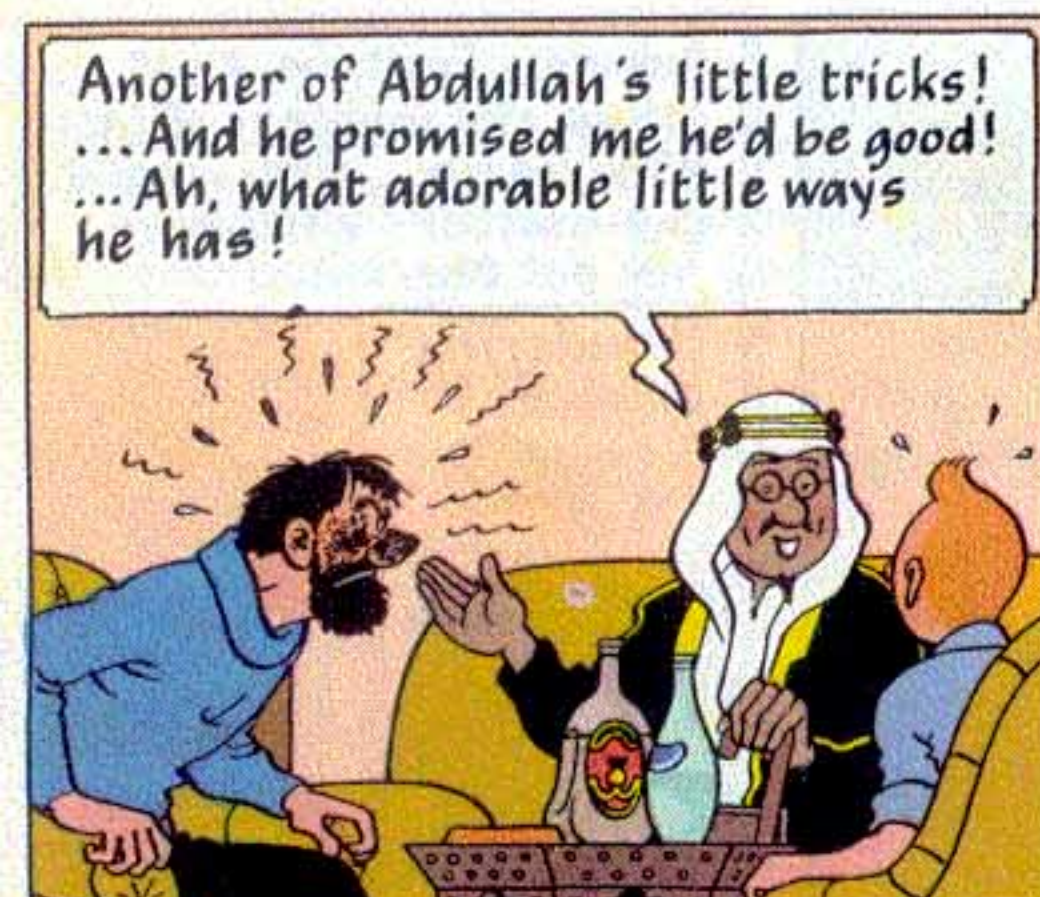
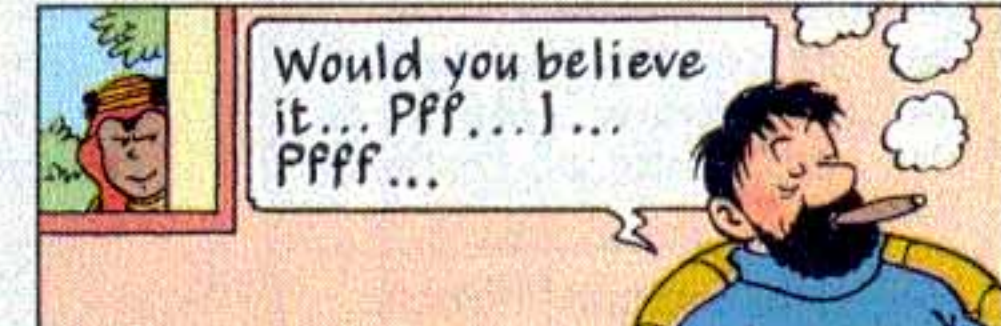
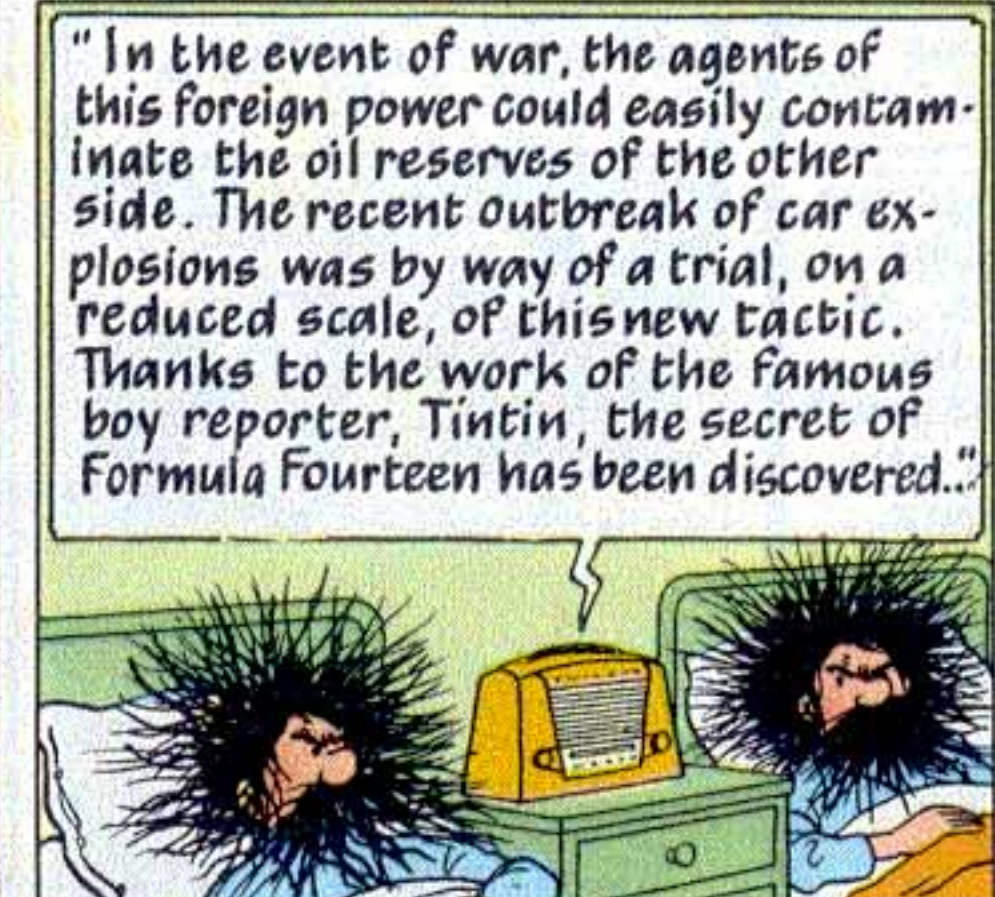
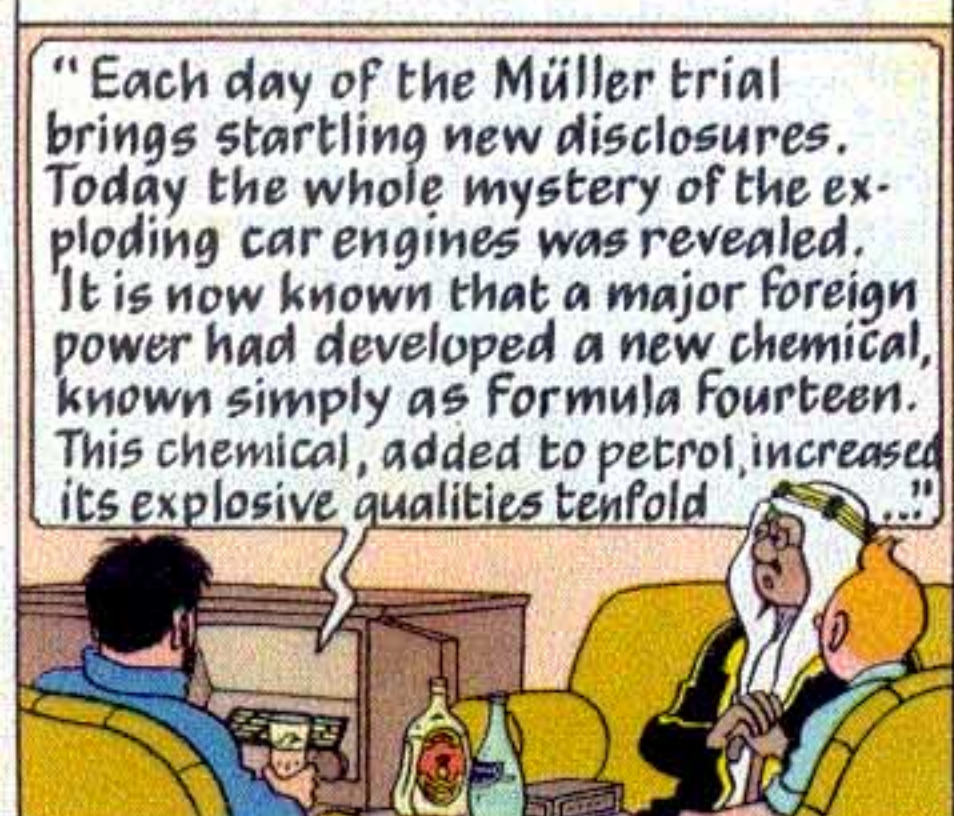


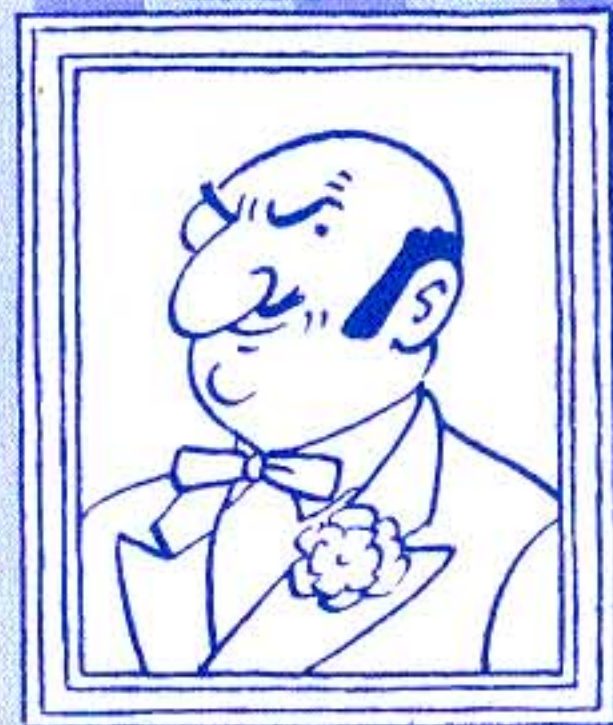
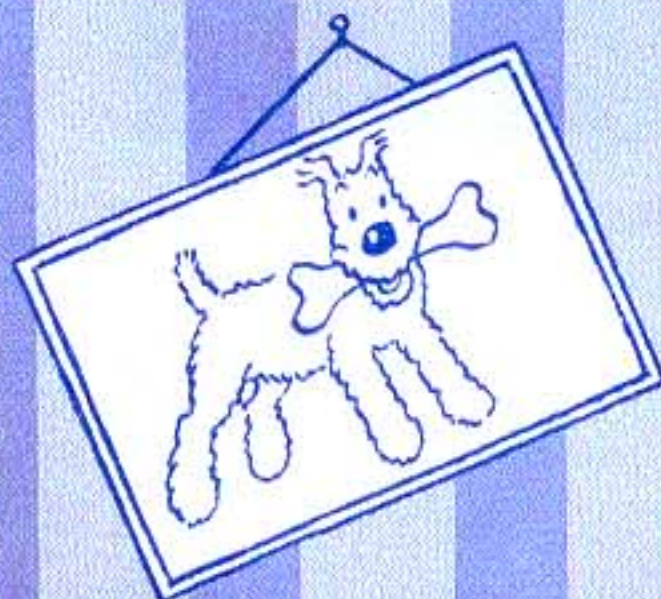
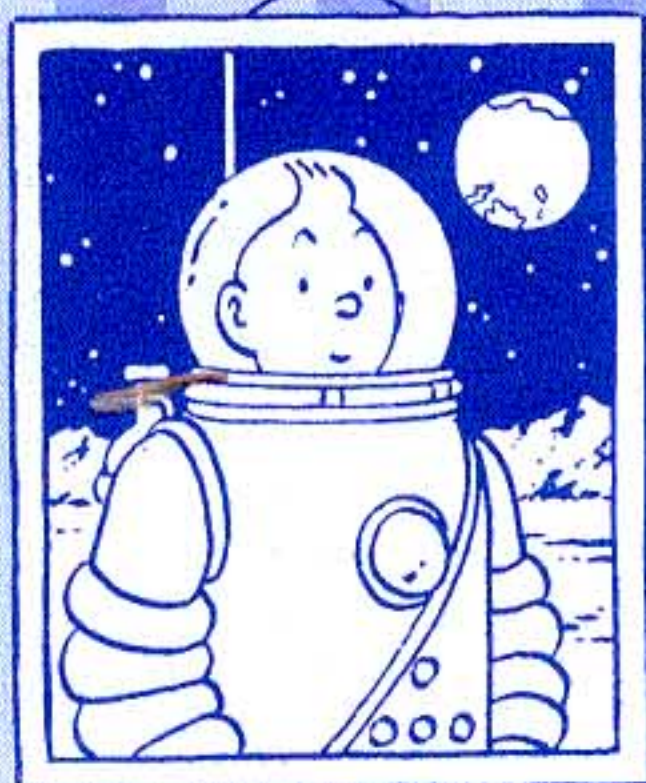
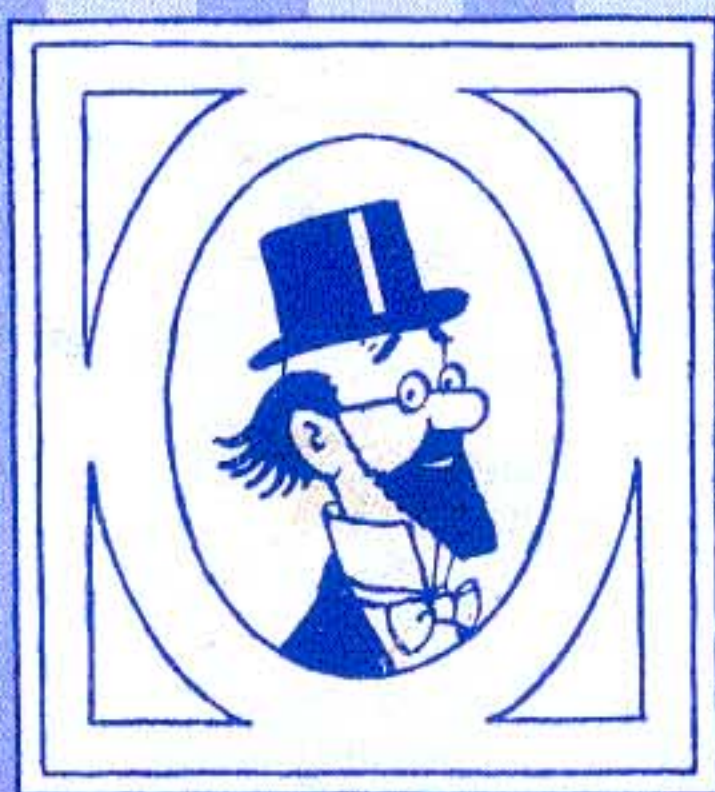
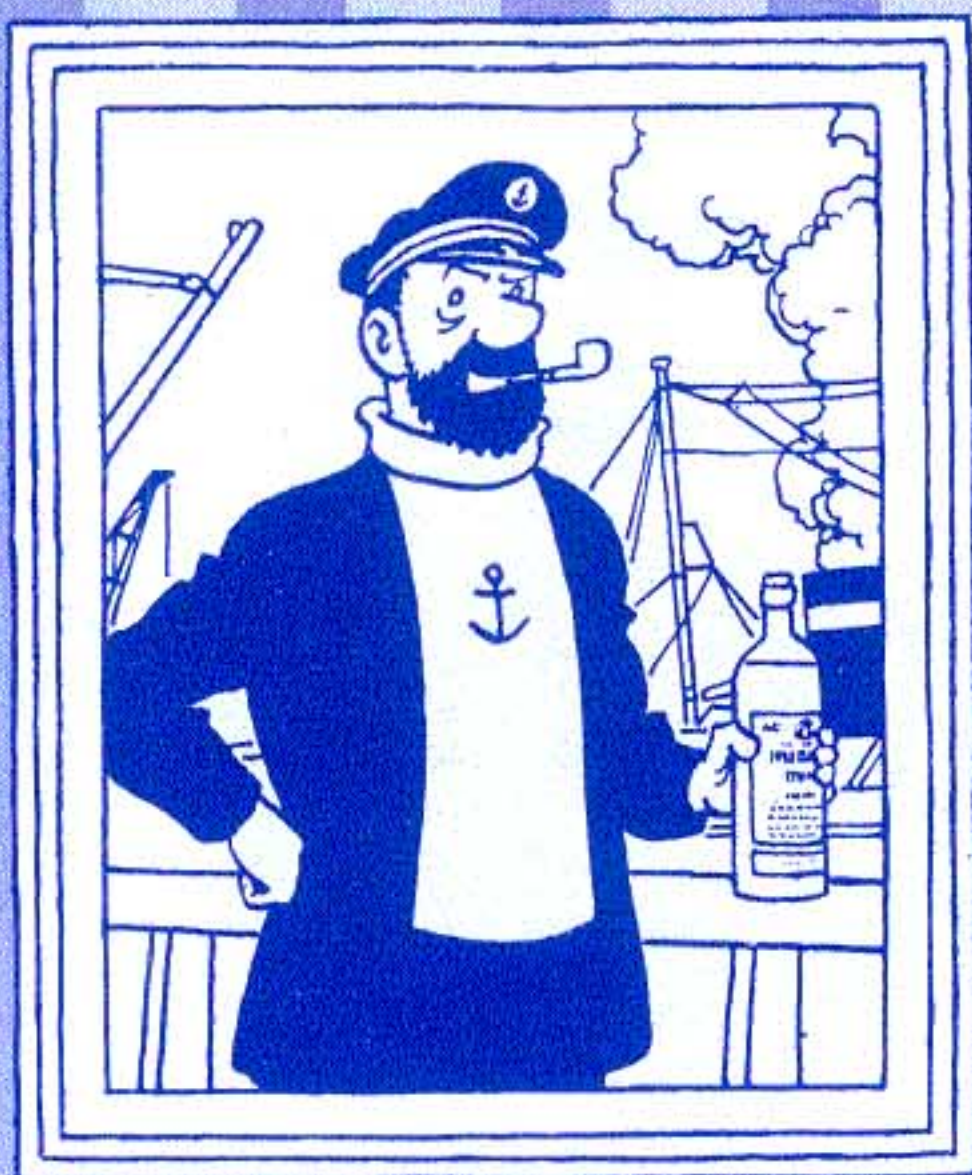


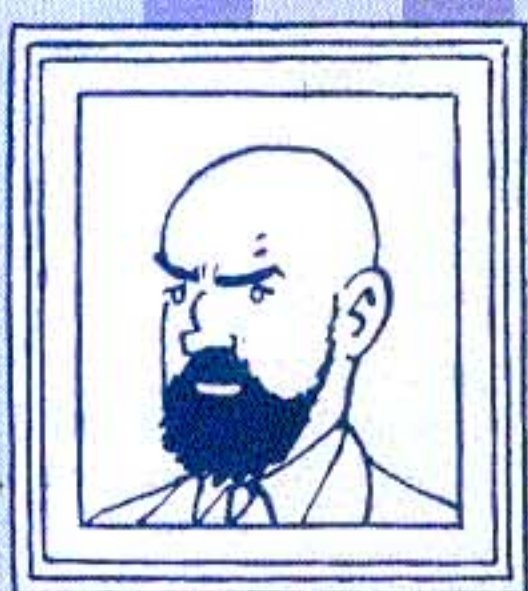





Some weeks later...









THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

LAND OF BLACK GOLD

Who is trying to sabotage European supplies of petrol, and why? An international situation develops which threatens to result in war unless the saboteurs can be brought to justice. Tintin is called in, and he and Snowy are soon following the tracks of the evil and dangerous plotters to the deserts and towns of the Middle East, where their efforts to find them are complicated by hazards difficult even by Tintin's standards . . .

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TINTIN AND THE BLUE ORANGES

